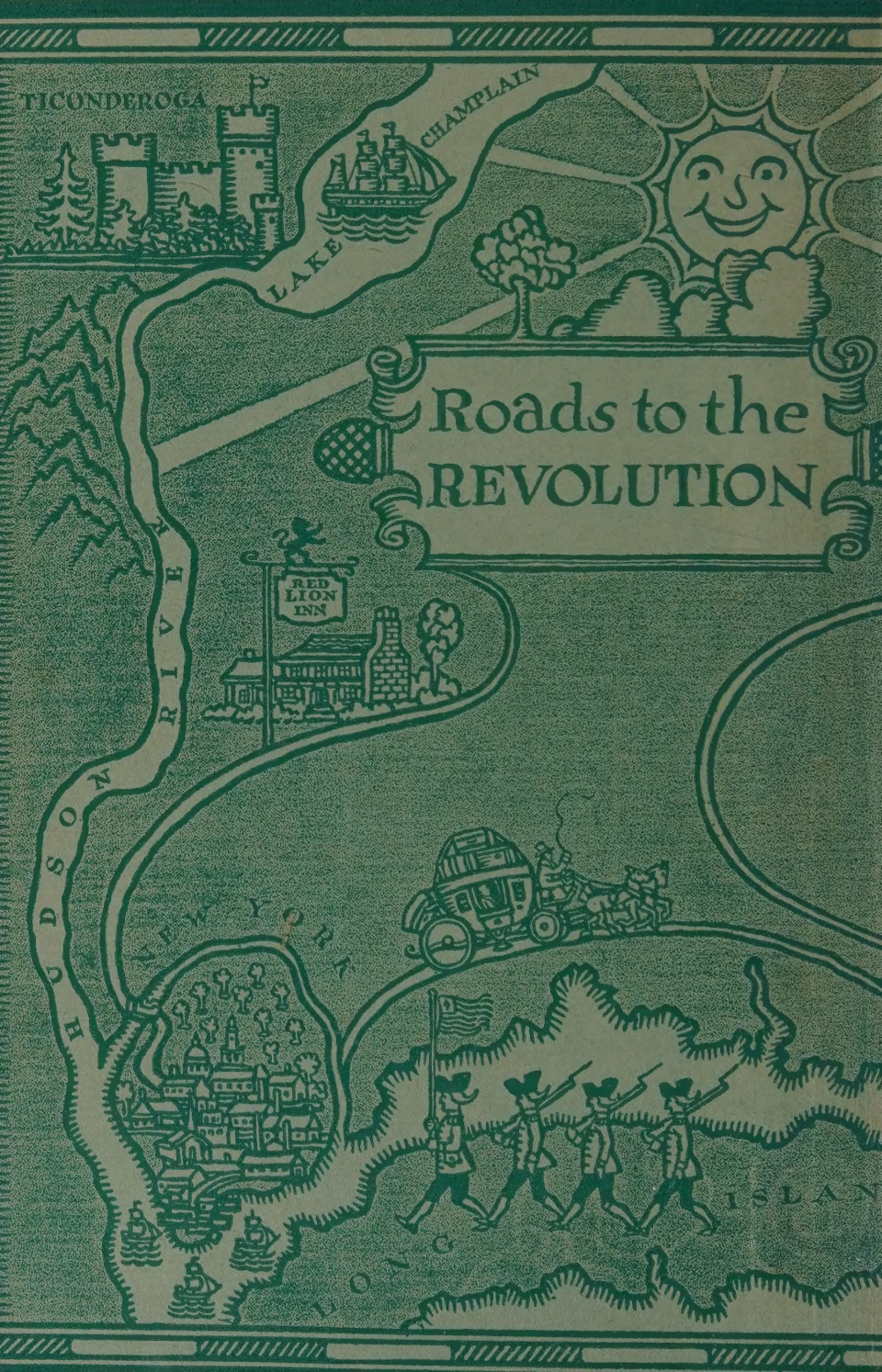
Roads to the Revolution

By

Sarah Comstock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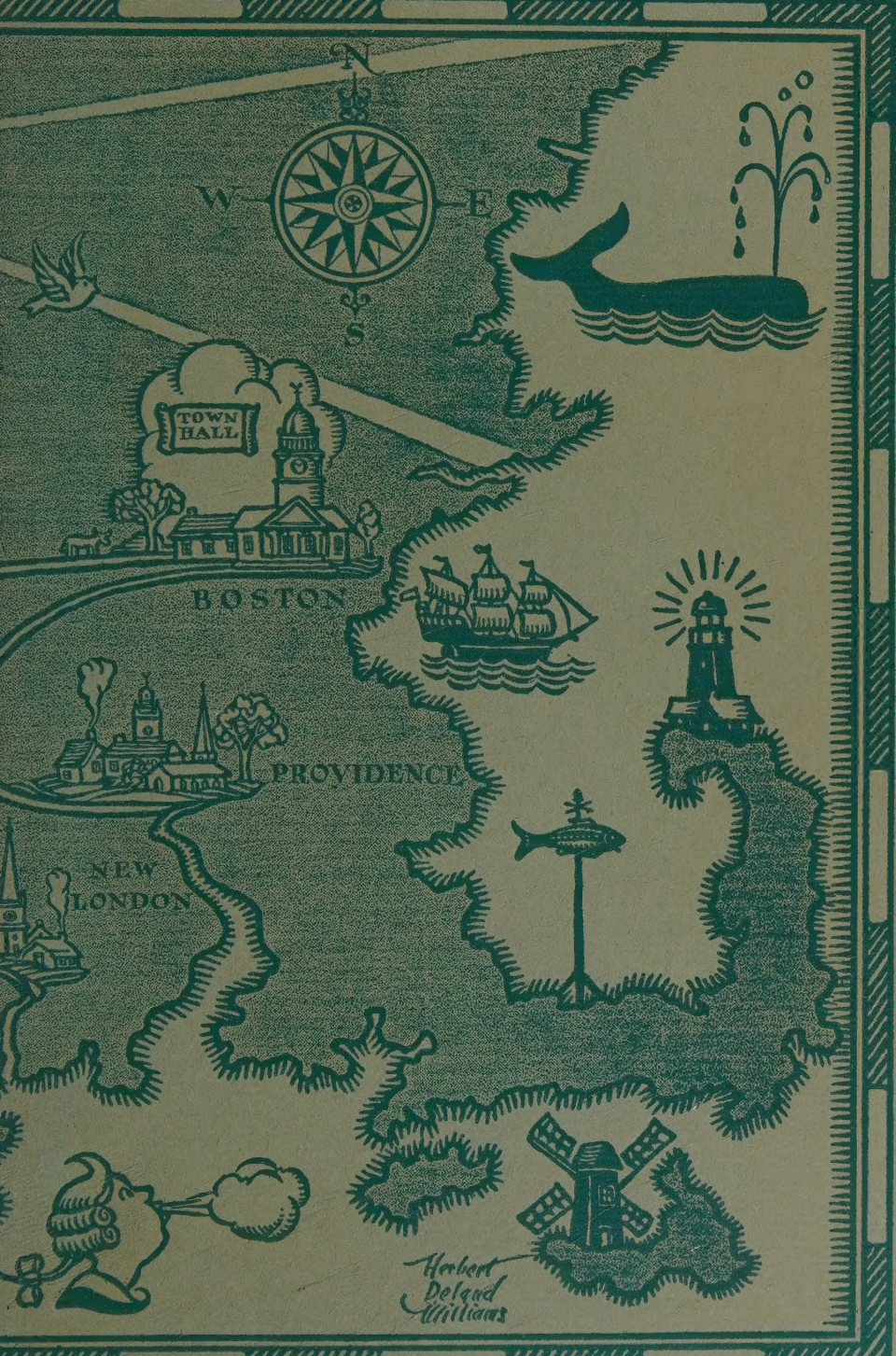
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ROADS TO THE REVOLUTION

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ROADS TO THE REVOLUTION

With Here and There a Byway to Colonial Days

BY

SARAH COMSTOCK

With Many Illustrations by the Author & Others

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TO

THOSE WHO LIVE IN MEMORY,

WILLIAM BRADFORD, GOVERNOR OF PLYMOUTH COLONY,

AND

ALICE, HIS WIFE.

This book is a very small contribution to the history of a nation in whose building you so greatly figured; but I ask you nevertheless to accept it with the gratitude of one who is among the multitude for whom you builded, your great-granddaughter in the tenth generation.

THE AUTHOR.

TO MY FELLOW-TRAVELERS

In twenty journeys as short as these we cannot, of course, cover even the outstanding scenes of the American Revolution. In the middle of the last century Benson J. Lossing published his *The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution* in two volumes which contained 1100 engravings and 1551 pages. That was yesterday. To-day we live in a world of movies, tabloids and digests, and the average traveler is forced to telescope his history. And so, to pack it as well as possible, the selection of chapters has been made with a view to reaching the fields easily from three centers: Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Thus it has been the more remote scenes, such as Canada and the South, which have been omitted of necessity, and not always those least important.

With this basis of selection it has been impossible to preserve the chronological order of events, although this has been attempted where it was feasible. And while the aim has been to keep to Revolutionary times, there will be found, here and there, a byway into earlier periods. Plymouth and Salem are of such interest, and the towns so near Boston, that it seemed best to include them.

Unless our greatest war is very fresh in your

minds, it will well repay you to review it before setting out. This will help clarify the sequence of events, from which we shall often be forced to depart. In the main we shall follow John Fiske's *The American Revolution,* although we shall refer to many authorities; they disagree, alas, as badly as doctors.

The danger in recounting Revolutionary history lies in the possibility of forgetting that the war was that of a certain King and his followers, in a certain period. The Britain who was a tyrant then is no more the Britain who is our friend to-day than if she were another nation. I know of no stronger sympathizers with our freedom than some of the English people. It was a born-and-bred Englishwoman who proudly showed me that tablet in her home town of Plymouth which commemorates the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers.

You will need guidebooks for explicit directions. These, and other handy volumes, you will find named in *A Bag of Books* at the end. Those who make fuller research will find many more in the Bibliography.

If I should name individually those to whom am indebted for assistance in preparing this volume, it would be too bulky to go along with you. Librarians, authors, editors, publishers, executives of various historical associations in New England, New York State, New Jersey and Pennsylvania have been so generous in their coöperation that I can only

issue one hearty "Thank you," wishing that it might be broadcasted to them all. If, in even the least measure, the book serves to stimulate interest in those national memories which are alive and precious to them, I believe that they will feel repaid. As for me, the happiest hope I can cherish is that some of you may be stirred to extend the telescope after we must go our separate ways.

S. C.

New York,
July 4, 1927.

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From Boston

Roads to the Revolution

I

BOSTON AND BUNKER HILL

§

Said a traveler: "Washington jaunts you, New York taunts you, but Boston haunts you." Perhaps he was right. Once you know Boston, even for a day, you will find it unforgettable. And it is its past rather than its present which will stand out most vividly in your afterthoughts. The city and near-by towns are so closely bound up in the making of our nation that you will re-live those early times as you tread their streets. Not ghosts, but living men and women of another day will greet you as you pass—Paul Revere, Miles Standish, Joseph Warren, Priscilla Mullins, Rebecca Nurse, John Parker. . . .

No part of the United States has done as much to keep alive our national past as has this New England region. Perhaps, if one merely computed the number of "landmarks" and "preserved" buildings and (perish the name!) "shrines," it would be found no greater hereabout than in certain other

localities. But, in some subtle manner, this city keeps keen the consciousness of the past. In it you will breathe the very air of colonial and Revolutionary days. In the truest sense, a visit on history bent is less a pursuit of ancient buildings than a sensing of Boston as a whole. Despite all that its sensational newspapers with screaming headlines, its hand-in-pocket politicians, and its innumerable cults can do to modernize it, the spirit of it remains essentially aloof and rich in memories. From the moment when the stranger first struggles to find his way over its infuriating street map, he has entered the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

§

Boston has three hundred years behind it. In the spring of 1630 John Winthrop set sail for our American wilderness. He had been appointed Governor to succeed Endicott, who had come a little earlier and founded Salem; he was given eleven ships, and the purpose of the settlers was to be, first and foremost, the conversion of the Indians. Winthrop did not consider Salem suitable for the new capitol, went on to Charlestown, and soon after, because sickness broke out, removed to Boston. A traveler named William Wood wrote of it a few years later in terms as glowing as those of a twentieth-century realtor:

"The situation is very pleasant . . . a little fencing will secure their cattle from the wolves. It being

a neck and bare of wood, they are not troubled with three great annoyances, of wolves, rattlesnakes and Musketoes."

Thus began Boston. The inhabitants raised corn, swine and cattle; the town grew; little dwellings, meeting houses, a town house and "houses of entertainment called ordinaries" sprang up. In 1664 it was reported that "the streets are crooked with little decency and no uniformity." And so, over some of those same streets, you must make your way to-day.

§

Boston Common lies green in the heart of the hurry, with taxicabs, subway entrances, pedestrians and solemn Jack-in-the-box traffic policemen pressing against it and failing to perturb it. An old man strolls by, feeding pigeons. . . . A baby rolls. . . .

"Boston Common. In or about the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred thirty and four the then present inhabitants of the Town of Boston . . . did treate and agree with William Blackstone for the purchase of his estate . . . after which purchase the town laid out a plan for a trayning field which ever since and now is used for that purpose and for the feeding of cattell."

Setting forth from this point, you will find, not many blocks distant, some of the most distinguished historic buildings of the city.

§

The Old State House faces the square at the head of State Street. This square was once the public market and on Thursday of each week the farmers arrived with their products and the townspeople went down to buy. As early as the middle of the seventeenth century fairs were held here in June and October, and great were the festivities. Rejoicings and punishments always seemed to select the same public headquarters in those days; here, where pennants and ribbons fluttered in fair time, where games romped and flirtations followed, the pillory, stocks and whipping post gloomed in warning. Near the northeast corner of the Old State House, at which you are looking now, you can picture stocks and pillory waiting for their victims; the whipping post did not depart until about 1800. The ministers lectured to the people on Thursdays; thus all the community life of religion, merry-making and discipline centered here. Around this nucleus Boston grew; the first dwellings were near by, and the first meeting house watched over them.

The Old State House is not to be confused with the present one whose gilded dome shines above Beacon Hill. On this site stood the Town House of 1657, which was burned early in the next century. In 1748 the State House was erected, and restored in 1881 as you see it to-day. Its firm, simple lines, its tower and clock have a substantial quality that

The Lion and the Unicorn upon the Old State House were caught in a frolicsome mood.

consoles one for much of the architecture rife in America nowadays; and its lion and unicorn are among our most precious zoölogical specimens. The older building was of wood, and its walls were incorporated within the brick walls of 1748.

As the century progressed, and the colonies grew more restless under oppression, this building entered into the activities of the times. It made its bow with the speech of James Otis in 1761, when he pleaded for the commercial freedom of the Colonies. As rebellion against tyranny grew hotter, meetings were held here, rousing speeches rang through the halls.

On that morning immortalized by Bunker Hill Battle, a council of war was held here by Gage, Howe and Clinton. The answer to that council was given on July 18, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was read inside to officials who swore their faith to the new-born nation. From the east balcony it was read again to the people; a great shout rose, and down came the royal arms and insignia.

Washington stood in a balcony of this building to view a procession in his honor when he visited Boston for the last time, in 1789. Later it was put to many uses, and has at last entered upon a dignified old age, as a museum of historic relics. The early prints of Boston are among the most delightful of these.

Near by, on State Street, a marker points out

the site of the first meeting house. It was built of mud and thatched—a far cry from the modern business building which stands there now. "Site of the first meeting house, built 1632. Preachers: John Wilson, John Eliot, John Cotton. Used before 1640 for town meetings and for sessions of the General Court of the Colony."

Early in 1770 there was a fight in State Street near the corner of Exchange. The Royal Custom House used to stand here, and a sentinel was placed in front of it. Trouble began one day; a mob gathered, rocky pieces of ice were snatched from the street and hurled about rather indiscriminately. Thus opened the Boston Massacre of March 5, in which four were killed at once while two more died later from wounds. The affair was kept alive in a zealous manner by an annual oration "to perpetuate the memory of the horrid Massacre." Five yards of cloth was the orator's payment. Not until 1783 was it voted that the annual patriotic oration be moved from March 5th to July 4th.

The site of the Massacre has been marked in the State Street pavement. It took place after several days of petty quarrels, small in themselves but indicative of deep feeling. Fiske calls attention to the fact that the significance of such an episode is not told in the numbers slain. "Historical events are not to be measured with a foot-rule." The quartering of British troops in a peaceful town had been profoundly resented; nevertheless, in this crisis, the

discipline of both soldiers and people was shown in the fact that only six lives were lost, and the high standard opposed to lawlessness was displayed in the fact that this Massacre became an event of the greatest portent. The loss of six lives was taken seriously.

Long Wharf lies at the end of State Street, and is the lineal descendant of the old Boston Pier of 1710. Here arrived the royal governors with a rather considerable pomp, in the days when they were able to impress America; later, when America failed to be properly impressed, the British soldiers landed here to make the world safe for monarchy. Still later, having evacuated, they embarked here to return to a disgruntled sovereign.

§

One of your most important calls will be paid to Faneuil Hall. With its solid breadth and depth, its squarely placed tower like a determined thumb sticking up, its mathematically exact rows of many windows, it is known to the nation almost as well as to Boston. The most remote western farmer who has never departed from his nearest railroad station recognizes its picture; he even knows how to pronounce its name, although he may not know that it acquired that name from the public-spirited citizen who presented it to the town in 1742. "Now Peter Faneuil hath offered to put up at his own expense

Faneuil Hall. "Now Peter Faneuil hath offered to put up an edifice."

an edifice for a market." The market was below, the upper part a public hall. Shem Drowne (of *Drowne's Wooden Image* by Hawthorne) made a grasshopper vane, like that on the Royal Exchange in London, and thus the original building was complete. It suffered severely from fire; the walls, however, stood; and with this good brick structure as a basis the hall was reconstructed in 1763 with later additions under the architect Bulfinch in 1805.

Town meetings were held here for many years. On the day after the Boston Massacre a gathering was called, but it so far overflowed the hall that the people were forced to adjourn to the Old South Meeting House. The hall, however, was large enough to accommodate the first rockings of American liberty and was named the Cradle thereof. "Justifiable resistance" was many a time debated here, as the Revolution approached; its lights shone forth in brilliant illumination upon the repeal of the Stamp Act. Bancroft says that the whole Revolution was contained in the motion of Samuel Adams made here, which led to the establishment of the Boston Committee of Correspondence.

The British, aided by their Tory friends, gave a farce within these sedate old walls during the Siege—*The Blockade of Boston*. Looking at its elderly and serious aspect to-day, one feels that the hall has quite lived down this gay experience of its youth. Its museum includes many relics of value.

§

The second oldest church now standing in Boston is to be found at the corner of Washington and Milk Streets—the Old South Meeting House. Winthrop had his house on one end of this site, died in it, and the dwelling became the parsonage, to be turned into British firewood. The building that you see was erected in 1729, of substantial bricks, and here the patriots met during those stormy years preceding the war. Faneuil Hall more than once proved too small for the gatherings and, as after the Massacre, the people adjourned to this church. The British added its pulpit and pews to their wood pile, but left the building, and it is now a relic in itself, containing many another relic, and cherishing a colorful history. It was reported that, during the British desecrations, a "beautiful carved pew was made a hog stye of," along with its silk upholstery. Burgoyne's light dragoons maintained a riding school within its walls, earth and gravel being spread on the floor after it was cleared, and visitors invited to witness from the gallery the riding feats—a bar, even, was provided for their pleasure. Fortunately, when many precious manuscripts stored in the building were used to kindle the British fire, Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation* and a volume of Winthrop's *Journal* were overlooked.

If you will follow Pearl Street until it brings up at the water front and Atlantic Avenue you will find

The Old South Meeting House, used as a riding-school by the British.

yourself at the site associated with that which perhaps means Boston, to the world at large, more than any other thing unless we except baked beans—and that is the Tea Party. On the way you will pass historic sites, such as that of Benjamin Franklin's birthplace at 17 Milk Street.

It is related of an earnest and literal old lady who visited this spot on her first trip east from Iowa, that she gazed about at the crowding traffic and warehouses and, crestfallen, sighed, "I thought I wuz goin' to see a tea table set out, an' a party. Me, comin' all this way, and not so much as a bite o' cake!" Alas, the only draught upon which the traveler of to-day may regale himself is the memory of that which "freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed that night in Boston Harbor." But look upon the model of a tea ship; picture the old Griffin's Wharf of the eighteenth century, and read that brief story:

"Here lay moored on December 16, 1773, three British ships with cargoes of tea. To defeat King George's trivial but tyrannical tax of threepence a pound, about ninety citizens of Boston, partly disguised as Indians, boarded the ships, threw the cargoes, three hundred and forty-two chests in all, into the sea, and made the world ring with the patriotic exploit of the Boston Tea Party." If you are a true patriot, the reviving of this tale should warm you far more effectually than the cup which the old lady failed to find.

§

Thus cheered, you may return for a last glimpse of the Common before turning north. Not far from it—on Washington Street, at Boylston—you may pause at the site of the Liberty Tree. Here in those stormy days before '75, gathered the Sons of Liberty to air their common grievance and shout for freedom. Here, when the Stamp Act fired our ancestors to fury, effigies swung in air. A tablet marks the spot, and, as you stand here, you must fancy beside it a quaint tavern known as the Liberty Tree, where the mug refreshed the overheated rebel mind.

Along Tremont Street you reach King's Chapel Burying Ground, and here an old man is feeding a squirrel. The squirrel snatches a nut, retires to the top of a slanting gravestone to crack it. . . . Of an age with the Common and the city itself is this cemetery. Winthrop recorded in his journal the fact that "Capt. Welden, a hopeful young gent, and an experienced soldier, dyed at Charlestowne of a consumption, and was buryed at Boston wth. a military funeral." Governor Winthrop was buried here (in 1649), and probably his wife Margaret.

Many famous names this churchyard records. There are two tombs of the Winthrop family; several early parsons were laid here, including John Cotton, John Davenport, John Oxenbridge and Thomas Bridge; that Mary Chilton, the legend of whose pedal extremity has made Plymouth Rock

famous, lived to become Mrs. John Winslow and to be buried in this yard with her husband's kin.

At the corner is the chapel from which the burying ground took its name. Its weathered Ionic columns, its somber windows, like grave eyes looking forth at life, its dark stone walls, its solid towers are those of 1754. During the Revolution the gold miters and crown were carried away and hidden for safety; ever since then they have been in their original place in this church.

There are quaint gravestones in its yard; but if you have a penchant for ancient inscriptions, the Granary Burying Ground, just across Tremont Street, will be your goal. Here you may wander until dusk blots them out, and not have done. You will find the graves of Josiah and Abiah his wife (parents of Benjamin Franklin), who "lived lovingly together in wedlock fifty-five years" and "maintained a large family and brought up thirteen children and seven grandchildren reputably"; and will be adjured to "From this instance, reader, be encouraged to diligence in thy calling and distrust not Providence." You will read of Mary Brackett:

> Pius and prudent helpful to neighbors all
> By night and day whenever they did call
> Pelican like she freely spilt her blood
> To feed her chickens & to do them good.

As to whether Mother Goose was ever buried here, there has been much controversy. It is believed by some that Elizabeth Vergoose was never

King's Chapel. "Weatherea columns, somber windows like grave eyes looking forth at life."

responsible for Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater, Jack and Jill, the Frog who would awooing go, or any of the beloved caravan that crosses memory. But it is a pleasant legend which places that revered foster parent of our childhood among other famous dead. Here lie governors, officers, ministers,

The Granary Burying Ground is full of quaint inscriptions.

authors, and signers of the Declaration. . . The granary, from which the ground was named, stood where you now see the Park Street Church.

The present State House, with its priceless collections, its gilded dome and its codfish, is one of the most important sights for the traveler. But it belongs to a later period than the "yesterday" which

we are following. So, with a last look at Beacon Hill and its eagle-topped monument ("In 1634 the General Court caused a Beacon to be placed on the top of this hill"), we will turn to another district.

§

In the North End we shall enter that part of the old town where once the mansions of the gentry looked down upon modest dwellings of quaint colonial type. Long since these streets have been swarmed by European immigrants, and the crowded clotheslines, the babel of languages, the dirty babies of tenements fill many of these once dignified blocks. Here and there, however, through this new transplanted Europe, one may catch a glimpse of early America. To the ready imagination, indeed, it is on every hand.

As you go, following Hanover Street in the main, you will pass the site of one of the most important Revolutionary landmarks that Boston possessed, one which should never have been allowed to disappear. At 81 Union Street, just off Hanover, the Green Dragon Tavern once displayed its green monster of the forked tail. In this departed building was the Tea Party plotted; here plan after plan was laid by patriot leaders to overthrow British rule.

On Marshall Street was built the old Capen house in 1725, at the corner of Union; and the structure where once Ebenezer Hancock, deputy paymaster general of the Continental army, made his office and kept the funds on hand for pay day. Near by was

The eagle-topped monument on Beacon Hill.

set up a curious stone marked "Boston Stone, 1737." It was brought from England by a painter to be used in grinding his paint.

As in our other large cities, most of the houses which were of historic import were allowed to decay

Paul Revere's House.

or be torn down before our national consciousness awoke to the importance of preserving them. America has of late years risen to the "Better late than never" point of view, and has rescued many of those left; but, in the majority of cases, it has been too late. A few dwellings of early date may be ferreted out in these streets; but the only one of great interest

is that which was once the home of Paul Revere, facing North Square. Chattering tenement youngsters will besiege you as guides.

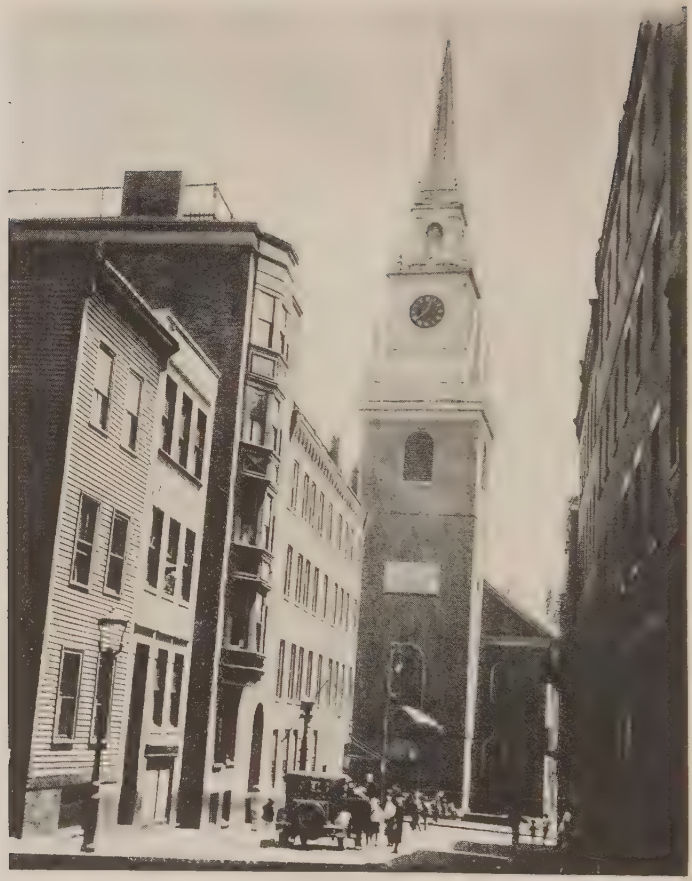
This irresistibly quaint wooden building springs from the midst of tall business structures and dingy Italian tenements with the sudden charm of a little stage scene. Its roof hangs like eyebrows to shield the wee diamond panes of swinging windows; its prim shutters cry "Tut, tut!" to a prying world. Here dwelt Paul Revere from 1770 to 1800; from here he went daily to his foundry; from here he set off upon the adventure which reached its climax in his midnight ride. Later years made him both famous and prosperous, and he removed to a more pretentious abode; but it is this little house which is entirely bound up with his Revolutionary biography.

Being a hot-headed patriot from the first, he was always involved in the thick of the quarrel. On the evening following the Boston Massacre he went to his upper windows and in them hung out what we of to-day would call "posters"—flaming pictures with captions, murdered patriots and the figure of Liberty, with lines such as these:

> Snider's pale ghost fresh bleeding stands
> And Vengeance for his death demands.

§

There is often confusion in the traveler's mind as to the identity of the "Old North" from which



Christ Church, in which Paul Revere is said to have been a bell-ringer.

the above-named patriot requested that lanterns be displayed. Frothingham and some other historians claim that the signal hung in the tower of that church which stood on North Square and was split into kindling for British use during the Siege of Boston. But Christ Church, now standing, and to be found by you in Salem Street, is popularly called "The Paul Revere Church." Its tablet declares that belief, and in any case it is of much historic interest.

It is the oldest church building left in the city, dating from 1723. Its most famous treasure is a chime of eight bells brought from England in 1744, and still beautiful in tone. It is said that Paul Revere was one of the bell-ringers. An inscription appears on each of the eight. Among the old building's other relics are a Vinegar Bible, a clock of 1746, and a silver communion service. The master of an English privateer once upon a time captured some cherubim figures from a French ship which was carrying them to a Canadian convent, gave them to this church, and here they remained.

The present steeple was built early in the last century to replace the original which was blown down. In that earlier one stood Gage to view the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Just beyond Christ Church, at Hull Street, you will find still another of the famous old burying grounds of Boston—Copp's Hill. John Hull, by the way, the maker of the immortal pine tree shillings, left his name as a heritage to this street which

was cut through his pasture about 1700, his daughter making it a gift to the town provided it should always retain the name of her father.

As we stand upon Copp's Hill (or what is left of it), we are drawing near the story of Bunker Hill. Boston, like Rome, was built upon hills, there being three on this Massachusetts peninsula. This one was the most northern. And here, on a point which has since been cut away, the British battery stood at the time of the battle, near the southwest corner of the cemetery. From this summit came the volleys that Burgoyne and Clinton sent forth to fire Charlestown. And so, with this picture of the enemy's vantage point, let us travel on to another hill—one which so far succeeded in defying the enemy upon this one, that its monument rises aloft for the world to witness. Copp's Hill, the British stronghold, has been sliced off, dug into, built over, and, to a great extent, forgotten; Breed's Hill, where our forefathers did their bit, is preserved and reverenced in memory of our early patriots. Let us set out for the Charlestown district.

§

Bunker Hill Monument dominates it. The obelisk is glimpsed here between warehouses and wholesale stores, there above plain little crowded dwellings of a neat dinginess; again it stands out against a field of open sky; it is everywhere in evidence. A plain shaft, rising two hundred and twenty feet above the

Bunker Hill Monument. "It stands out against a field of open sky."

napkin of grass which surrounds it, this memorial dates back to Lafayette's visit in 1825 when he laid its cornerstone.

The British were occupying Boston, chopping up buildings for kindling, and generally making themselves at home. The raw American army, which had fired its first shot on Lexington Common only some two months before, was conducting a siege, striving to force the British to evacuate; the only effect achieved was pathos. Having no fleet, an attack by water was impossible; the one way to bring matters to a focus was to seize the near-by hills instead of letting Gage do so. Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne arrived with reënforcements; Gage strutted; the American leaders must act quickly if at all. Twelve hundred "peasants," having said a prayer on Cambridge Common as the sun set above June 16th, started off to take possession of Bunker Hill under Prescott.

The commanders decided, however, upon reaching the spot, to push on to Breed's Hill just beyond, and there, upon arriving at midnight, the men fell to work upon entrenchments. It is at the southeast corner of the redoubt that the obelisk stands.

The seventeenth, a brilliant June day, found the Americans ready. The men were keen for the test of their newly roused power; Concord's victory had left them whetted, while Gage was still stinging with the smart of it. Both sides, therefore, were in high spirits for the fray.

Putnam had arrived during the night, and the newly made major-general, Joseph Warren. The latter was asked to take command, but he chose to serve under the veteran Prescott. Meanwhile the British were discussing the best way of meeting this American move; the final decision was to storm Breed's Hill in a direct assault, which, although the most dangerous method, was the most speedy. If the Americans were allowed time to get siege guns to work, the hold upon Boston might be lost by the British.

Read the old story again. Watch the redcoats crossing the river, boatload after boatload; see them, at three in the afternoon, as they start to storm the stronghold. Grimly restrained, the American fire waited; not until the enemy was within fifty yards were they fired upon. They fell, Fiske tells us, "mowed as if by the sudden sweep of a scythe."

What a tale it is! The untrained, hot-headed American farmers giving vent to a wild shout as the British retreat; trying to jump over the breastworks and pursue the topsy-turvy redcoats in their frantic retreat. The firing of Charlestown—four hundred peaceful dwellings puffing out, little heaps of ashes. Another charge up the hill—this time no firing until but thirty yards lay between the forces, then a second mowing down, more terrible—wounded and dead strewing the hill, left by the survivors in their retreat.

Victory practically belonged to the Americans. But now came the fatal discovery that Prescott was out of powder. Stubbornly the British made their third advance, stormed up the hill, and this time they reached the summit. Fighting hopelessly with bayonets and with the few cartridges left, the Americans gave way, retreated, and Bunker Hill was, technically, a British victory.

But, morally, the day was America's. Men and officers had tested their powers, had found themselves capable of splendid fighting. Only a mischance had lost them the final reward. Bold spirits, such as Washington and Franklin, looked ahead now to certain triumph in the end. "I wish we could sell the British another hill at the same price," observed General Greene.

If your nature is aspiring, you may care to mount the monument to its observatory. Those who remain behind will find a little museum to explore—relics of the battle are here, such as a British cannon ball, a ball from a British man-of-war, and various weapons. Here is a statue of Joseph Warren, while outside stands a monument to Prescott.

II

LEXINGTON, CONCORD AND PAUL REVERE

§

YOU have turned away from the tradition of "The Old North" and its steeple in Boston; their image travels with you as you set out along the road to Lexington, the same road which, on the eighteenth of April, 1775, echoed to the hoofs of Paul Revere's horse. Breathlessly the old church waited that night, ready to give its warning; "I agreed," Revere tells us in his own narrative, "that if the British went out by water we would show two lanthorns in the steeple; and if by land, one as a signal." The "one if by land, and two if by sea," of our school days' poem; "and I on the opposite shore will be, ready to ride and spread the alarm through every Middlesex village and farm."

As a matter of fact, the poet indulged now and again in the license peculiar to his calling. But he did impress upon our childhood a memory of the suspense of that waiting, the swift action of the young messenger, his recklessness in face of peril; so vivid a memory that, following along the road,

the thrill of that old day when we "spoke the piece" returns to haunt us as we visit, one after another, the houses where his summons stirred a nation to revolt. We hear his shout at these low brown doors, see white faces leap to these very windows. . . . Women cry out, arms clatter. . . .

"I got a horse of Deacon Larkin," wrote Revere. "I set off upon a very good horse; it was then about eleven o'clock." Already he had been told by Devens that the latter had met ten British officers, well mounted and armed, on the road from Lexington; so he knew that trouble lay ahead. And with all the zest of young America when it looks for trouble, he sprang to the saddle and rode straight into it. "The one (British officer) who chased me . . . got into a clay pond; . . . I got clear of him, and went through Medford, . . . and up to Menotomy (now Arlington). In Medford I awakened the Captain of the Minute Men, and after that I alarmed almost every house till I got to Lexington."

Massachusetts Avenue is much the same road as that followed by Revere and the British troops. If you travel by way of Arlington you will pass now and again some reminder of that period. Houses stand, inanimate things long outliving their creators. Tablets mark spots where soldiers of both sides fell in the fringe of warfare. And at last you reach Lexington, one of the most significant spots in our national history.

§

East Village is the entrance, and here are a few landmarks, such as a tablet showing the spot where Benjamin Wellington was captured and disarmed by the British scouts—the first armed man taken in the Revolution. Here stands the house of that Jonathan Harrington, fifer in Captain Parker's company, who lived to be the last survivor of the Battle of Lexington. From East Village you will pass on into what is known as the Munroe District, its most important building being the Munroe Tavern, once a stopping place for drovers and farmers on their way from New Hampshire, driving their sheep and cattle to market. This old brown building, flanked by elms that saw the Revolution, was built by William Munro, Jr., in 1695, but passed for a time from the family; it was bought back in 1770 by William Munroe, grandson of the original owner, who paid for it 280 pounds and obtained 21 acres, a woodshed, and a potash house into the bargain. He acquired a wife, three children, and an "e" at the end of his name, and was comfortably settled when along came the Revolution.

Munroe's blood ran hot, and, making what provision he could for his family, he went forth to the Battle of Lexington, where he served as orderly sergeant of the Minute Men and was in command of the guard posted at the Hancock-Clarke house the night before to protect Hancock and Adams, of

whom we shall soon hear more. He left a crippled neighbor to look after his family; Earl Percy, in charge of the British relief force, spied the commodious building, decided that it would make excellent headquarters as well as field hospital, and descended upon it. The cripple was shot, and Mrs. Munroe and her three children ran to the woods on the hill behind the tavern, where they hid. One of these youngsters, only sixteen months old at the time, declared afterward that she distinctly remembered the coming of the redcoats and the terror of her mother as she seized them and fled. The rooms were ransacked, all the linen was used for the wounded, and it is said that blood stood inches deep upon the floor.

In this hostelry you will see, among hundreds of relics, the bread trough in which Mrs. Munroe mixed her bread the night before the battle; the old swinging sign of the tavern; the flip mugs and tables of the tap-room; the room where President Washington, in 1789, dined; and you will be told how several of the then-increased family of Munroe offspring climbed the tree outside the window to peep at the great Washington while he ate, and how the limb broke while they peeped. There is an interesting item of history to the effect that Munroe opened his house to the first temperance lecturer who visited Lexington; and while the reformer was laboring above-stairs to save souls from the Demon

Rum, the host, with his customary hospitality, served sizzling flip at the bar below.

Near by stand other early dwellings, some altered and some much as they were when Revere's shout broke upon slumbers. John Mason lived in what claims to be the oldest house in town; it was ransacked by the British.

§

Lexington Center has grown up around the Battle Green, which is a lovely and a sacred spot. Looking across it on an autumn day, with brown leaves crisply fluttering over the grass, one pictures those fifty or so Minute Men—uncouth, rudely equipped, untrained but grimly determined as they drew up at dawn on the nineteenth of April. One pictures the scornful Major Pitcairn, who had advanced to Lexington with six light companies and was quite certain that these clumsy farmers would flee at sight of him, riding toward them with a commanding shout of "Disperse, ye villains, disperse!" But in every little meeting house out among the fields and hills other farmers were gathering, equally uncouth and untrained, and equally grim in determination; and the British volley that scattered some of that first group was to be met, before the day was over, by other volleys and more disastrous.

While Revere, with Dawes and Prescott, was riding through the night, the British had been land-

ing and marching toward Lexington. They had assumed that the country would be sleeping; the sound of bells and guns somewhat disturbed their smugness, but, after all, what was a handful of rebel farmers? When they found the little group drawn up on this Green to meet them, there must have been an element of the ludicrous and the pathetic in the picture, although time was to show it something far more formidable than it looked in that chilly daybreak.

The British discharged volley after volley; the Minute Men, confused, failed to act in unison. Nevertheless they acted. Although some scattered, others held, and two British soldiers were wounded and Pitcairn's horse was struck. Ten Americans were wounded, eight killed. The British formed, fired a volley and gave three cheers for their victory, which has been called "the most expensive ever won for England." A few clumsy New World farmers had been shot by a comparatively immense number of trained Old World soldiers; but that little skirmish was the first overt declaration that America would fight and die for her rights.

Happily, there have been markers placed in such wise that we can visualize the Green of 1775 most vividly. A bowlder with carved gun and powder horn indicates the line of the Minute Men as they drew up under Captain John Parker; his familiar words may be read: "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war,

let it begin here." That same Captain may be seen in the statue by Henry H. Kitson, surmounting the fountain at the corner of the Green; bareheaded, with sleeves rolled up, gun grasped, he stands bel-

Looking across Lexington Common, one sees the vine-shrouded monument to the men who fell in the battle, and beyond it the First Parish Church.

ligerently, with a weather eye out for approaching Britishers.

The site of the belfry in which the alarm bell was tolled that April morning is marked by another bowlder. The bell has vanished, but its tongue, which started a revolution by its wagging as tongues

ever will, reposes in the Hancock-Clarke house which you will visit later. And in still another spot you will soon see the exact reproduction of that early belfry itself.

House of Jonathan Harrington. He dragged himself to the doorstep when wounded on Lexington Common, and died at his wife's feet.

The first monument ever erected in memory of the Revolution stands on this Common, where it was placed in 1799. The bodies of those killed in the battle were interred here. Near the entrance to the Common you will see a stone pulpit and book marking the site of the first three meeting houses.

From it you will look across the expanse of living green, past the vine-shrouded old monument, to the austere whiteness of the First Parish Church at the head of the Common; on every side are colonial

The Buckman Tavern, where the Minute Men assembled in the tap-room.

dwellings, many of which have close associations with 1775.

The house of Marrett and Nathan Munroe, built in 1729, faced the battle and gave its man, for Nathan was a member of Captain Parker's little band. The Jonathan Harrington, Jr., house bears a tablet stating that its owner, "wounded on the

Common, dragged himself to the door and died at his wife's feet." And, richest of all in its memories and its treasured relics, is the Buckman Tavern.

In olden days, when the Munroe Tavern was receiving drovers and farmers, this hostelry was opening its doors to the gentry. Many were the distinguished vistors who found shelter beneath its dignified roof, when John Buckman, a member of Parker's company, played the part of host. Parker and his friends were continually meeting in the taproom, talking over the trouble with England; and when word finally came that the British were marching upon Lexington, the Minute Men assembled here to await the summons. Here they restlessly paced before the same great fireplace that you see, here fists came thundering down, with curses for the redcoats, upon the well-worn bar. Paul Revere, having finished his ride (or rather, his ride having been finished for him), came back here to secure a trunk full of papers belonging to Hancock, and he it was whom somebody saw peering from a chamber window above when Pitcairn and his men arrived. Those who could not fight watched from other windows. . . . The fighting grew hot, hotter. . . . Here came a British bullet singing, piercing the door. . . . As the day advanced the battle passed from the Green, it moved to Concord, while scattered attacks took place here and there between. . . . A British soldier, another—wounded, bleeding, dying—yes, the tavern would care for them. One

dying. . . . The other recovering. . . . Fearing, nursing, hoping, burying. . . .

The tavern now is restored to the period of '75. Especial pains have been taken to perfect the taproom; notches were found where the old shelves fitted above the bar, and these were dug from cobwebs and dust and put in place. Flip mugs and loggerheads, jugs, bottles and tavern tables set the little stage of that great American drama's prologue. Muskets and fire buckets of deer hide hang upon the walls. You will see the secret brick that could be removed from its niche above the fireplace to reveal hidden treasures; and the clay pipe, the candle-snuffers, the oven—oh, there's no end to the delightful things, and when it is time to hasten on you will find that you can't possibly go without a peep into Aunt Emilia's bedroom above. In another upper room is a collection of costume plates in color, made for the pageant of a recent year, and of interest to any student of period costume.

Before you leave the vicinity of the Common you must stroll a bit in "Ye Old Cemetery." The skull between wings is a more frequent than cheerful device; although I suppose the matter of its cheerfulness depends upon whether we lay our emphasis upon the skull or the wings. The Hancock-Clarke tomb is here; and a monument to the memory of William Eustis, Governor of Massachusetts and a surgeon in the Revolution.

By scrambling up a stony path from Clarke Street,

you will come to a wild little hilltop where stands the replica of the belfry wherein hung the bell which summoned the Minute Men on that April morning; which for long years afterward called the people to worship in the day, ordered them to bed at night, and tolled them into their graves at the end of both day and night.

A ransacking of Lexington would reveal many more old houses of interest. One of these, the Fiske house on Hancock Street, was built in 1732. Doctor Joseph Fiske, being a member of Parker's company, cared for the wounded after the battle. Later he was commissioned Surgeon by Washington, and served through the entire war, being present at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

And finally, turning back on Hancock Street, you may close your Lexington day with a visit to the Hancock-Clarke house which contains the most important of all the collections in town, and which will hold you as long as you can remain. An old lilac bush blooms each spring against its brown clapboards; as it must have bloomed, one fancies, when, being the parsonage, this house welcomed guests in knee breeches and poke bonnets. The original hand-hewn frame remains, the shutters of 1734 may be seen, the early latches and the H-shaped hinges. It was built by the Reverend John Hancock in 1698, and later was occupied by the Reverend Jonas Clarke. John Hancock, grandson of

Replica of the Revolutionary Belfry. In the original belfry hung the bell which summoned the Minute Men.

the parson, Governor and signer of the Declaration, spent much time in it, and he had come here with Samuel Adams at the time of the battle. The famous beauty, Dorothy Quincy, John's betrothed, was also stopping here; a guard was placed by Mun-

The Hancock-Clarke House.

roe about the parsonage, in the fear that the British planned to capture Hancock and Adams as rebel leaders; toward morning on April 19th, the two were secretly conducted, first to Burlington, thence to Billerica, where they might be safe. As soon as possible, according to tradition, Hancock sent a mes-

sage back to his Dorothy at the parsonage, telling her to follow and be sure to bring along the fine salmon which had been sent in for their dinner; apparently the young lady was what the present generation terms a good sport, for follow she did—and with the salmon. It adds a happy finishing touch to the tale to know that their wedding bells rang a few months later, when he was on his way to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. Keep in mind this Revolutionary romance; you will hear more of it when you visit Quincy.

In that this house contains over twenty-four hundred articles in its collection, you must be left to roam through its rooms and make discoveries for yourself. Its treasures include the drum that beat to assemble the Minute Men, the portmanteau carried by Dr. Fiske during the war, a silk vest worn by Governor Hancock, and Major Pitcairn's pistols. The little chambers above are furnished as upon that night when Dorothy slept there—or lay awake, more likely, thinking of the salmon and John; its reels and spinning wheels, old fire screen and wall paper, make real those days and transport you in a magic moment into the past.

But much lies ahead. Follow on with Paul Revere where, with his comrades, Dawes and Prescott, he rode that night for Concord—which, alas for the popular climax of the tale, he never reached. It is, after all, a happy comment on popular judgment that he has been measured by his intention.

So—to the stirrup and saddle with you—and off for Concord Town!

§

"Major Mitchell . . . clapped his pistol to my head, called me by name, and said he was going to ask me some questions, and if I did not give him true answers he would blow my brains out," runs on the narrative of the rider. His comrade, Prescott, had "jumped his horse over a low stone wall and got to Concord," but Revere had been halted by British officers.

Pushing on along Massachusetts Avenue and the Old Concord Road, you will follow that enterprising young express. You will come upon various Revolutionary reminders; a tablet marking the well where James Hayward met a British soldier "who, raising his gun, said, 'You are a dead man.' 'And so are you,' replied Hayward. Both fired. . . ." Another marking the bluff where the British had a rallying point. . . . The original road swerved toward Lincoln. . . . At length the tablet at the spot where Revere was finally halted and turned back, while Prescott escaped the British patrol and pushed on, giving the alarm in Concord. Dawes contrived to escape by turning back. Revere was arrested and carried to Lexington, where he was released and went to the Buckman Tavern to get Hancock's papers. "We went up chamber, and while we were getting the trunk we saw the British very near, upon a full march. . . . They made a halt. . . . Then I

could distinguish two guns, and then a continual roar of musketry; when we made off with the trunk." And so ended the long-famed ride of Paul Revere, who, though forbidden to rouse Concord, at least "made off with the trunk."

§

Set forth to see Concord with Monument Square as a starting point. The old Town House, or County Court House, stood here in 1775 and from its bell tower rang the summons to the farmers that morning. Later in the day the British set it on fire; it was beginning to burn merrily when word came that it contained a fine supply of gunpowder which the Americans had stored; instantly the redcoats fell upon the burning building and fought lustily to save it. All that is left of it is the old weathervane which whirled in its steeple, now preserved in the public library; a tablet shows you the building's site.

Practically all the houses of that period now standing in Concord may be looked upon as former storehouses of munitions; the present hotel facing the Square was one of these. For months the Americans had been collecting all the arms and provisions of war possible, and placing them in dwellings, barns and outbuildings. Concord was known as their commissary depot, and General Gage had the capture or destruction of the stores as an objective when he made his attack.

Near Monument Square stands the First Parish

Meeting House, replacing the original which dated from 1712. Besides it is the Wright Tavern, of 1747. This is immortalized by the legend of Major Pitcairn; the tale goes that he, having arrived here after his proud victory over some half hundred

The Wright Tavern, where Major Pitcairn is said to have made his bloody boast.

farmers on Lexington Common, ordered a strong toddy, stirred it with his finger in gusto, and observed, "So, before night, shall we stir the blood of the rebels!"

Not far off lived Reuben Brown, a saddler. He supplied the Americans with the belts, cartridge boxes and other leather supplies of war which he

made in his little shop; a far cry from that to the present manufacture of army outfitting! The British descended upon this source of supplies and, in doing so, set fire to the house; the flames, however, were extinguished quickly. The building is now occupied by the Concord Antiquarian Society, and contains many relics; among them are the cutlass of a British grenadier, and the sword of Colonel James Barrett.

This restful old town is famous for its literary associations, but to-day you are hot on the trail of the redcoats. Before pursuing them to the bridge, pause a few minutes in the Old Hill Burying Ground, with stones dating back as far as 1677. Scramble up a little woodsy path and search out the graves of Barrett and Buttrick, commanders on that April day. A powder storehouse stood on the top of the hill. Climb the path at your left, begin to descend its farther slope, and the last grave you will find is that of John Jack the negro with its famous epitaph, hardly legible on the shabby old stone. It begins:

> God wills us free, man wills us slaves,
> I will as God wills, God's will be done.

§

On a golden November day, when fallen leaves are impudently performing a Charleston in streets that would once have been scandalized by such a dance; when the smell of piled apples stings the air; when hillocks lie basking like sleepy cats in the Indian

summer glow; when farmers in bogs are digging around their celery while turkeys fatten and distant cranberries redden, all unaware of the mutual relation soon to be; such is the peace of Concord roads that it is hard to realize that war ever ran red.

The Old Manse, "a ghost stalking from out the past."

The stroll out Monument Street to the North Bridge is about a half mile. Houses grow more straggling, open fields appear. Before you turn left into the bridge road you must pause to see two dwellings of history.

One, on an eminence at the right, is known as "The Bullet House." The original building is said to be

the oldest in town, although many alterations have been made in it since 1644. Elisha Jones lived here in 1775, and as he came forth from his front door on the morning of the battle a Britisher fired at him,

"On the morning of April 19, 1775, the British held this bridge." Where the Concord Fight took place—the North Bridge.

happily making a hole in the side of the house instead of in Mr. Jones. You may step to the door in the wing and observe that hole of English manufacture, where it is framed and displayed under glass, penetrating the old board—the rest of the wall having been clapboarded over.

Just beyond, on the other side, stands the Old

Manse. Ralph Waldo Emerson's grandfather, the minister, built it shortly before the Revolution and from its window watched the battle. What he saw fired him to active service; he became chaplain in the army and served until he was stricken with fever and died in October, 1776. The house was a center for the New England literary group for many years; here Hawthorne wrote the book which gave it its name. A melancholy picture now, a ghost stalking from out the past; walls dark as an old stained gravestone, shutters closed, three gaunt somber evergreens like sentinels beside it.

§

And now for the North Bridge and the "Fight." That affair is never spoken of as a battle in Concord.

It was seven in the morning when the British, marching on from Lexington, reached this town and made ready for a successful day's work. Small forces were posted, all sufficient, it was smugly believed, to guard the bridges; then the redcoats were set to work to hunt out all the arms and ammunition stored in town, to burn the Court House, wreck the cannon, and stave in a few barrels of flour. They were briskly carrying out orders when word came that a large group of rebels had advanced upon North Bridge.

What had happened was this. The American leaders had been quietly watching proceedings from

a hill, and, when the time was ready, and four hundred had gathered from little farmhouses on every side, the command was given to advance. Major John Buttrick was waiting at his own farm, on the slope beyond the bridge—a spot which you will visit to-day; the men were assembling around him; and now, with a shout to the eager farmers, he started forward, straight down the hill and toward the bridge. Only two hundred British regulars were posted there to receive twice as many Americans; but they had had expert training. On the other hand, these crude unskilled farmers had a cause and the passion that goes with a cause. "At the British volley, Isaac Davis fell. Buttrick cried, 'Fire, fellow soldiers, for God's sake, fire!' and himself fired first." Then with a plunging movement, like one man with a deadly purpose, the militia behind Buttrick charged straight across the bridge. The British were completely astounded; they fell back miserably before the greater numbers and the greater zeal, and were driven back to the village.

A monument marks the place where "was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression." The inscription makes the situation real to us as we stand on that ground: "On the opposite bank stood the American militia, here stood the invading army, and on this spot the first of the enemy fell." And very near this memorial to our victory is a tablet marking the grave of British soldiers in this foreign land.

They came three thousand miles and died
To keep the past upon its throne.
Unheard, beyond the ocean tide
Their English mother made her moan.

Beyond rises the Minute Man of Daniel Chester French, that stalwart bronze known to everyone. With coat thrown off, musket in hand, sleeves rolled up and eye on the enemy, he shows us why we are a republic to-day.

Two Babbitts who had apparently motored from the Middle West to visit "shrines," and were determined to "do" them thoroughly, stood near me the other day as I was re-visiting Concord, and one of them conscientiously read aloud Emerson's lines cut in the stone below the Minute Man.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The other shook his head dubiously. "Now, that don't sound like good poetry to me. Ain't what I'd call a selling line."

Nevertheless, despite his opinion, the popularity of the stanza seems its greatest drawback. But somehow its over-familiarity is forgotten as one stands on the actual spot that inspired it. The poet had grown up in the tradition of that "fight"; his grandfather had witnessed it, he himself had strolled

The Minute Man, by Daniel Chester French.

and dreamed and written a thousand times beside it; the "embattled farmers" must indeed have been very living to his vision.

When you are ready to visit the farm home of Major Buttrick from which he set out that morning, and to see the tablet marking the spot at which the American forces gathered, just before descending to the bridge, I earnestly beg that you will regard discretion as the better part of valor and inquire the way around by the road. My passion for directness led me straight into the bog, alas, and a new pair of suède shoes paid the price. But as the crow flies (in other words, as a reckless woman crosses the bog), this tablet may be reached by climbing the slope above the far end of the bridge, and will be found in a wall on the grounds of the Barrett estate; a bowlder with inscription stands near. Along the road to the north you will easily find the weather-stained Buttrick house, its white paint dulled to gray, its green shutters faded to a dim blue. In autumn it wears a rather seedy but altogether comfortable aspect, with huge piles of squashes and pumpkins gathered about its door, dogs yapping cheerfully about the wheels of a rattling buggy as it drives home to the red barn, a cat blinking under one of the giant old elms, and fields of cabbages purpling beyond. The odor of Hallowe'en rides the air; one fancies that goblins and witches may hold high carnival here of a late October night.

§

The story of that day's retreat may be read in any history. How the British, after a march of eighteen miles and a fast of fourteen hours, were tormented by the ceaseless fire of the steadily increasing number of Americans who sprang forth from every hillock and every clump of trees; how they fought with bravery as long as possible but at length, worn out by these untrained but determined "peasants," fell into hopeless confusion and fled. They left their wounded behind; they forgot order; they staggered into the refuge of Percy's hollow square at last, "their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase."

Along Lexington Road the British entered Concord that morning, and along the same way before noon they retreated. At Meriam's Corner on this road is a tablet which briefly relates the final chapter of the tale:

"The British troops, retreating from the Old North Bridge, were here attacked in flank by the men of Concord and neighboring towns and driven under a hot fire to Charlestown."

III

PLYMOUTH AND THE PILGRIMS

§

On a gray day Plymouth's gray old Burial Hill gazes somberly out over the little town where once the Pilgrims gathered, their homes close huddled for safety and the warmth of human nearness against peril and hardship; out over the shore whereon they first set foot "in ye name of God, amen"; over the sea that buffeted them, tossed them, threatened them and at length brought them safely to this strange land where "what people inhabit here we yet know not"; and dead men tell no tales. Neither do they express opinions. But, standing there among them, one speculates (if ever one snatches time to speculate in this day of jazz, motors and movies) upon just what they may be thinking of this America of theirs—the America which they crossed a perilous ocean to reach, which they fought and sickened and starved and froze and died to hold "for ye glorie of God, and advancemente of ye Christian faith."

To-day, in the harbor where they selected a seven-ton syenite bowlder to make immortal, modern

craft, great and small, elbow and hustle in ceaseless busy-ness. Where the *Mayflower* battled almost to the death with water, a nonchalant plane soars in impudent assurance upon air. Where no human being greeted the Pilgrims' arrival, today innumerable tourists weave through their streets, snap shots of the Canopy, inquire whether Miles Standish was President of the United States or was it John Alden, eat one shore dinner and whirl on to the next. . . . And it is only by shutting the physical eyes and seeing through those others, of the mind, that one conjures up December, 1620.

The *Mayflower* had sailed from Plymouth, England, on September 16th. In the twentieth century that Devon city proudly points out the tablet beside her wharf, commemorating the event, and shows you the ancient house near by, where some of the company are supposed to have spent the night before sailing. You in 1927 can follow them across the Atlantic in seven days or fewer, while you dally with a raspberry ice and enjoy an orchestra hidden by potted palms. They tossed in peril, seasick and brutally bullied by the crew, for almost ten weeks, ate meager and coarse "victuals" which were "much spent," and said their prayers for that new country which they were to create for the unborn you. On November 21st, Cape Cod Harbor received them—one hundred and two in all, the same number that had embarked; one had died on the voyage and one had been born, death and life being ever at barter;

a month later their exploring party landed in a shallop at the point to be called Plymouth.

You are looking out over the water which, three centuries ago, tossed ashore the shallop. In it were ten men including Carver, Bradford, Winslow and Standish as leaders. They, along with many other male passengers, had already signed the Compact in the *Mayflower's* cabin, vowing that they did "solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine themselves together into a civill body politick . . . to enacte, constitute and frame . . . just and equall laws." And always "in ye name of God, amen." They then went forth in their small boat to seek an abiding place. Snow, rain, wind, black night and a sea so heavy that it all but carried them down, bore away their mast and drove them to the oars; with that gloomy optimism of the pioneer, so strangely contrasted with the gay pessimism of the pioneer's present-day descendants, they thanked God next morning that He had left them their lives and the clothes on their backs, and had let them crawl ashore to dry these clothes and themselves in a diluted December sunshine.

Their landing was on Monday, December 21, 1620, and it was perhaps at once the most terrible and the most splendid moment in the history of the United States. Word descriptions fall back futile; I believe that it has never but once been really described, and that is in music, in a composition by

Edward Alexander MacDowell called *A.D. 1620.** Shut your eyes and hear, through the music, the waves pounding against that frail boat; hear the gale, feel the ice flung in those determined faces; sense the struggle, the grim purpose, the faith that beat back every obstacle; feel, with those men, "God within the shadow keeping watch above His own"; and, in the birth agony of that hour, you see New England born.

§

Let us cast away skepticism and start, as did those Pilgrims, with the Rock. With all due disrespect for Victorian sentimentalism, there seems no good reason why one should doubt the identity of this bowlder. Follow along the shore and you will come to it, only a short walk beyond the railroad station; it reposes where first it greeted the *Mayflower* band, and is now honored by a stately canopy of stone. Both the Rock and the spot where it originally lay were pointed out in 1741 by Elder Thomas Faunce, the last ruling elder of the Plymouth Church, a man of high and established integrity and intelligence; in the presence of many witnesses he stood beside this bowlder and related the story of the landing as it had been told to him by the Pilgrims themselves. He had been a boy of nine when Standish died, of ten when Bradford died, a man of twenty-six when John Howland died, and of forty when John Alden died.

**Sea Pieces.*

Altogether he had known twenty-three of the *Mayflower's* one hundred and two passengers. He told his story in an effort to preserve the Rock from burial beneath a wharf then in building, and it has

Plymouth Rock lies within this canopy of stone.

been generally accepted as authentic, and by careful investigators.

The bowlder has seen vicissitudes, and it is poetic justice that it should spend its old age in a setting of pomp, visited by modern pilgrims from every motor road in the United States. It was moved about in its youth, taken to spots at a distance from the shore, and driven to lead the life of an ignored vagabond.

About the time of the Revolution, the townspeople decided to remove it to Town Square, and it was discovered to be split in two, perhaps by the action of frost. The upper portion was borne off to be displayed beneath a flagpole as an emblem of "Liberty or Death"; later on it marched in a Fourth of July procession to Pilgrim Hall; not until 1880 were the parts reunited upon the shore in the original spot. To-day they are one—one with a crack through the middle; and the legend "1620" is carved for posterity to witness.

As to Mary Chilton who is supposed to have stepped first with her charming foot upon this glacial syenite—well, there is a nearby village called Chiltonville in memory of that same foot, and at any rate it is a pretty tale. Footprints were not as scientifically recorded in 1620 as are fingerprints to-day, and perhaps it is as well.

"But whether the immortal Mary ever set foot upon it or not, I have a burning desire to do so!" I once cried in a patriotic moment to the old keeper, who regards his Rock as he might a pet Bengal tiger, ready to break through the cage if not carefully watched.

"Wal, if you're as nimble as a lady o' ninety from California was, you'll crawl right in under that railin' an' step there," he responded. "She said she'd come three thousand miles an' she wa'n't goin' to be disappointed."

His charges are the source of constant anxiety to

this solicitous old fellow, but his affection for them outweighs the care.

"There's Pro-cilla, now," he will tell you, pointing to the lovely white figure that rises from the sparkling circle of the fountain's pool, a memorial to "the heroic women of the *Mayflower.*" With her close buttoned bodice beneath the short cape, her broad-toed shoes of early pattern peeping from under the gathered skirt, the simple cap and the Book in her hand, she is a very touching representative of that brave little band of early feminists whose quaint names are inscribed upon the shaft. Thereon we read the list—Remember Allerton, and Priscilla Mullins, and Humility Cooper, and Desire Minter, and all the others who "brought up their families in sturdy virtue and a living faith in God without which nations perish." Annie Russell Marble, in a little volume, *The Women Who Came in the Mayflower,* says, "They wrought with courage and purpose equal to these traits in the men."

"Yes, she's a pretty baby," the old guardian observes, shaking his head as he gazes ruefully upon her. "But she does make a lot o' trouble in winter. The way she gathers snow! I'm asweepin' her all the time. But I can't help bein' fond o' that Procilla. . . . An' there's Massasoit jus' beyond. He's a fine chap, ain't he? Handsome boy."

You find yourself at Cole's Hill. The bronze figure of Massasoit, by Cyrus E. Dallin, stands there upon a bowlder and faces out to sea. Looking at

Priscilla. "One of that brave little band of early feminists."

it, one conjures up a picture of the sachem as he came, with twenty of his braves, to call upon these strange white newcomers from beyond the sea; as he, with their leaders, drew up the treaty of April 1621, which for over fifty years protected them and their children from many Indian hostilities and made survival possible. One pictures him, too, at that first Thanksgiving Day feast, following the fine harvest, when Governor Bradford had sent out four men to kill wild fowl (the rightful originators of our turkey sacrifice); when the fifty-one remaining colonists sat down before a groaning board whereat not only Massasoit but his whole tribe were guests. These visitors gave performances of dancing, singing and games in return for a series of New England meals, for the festivities were kept up during three days at a long outdoor table; and if the small boy of the present generation dreams of goblins after one Thanksgiving Day, what must the small boy of the Pilgrim family have met in his nightmares after the third?

§

Cole's Hill was the Pilgrims' first burial ground. As you walk with them beside their shore, along their streets and slopes where they built their first poor dwellings and their feeble defenses; as you feel the cold of that first New England winter steadily creeping in, through rude walls and roofs; as you suffer with them from lack of adequate food and clothing,

from the intolerable strain of heartache and anxiety; you will ask yourself whether it is any wonder that the survivors at the end of the first year were only one-half, "the living scarce able to bury the dead." They were laid under the grass of Cole's Hill, and grain was planted there in spring to hide the graves from Indian eyes. In March, 1621, states *Mourt's Relation,* "thirteen of our number die. And in three months past dies half our company—the greatest part in the depth of winter, wanting houses and other comforts, being afflicted with the scurvy and other diseases which their long voyage and unaccommodate condition brought upon them, so as there die sometimes two or three a day."

On April 15th the *Mayflower* went back to England. Those who remained saw its sail disappear and were left to the companionship of their dead. The hope that had fired them had died; nothing but stubborn faith was left; the resolve to carry on where carrying on was hopeless. The ravaged group stood beside the shore and waved; they were half-sick, hungry, despairing; the sail flickered and was gone; they turned back and set about building the United States.

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Cole's Hill was used as a point of defense in the later history of Plymouth; a battery was built on its heights in 1742, and another during the Revolution. In 1814 still another fort was placed there.

The Pilgrim Maiden. "A breezy militant person."

But the early defenses of the Pilgrims had their center on Burial Hill, which you will visit later. Just now, while you are still near the shore, you must let the old guardian point your way to another of his pet statues.

"There's the Pilgrim Maiden. She's a pretty girl an' a fine one, too. Jus' keep on at the foot o' Cole's Hill, an' turn that first curve to the right, an' you'll see the sign. . . . What bothers me is Miles. You see, he lost his head, an' the Gov'nor o' Massachusetts don't seem to get above havin' it put on again. 'Course he's a fine Gov'nor; but he's a business man, an' you know how a business man is. He thinks Miles an' his head can wait."

The sign will lead you along the "Ancient Way to the Old Swinging Bridge over Town Brook," and there the Pilgrim Maiden greets you, charmingly contrasted in mood with the still fortitude, the pure, cold biding of the fountain figure. This maiden is dynamic, a breezy militant person, with her sweeping cape aflutter in the wind, her heavy shoes below the home-knit stockings almost stepping off the stone base in their impatience to be up and doing and founding a colony. One is very sure that, were she living to-day, she would never stop short of a Federation presidency.

And now turn in from the shore and find your way to Burial Hill. On this eminence the little colony built its first defense. "A great hill, on which we point to make a platform and plant our ordnance,

which will command all round about. From thence we may see into the bay and far into the sea." As you wander among the graves, you will come upon markers showing early sites.

That of the first fort, built in the young days of

Burial Hill overlooks the harbor where the Pilgrims landed.

the settlement, will catch your eye; the building was flat-roofed, of heavy timbers, with battlements. The town was at the same time empaled, the palisade being twenty-seven hundred feet in extent; the fort occupied the military crest of the hill, and the watch tower was above it, at the very top, so that the entire range of land and sea could be covered, and a beacon

could be lighted in case of an Indian raid. The lower part of the old fort was used as a church, for worship and defense had to go hand in hand; three abreast, with military precision, the townspeople would march up the hill, the Governor, the preacher and the captain bringing up the rear. Entering the church, each man would place his arms close beside him, ready for any alarm. The settlers were strictly instructed, however, never to use arms unless forced to do so; in 1675 an Act was passed threatening with the dreadful fine of five shillings anyone who should shoot off a gun on any "unnecessary occasion, or at any game except an Indian or a wolf."

A mushroom-shaped marker points out the site of the brick watch tower of 1643. Here the entire range of sea and land could be covered, and a beacon lighted in case of an Indian raid. Its original corners are indicated by four stone posts. Some remnant is left of the brick foundations, and the hearthstone where the settlers laid their watch-fires is preserved. Never did the looked-for raid occur; until the time of King Philip's War peace was unbroken; but, in the light of Plymouth wisdom, preparedness was an excellent rampart to build around a treaty.

Another interesting object on Burial Hill is the replica of the old powder house of 1770, standing on the western height. Still another is the enclosure within which two cannons are mounted; you may read that "brass cannon like these were named by

Bradford and Winslow as mounted on the first fort, 1621, and were still in use in 1645. . . . On the right is a 'minion' of the time of Mary, 1554. On the left, a 'sakeret' of the time of Edward VI." These were sent as a gift by the British Government, from the British National Artillery Museum.

You could wander for a day among the stones of this old cemetery and never weary of the inscriptions. After that first year's hasty interments on Cole's Hill, the graves were made here, and toward the latter part of the seventeenth century, when poverty was less harassing, the people of Plymouth began to import stones from England to mark the resting-places of their dead. All the familiar names of that early colony are scattered here: Bradford and Brewster, Cotton, Cushman, Howland and the rest. "Here lies buried ye body of that virtuous woman . . ." tells over and over again the story of those pitiful young wives slain by merciless hardships. Only four of the original eighteen wives and mothers were left at the end of the first year; and even after that terrible period was past, early New England showed scant tenderness to women. They were used to do heavy housework, to replenish the earth, which they dutifully did; and they died early. Child mortality also was appalling. "Here lies buried ye body of Mrs. Lois Foster," states one stone, "who died September ye 21, 1743, with one child buried in her arm and five more by her side."

The monument to Governor William Bradford is

a simple shaft, fitting memorial to the man whose personality so epitomized the Pilgrim spirit. For twenty-five of his thirty years in America he served as chief magistrate of the colony, being elected annually except now and then when "by importuning he got off," as Winslow observed. When asking for relief from public office he said that "if it was of any honor or benefit, others should enjoy it; if a burden, others should help him bear it." The manuscript of his own dramatic history "of Plymouth Plantation" is among the treasures of the Library of the State House of Massachusetts. It is the source from which many later historians of the Plymouth settlement have drawn.

One of the most unique epitaphs is that which Tabitha Plasket is said to have written for herself. The story goes that she was a widowed schoolma'am, who sat among her young pupils spinning while she listened to their recitations, as was customary in the dame school of old days; it is reported that her method of punishment was highly original. When a pupil erred, he was promptly hung to a peg on the wall by a skein of yarn passed under his arms. Mrs. Plasket did not win popularity, and her farewell to the world was:

Adieu, vain world, I've seen enough of thee;
And I am careless what thou say'st of me:
Thy smiles I wish not,
Nor thy frowns I fear,
I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here.

Monument to Governor William Bradford.

It is not recorded whether she disciplined her husband as she did her pupils, with skein and peg, but it is known that he escaped from this life and Tabitha when only forty-eight.

Plymouth's old houses are fewer than one hopes.

The Howland House. "The last whose walls have heard the voices of the Pilgrims."

Most of those remaining have been so altered that they no longer suggest colonial days. Along Leyden Street and Town Square one may trace the sites of the first homes—those of Bradford, Brewster,

Hopkins, Howland and others—but only the sites. Two early dwellings remain, however, in good preservation and but little altered.

Follow Main Street out from the center of town and, on Sandwich Street just beyond its junction with

The Harlow House. "Honeysuckle scrambles over weathered shingles."

Main, you will find the Howland house. Its inscription states that it is "the oldest house in Plymouth; the last left standing whose walls have heard the voices of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims. Bought by Jabez Howland, son of Pilgrim John Howland, before the death of his parents—who, there is little reason to

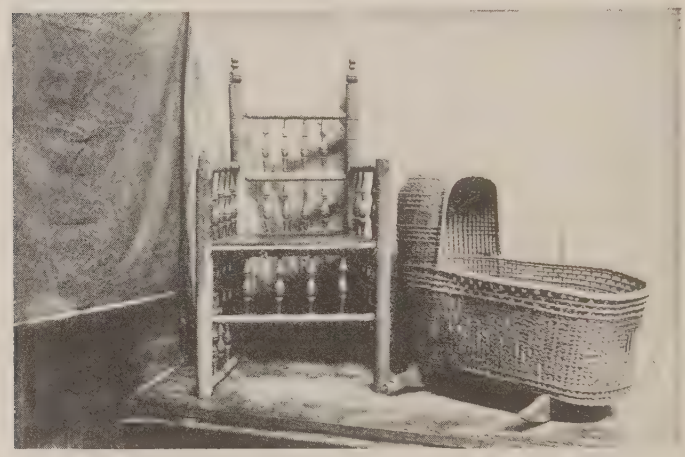
doubt, were often within its doors. Built in 1667, restored in 1913."

It is of dark reddish-brown shingles, its doorway white and inviting, the small panes of its quaint windows tempting one to peep within. A knocker of ancient pattern awaits your rap; it will admit you to the plainest of rooms, its plainness worthy of Plymouth's forbears—from the rag and hooked rugs under your feet to the low ceilings above your head.

Still farther along in the same direction, on Sandwich Street, you will come to a house more tiny and more picturesque—that of William Harlow. Hips hang red upon an old rose bush in the yard, honeysuckle scrambles over its weathered shingles, its worn door-stones wait before a low door battered, studded in the old manner; its ring-shaped knocker is rusty. So small is the dwelling that one big chimney in the center must suffice for all the rooms. "The Harlow house, built in 1677 of timbers from the old fort," runs the brief inscription. These timbers came from the fort on Burial Hill when it was taken down after the King Philip War, and the dwelling has been preserved by the Plymouth Antiquarian Society.

The National Monument to the Forefathers stands at the other end of town. If you return as you came, along Sandwich, Main and Court Streets, to the center, you will find Pilgrim Hall on your way, at the corner of Chilton Street, and you may spend an indefinite time among its treasures. They range all the way from the baptismal shirt and mitts

worn by William Bradford (who was born in 1588) and brought over in the *Mayflower,* to the wrecked hulk of the *Sparrowhawk,* cast ashore on Cape Cod in 1627, its passengers being cared for by the Pilgrims. You will see many Indian relics—wampum, arrowheads and bead work. You will see the small



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Elder Brewster's Chair and the Cradle of Peregrine White.

intimate things of everyday life among your forefathers. Here is Elder Brewster's chair, and razors found in the house of Miles Standish at Duxbury, one stamped 1612; and the iron pot brought by the latter historic personage for the making of his stew, all the way from England. There are spoons and porringers and many dishes and cooking utensils; there are queer old garments and little worn and

yellowed treasures. Peregrine White, you remember, had resolved to be the first white infant born in New England (he accomplished the feat in the cabin of the *Mayflower* on November 20, 1620, as it was putting in), so that posterity could thrill at gazing upon his little caps and his cradle of sturdy weaving. . . . The Winslow relics include a sword, a portrait, and many valuable oddments.

Paintings of historic scenes hang upon the walls everywhere. They are, in some cases, copies; as *The Embarkation,* after Weir, copied by Edgar Parker. *The Landing of the Pilgrims, The First Thanksgiving, The Departure of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven,* all help to vivify one's mental picture of their history.

Books and documents are many, precious, and sometimes unintentionally humorous. Governor Bradford's Bible, brought over by him, is a copy of the Geneva Bible and was printed in London in 1592 —the Breeches Bible. There are letters and records; and there is the original manuscript of *The Breaking Waves Dashed High,* by Mrs. Felicia Hemans.

A model of the *Mayflower* is of especial interest to all lovers of ship models, as well as to the devotee of New England history. It was designed and built by Anderson and Pritchard at Southampton, England, and its scale is one-half inch to the foot. The lively green and yellow decorations representing a flower and some disporting creatures of the sea suggest, it must be admitted, a pleasure excursion

rather than sixty-five days of buffeting, piety and *mal-de-mer*.

A wainscot chair made in England before 1600 and brought over some half-century later; the silver communion service of the first church in Plymouth; the picture of the church in Leyden, Holland, "where religious freedom was born and preached by Rev. John Robinson, at whose purposing the Pilgrims sailed," are among the treasures that you must see. And then on to the Monument.

One must regret that such stress has been laid upon the dimensions of this granite structure, when the dimensions of the ideal which it memorializes are so much more vast. One hears on every hand that from the ground to the top of Faith's head is eighty-one feet; that her arm is almost twenty feet long; that her wrist is four feet in circumference. The paying of one's respects to many monuments is a more or less painful duty on the traveler's part. But the fact that here a representation of Faith rises, the dominating figure, supported by Morality, Religion, Law, Justice, Mercy, Education, Wisdom, Freedom and Peace, and that eleven thousand individuals contributed to the perpetuation of the statement of this fact, is a matter of not negligible significance.

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To those who would make farther pilgrimage, several towns at no great distance from Plymouth

hold forth historic lure and will serve to draw you closer in thought to these stalwart forefathers of 1620. Chiltonville to the southeast was named for the illustrious Mary, possessor of the First Foot, and it lives to honor that foot's memory. Other of the towns are on the way toward Boston. Kingston is associated with Governor William Bradford, and a memorial tablet marks his estate. At Marshfield, Winslow built his house, and here is the Winslow tombstone—and, by the way, that of Daniel Webster. Duxbury is full of tradition, and its name is closely bound up with those of Miles Standish and John Alden. Here each built his home, and here, on Captain's Hill, rises the Standish monument. We endeavor to view such memorials with fitting veneration; but, coming away, we find that our keenest memory is that of a demure and lovely twentieth-century maiden who, born some three hundred years ahead of her time, refused to accept the husband whom fate was trying to thrust upon her, and, in that arch question, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" asserted woman's right to do her own choosing. To Priscilla, then—American feminist, trail blazer for woman, and, incidentally, coquette adorable—a toast!

IV

SALEM AND WITCHCRAFT

§

MOUNT your broomstick and be off with you! For only upon a broomstick may you enter Salem of 1692. Automobilists by the hundred whirr into its present-day streets, trains deposit countless sight-seeing passengers, but these are on-lookers, not in-lookers. For you there is but one approach. When the clouds of night blow madly across the moon, when gaunt black cats prowl melodiously with green eyes aglitter in shadowy lurking places, when through the sky passes a peaked hat above tossed gray locks and a hawk-like profile—then put foot in the stirrup of your broomstick and ride away to Salem Village! Thus may you enter it as it was in the late seventeenth century when the most eccentric episode in American history centered there and made this Massachusetts town forever famous.

The witchcraft delusion has given psychologists material to busy them as long as the science of the human mind shall last. Their analyses involve repressions, crowd mania, hysteria, various com-

plexes, and as many other mental conditions as their vocabulary can cover. For us let it suffice to follow in the tragic footsteps of Rebecca Nurse, Bridget Bishop and the rest of the condemned; to trace the pitiful and unforgettable story of the victims through those old streets where once they walked; to visit that bleak hill whereon the gallows darkly loomed. . . . And, alas, we shall probably put an anti-climax to the drama by bearing off a witch penwiper, paper-cutter, or teaspoon! In the souvenir trade does Salem of to-day commercialize her grandmother, so to speak, and I find myself shrinking from such disrespect. But, with or without the teaspoon, you will come away thrilled to new pity for those victims of insane bigotry—and to pity for the bigots themselves who could be drawn into such cruel violence.

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You will find the prologue of the drama at the "Red Court House" on Federal between North and Washington Streets, where pins and other relics of the delusion are preserved. You will recall that several young girls—Ann Putnam, Abigail Williams and others—had been meeting at the house of the Rev. Samuel Parris to spend exciting evenings in the practice of palmistry and similar arts; their superstition had been stimulated by the weird native lore of Tituba, a servant brought from the Spanish Indies; they were soon obsessed with magic, developed several first-rate cases of hysteria, Dr. Griggs

was summoned, and he found them "creeping into holes and under chairs, putting themselves into odd postures, making antic gestures and uttering loud outcries and incoherent expressions."

"Witchcraft has caused this," was the diagnosis of 1692. Salem was aflame.

The girls were taken before the authorities, asked who had bewitched them, and accusations began to pelt down upon innocent heads. They were seriously neurotic, and the attention directed to their condition increased it tenfold. They took to crying out in church, to playing the part of the insane; and they made their charges right and left, naming old persons of the most virtuous character as well as those of evil temper. They would describe hallucinations: "Look where she sits upon the beam sucking her yellow-bird betwixt her fingers!" one would shout of a sudden, and perhaps fall in a fit, or rave.

It was believed that witches could injure victims without personal contact: thus, when one of the poor accused women stood before the judge biting her lips in nervous distress, a girl would cry out that the witch was biting *her,* and produce marks upon her own flesh in evidence. Furthermore it was claimed that witches possessed puppets, or effigies, representing their victims; they could thrust cruel pins into a puppet and its original, even though far away, would scream in pain. Or they sent imps to thrust the pins. Their methods varied; but in any case, the pins were produced in that court of early Salem, and there

they are to-day, sealed in a vial for you to look upon (the vial came into use after several pins had disappeared, so sacredly were they regarded by the ubiquitous souvenir worshiper). They are large and savage, and one of them is crooked into the bargain. No wonder they terrified the town!

The Essex Institute and Frank Cousins.

The "Witch Pins." "No wonder they terrified the town!"

The first women accused were Tituba herself and two forlorn, disliked old creatures, Sarah Good and Sarah Osburn. But presently others were dragged in, women of noble life and the highest reputation. Hundreds in many communities were cast into prison as the frenzy spread like wildfire; some were condemned to death, others lay in their cells awaiting the action of the court. Industry stopped like a

broken clock, the town went mad, nothing but witchcraft was thought of.

Here, in the same collection, you may see, in manuscript, all testimony preserved in the trials. And you may see the heavy seal which came down like doom upon hot wax to stamp the death warrants of the fated persons. One of these warrants is preserved, that of Bridget Bishop. Its ink is faded, but it may still be deciphered after more than two hundred years. Although not the first to be accused, she was the first to be tried and executed and this warrant for her execution for witchcraft is said to be the only document of its kind in existence. Bridget was a peppery person who kept what we of to-day should call a road-house where Salem and Beverly met; she made her guests rather boisterously welcome, and offered them the game of shovel-board for entertainment. She led a moral life, although her taste for gay dress ("a black cap and a black hat and a red paragon bodice bordered and looped with different colors"), along with her overgenial manners, led the prudish to condemn her. For did not the dyer, Shattuck, report that she brought him her laces and ribbons to be dyed most wickedly gaudy colors? . . . Not only was Bridget's tongue quick of retort but her arm as well; when a man and boy came to her door to accuse her, she seized a spade and made at them. But the harness of William Stacey's horse had fallen to pieces (you will find the spot on Summer Street near the corner of Norman) when Brid-

get came in sight! What more could be asked in evidence of her league with Satan?

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At the Essex Institute, on Essex Street, you will find still more relics of the delusion, all of them serving to bring you nearer in mind to that strange period. Among them are the two canes, or "staves," of George Jacobs, which worked the undoing of the poor old man; and the witchcraft deposition of Ann Putnam, and a deed signed by Bridget Bishop. Matterson's painting, *The Trial of George Jacobs for Witchcraft,* hangs in the gallery.

The Essex Institute is worth all the time you can give it, with its valuable collections indoors and out. The garden contains a group of early buildings: the John Ward house of 1684, its gables and shutters of English type; a Quaker meeting house of 1688; and an old-time shoe-shop. But just now we are tracing the witchcraft story.

On Essex at the corner of North Street stands the so-called "Witch House," said to have been, in the late sixteen-hundreds, the residence of Jonathan Corwin, the magistrate, who examined many witnesses. The most of the trials were held at the court house of 1692, whose site is in the middle of Washington Street, in front of the Masonic Temple. But it has been told that some of the examinations were made in Corwin's house, and some have believed that the narrow, twisting stairs were those up which the

wretched women climbed, and the hand-wrought beams those which looked down upon their heads —although the exterior of the house was altered about a century later. Skeptics of to-day claim that evidence that any of the hearings were held here is lacking; but, true or untrue, the tradition has been popular.

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Although the jail into which the accused were cast has long since vanished, its site is carefully recorded, at the corner of Federal and St. Peter Streets. From here the victims were carried in a large cart through St. Peter Street, up the whole length of Essex, and thence to the hill of execution.

The tradition runs that it was in an open field near this jail, between Brown Street and the Howard Street cemetery, that Giles Corey met his fate. He, like Jacobs, was old; Corey had already passed four-score. He had been much excited by the witchcraft panic, and attended the trials with a morbid interest. Martha, his wife, tried to calm him, but, perhaps because of his constant talk, attention soon riveted upon the unfortunate pair and they were seized. Martha went "protesting her innocency with an eminent prayer upon the ladder." His end was equalled only by the horrors of the Inquisition; under an iron weight he met death slowly, refusing to reply to his torturers. Some believe that he did this to expiate his guilt, having appeared against his wife.

Others call attention to the fact that by thus dying instead of being executed, his deed would stand.

The Corey home was near the present railroad station at West Peabody, but the two were brought to Salem. An old-time Salemite once described the last journey of Giles Corey as she had witnessed it; a wagon bearing his dead body along Essex Street had passed her door (where the Perley Block has since been built), with the signs of his torture upon his face.

There is a certain dignified repentance that seems to prompt Salem to immortalize Witch, or Gallows Hill. The Hon. Joseph Story of the Supreme Court of the United States once said, "Let it be forever memorable by this sad catastrophe, not to perpetuate our dishonor, but as an affecting, enduring proof of human infirmity, a proof that perfect justice belongs to one judgment seat only." Salemites, however, are much annoyed by the popular impression that their victims were burned; hanging was the only penalty, except in the case of Corey. Nineteen victimes were executed, and two died in jail.

The common belief is that those condemned were carried to this hill along Boston Street, from Essex, and far toward Aborn. You will find it devoid of picturesqueness, with plain houses fringing a bare stretch of slope. The story ran that the hangings took place upon a tree on the summit of the hill, high in sight of the people; but a local historian has worked out a newer theory. Being a lawyer, he has

approached history with a legal mind. He has argued that there was no cart road to the top of the hill in 1692, therefore the old theory is exploded; "but if you will follow around on Proctor Street," he said to me, "you will see a spur of the hill where the executions really took place. That was the only cart road at that time, and I have found what is probably the very crevice into which the bodies were thrown—just above the water, where the relatives stole up at night in boats and carried them off for decent burial." And, looking at that desolate little hill spur, and the road over which carts of old traveled, and the crevice with its tragic story, I for one was ready to believe.

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Apart from witchcraft lore, the historic interest of Salem is great, and it is to be hoped that you will take time to see the beautiful colonial doorways of the early-day mansions, when this town was a center of ship owners and of wealth. The Peabody Museum on Essex Street displays a large collection of ship models. The Ropes House is a delightful picture. Hawthorne's birthplace; his later home, where he wrote *The Snow Image* and *The Scarlet Letter;* and the so-called House of the Seven Gables are landmarks. Although it is denied that he had this house in mind when he wrote the book, it is too charming a reproduction of the shop and dwelling to be missed. You must see, too, the Common, now Washington

Square, used in 1714 as a training ground for militia. A bit of Revolutionary history may be read at the North Bridge, on North Street just beyond Bridge; here, on February 26, 1775, the townspeople assembled and forbade the advance of Colonel Leslie and a body of King's Regulars, it being the first armed resistance in the Revolution. . . . And the neighboring town of Marblehead is of incomparable quaintness.

Salem has its old cemeteries; in the Broad Street Burial Ground, laid out in 1655, is the grave of George Corwin, the sheriff who served warrants on the witches. With a farewell glance at this, we follow on the witchcraft path.

§

The community known in 1692 as Salem Village, the actual center of the frenzy, later became Danvers, adjoining the present town of Salem. Driving toward it, I stopped some time ago to visit the old George Jacobs house, standing east of the foot of Gardner's Hill. It was distressing to find it painted red outwardly and papered green inwardly; the descendant (by marriage) of the original owner of the house had conscientiously concealed with green paper even the hand-made beams that spanned the ceiling of the "best room."

"They looked so old-fashioned, I just papered 'em over to freshen up the room, and I call it my 'den.' That's more new-style."

Pangs like this ever await the lover of the ancient. But, despite green wallpaper and red paint, I felt that nothing could destroy the pathetic loveliness of that little old farmhouse atop a green slope that sweeps softly down to the river.

The Essex Institute and Frank Cousins.

The home of George Jacobs at Danvers. "Well, burn me or hang me, I know nothing of it!"

George Jacobs' tall figure was a famous one in Salem Village. He had flowing white locks and he used two canes, for his body was enfeebled with age despite the asperity of his spirit. His son George, that son's wife (who was partially deranged), their

daughter Margaret (a girl of fifteen, who carried the household burden), and several younger children dwelt in the house.

On May 10th of the frenzied year the grandfather and grandmother were arrested; on the 14th, George junior and his deranged wife. The younger man escaped; the two women were held in prison; but the old man was summarily dealt with. A servant who had once lived in the Jacobs house declared that she was being tormented by "a man with two staves." This was sufficient, everybody knew old Jacobs' canes, and by them he was condemned.

His self-defense, a high-spirited battle, has come gallantly down in history. "You tax me for a wizard; you may as well tax me for a buzzard!" he cried to his accusers in examination. "I have done no harm!" When the story of "the man with two staves" was told, he swung about with, "Well, burn me or hang me, I will stand in the truth of Christ, I know nothing of it!" His execution took place in August. It is a tradition in the family that a young grandson found his body where it had been thrown, strapped it to the back of his horse, and carried it home, where it was buried under the trees. For many years the spot was marked by two stones, half sunk in the earth; in 1864 an orderly grave was made in the same spot, between the house and the street.

Rebecca Nurse's body was said to be buried in a pine grove off Collins Street in Danvers, and, in later

years, a granite monument was erected at the spot, her dwelling being near. They will bring back to you the story of that martyr whose saintliness in persecution is one of the noblest records of that bitter episode. The house has been preserved, and it is one

The Essex Institute and Frank Cousins.

The home of Rebecca Nurse at Danvers. "Goody Nurse, what do you say?"

of the most delightfully quaint colonial dwellings in our youthful United States. Doorways and ceilings are so low as to seem rather those of a play's setting than a real house; when a six-foot three-inch modern visited it with me he gave vent to a pained outcry of "Low Bridge!" and fell to soothing the top of his head. It has been restored to its original

period of 1636; it is dusky brown with age, and against its duskiness a wall of orange lilies burns in the gloom of a shadowed corner. Its dial has told almost three centuries of suns; its door is of an ancient pattern, studded with nail-heads; its fireplaces are deep, its window-panes small and cobwebby (despite an alert Memorial Association), and its furniture, kitchen utensils, doorstone, latches and other outfittings are of early design.

Francis Nurse and his wife Rebecca occupied this house in 1692. She was everywhere beloved and known for her gentle disposition and noble character. No hint of danger had reached her; it was a complete surprise when she was suddenly charged with being in league with the Devil to torture victims, and borne off to prison. The "direct examination of Rebecca Nurse" you have already seen recorded in the handwriting of Rev. Samuel Parris:

"Goody Nurse, here are two. Ann Putnam the child, and Abigail Williams complain of your hurting them. What do you say to it?"

"I can say before my Eternal father I am innocent, and God will clear my innocency."

Throughout the trial she showed no fear, only a steady gentle calm, and religious faith. "As to this thing, I am as innocent as the child unborn; what sin hath God found out in me unrepented of, that he should lay such an affliction upon me in my old age?" she asked with childlike honesty and humility. The jury were impressed, and their verdict was "not

guilty"; but the insane mob cried out for Goody Nurse's death. Had not the callous spot, which was Satan's brand, been found on her body? She was soon after executed, with the added penalty of excommunication from the church—the latter being wiped out twenty years later when her children begged that the decree be erased from the church records.

The original meeting house was about seven hundred feet northeast of the present church at the corner of Center and Hobart Streets, and the Parris house, in which the hysteria began at the girls' meetings, was near. . . . The so-called Putnam-Ray house, also in Danvers, is a charming example of the colonial dwelling, with its weather-stained door garlanded in pink ramblers that gave forth their July fragrance to me through a sparkle of sudden rain.

§

Many other towns were affected by the witchcraft epidemic; the prisons of Boston, Cambridge and Ipswich were full for months. Andover went mad with the delusion; in Gloucester, and far out on Cape Ann, one finds vestiges of its history. If your quest carries you farther, you will find landmarks here and there, and will hear local lore. At Ipswich you will be told how old Rachel Clinton lived in a little house by the mill dam, where she was arrested; and how Abell Powell was tried here, after his neighbors had

seen their andirons leap into the kettle and their spinning-wheel turn itself upside down. At Newbury Falls, on the bank of the river, the Devil was said to baptize. Wenham, Beverly, and Salisbury were involved in the delirium. At far Pigeon Cove, the

"The Witch House," Pigeon Cove. Tradition has it that a young man brought his grandmother here in 1692 to escape trial for witchcraft.

tip of Cape Ann, "The Witch House" took its name from the legend that an accused grandmother was brought to it by her grandson in 1692. In the center of Cape Ann lies the strange plateau called Dogtown, where a village of witches can be traced to-day

in ruins which lie almost buried among the grotesque rocks of glacial origin—a veritable Garden of the Gods.

§

And the end of the story? Almost as suddenly

Dogtown Common, Cape Ann. Here are ruins of a village once inhabited by alleged witches.

as it had sprung up in 1692 did the madness die, like a spent fire, in 1693. The arrest of Mrs. Hale, a woman so widely honored and beloved as to rouse general indignation because of her plight, was the chief factor in turning the tide—the tide being ready

to turn. Such insanity slew itself by its own violence. People rose and demanded Mrs. Hale's release. In May the prison doors were flung open, one hundred and fifty went forth, those remaining of the hundreds who had been committed. Light broke through the fog of delusion; and so was written *Finis* at the close of the most fantastic chapter in our country's history.

V

TOWNS NEAR BOSTON AND "DOROTHY Q"

§

NORTH, west and south from Boston, its neighbor towns and cities teem with historic interest. By train, trolley or bus one may make brief excursions; by motor car, one may whirl between them, pausing here at some stately colonial mansion, there at a rigid meeting-house steeple.

On the northward arc, far to the east, lies Winthrop, named for a son of the early Governor. This Deane Winthrop chose a fine sea-washed point upon which to establish himself, probably never dreaming that it would one day be known for its bathing beach and summer cottages. Before it became a "resort" it was a quaint settlement dating from the seventeenth century, in its earliest days known as "Pullen Poynt." The house where Deane Winthrop lived in the latter years of that century is cared for to this day.

Rumney Marsh, now Revere, was another early settlement and a near neighbor. Here the lean-to of the old Yeaman farmhouse was once familiar; it has been torn down, with its gambrel roof of 1680.

West of these coast towns lies Chelsea, with Everett adjacent. In Washington Park was once placed an odd landmark: a stone, built into the wall of the Park, declaring itself to have been the doorstep of the Pratt mansion, which Washington visited during the Siege of Boston. You will search in vain for even the ghost of his footprint; but perhaps there should be a thrill in the thought that the footprint did, very likely, fall thereon. Opposite was the barracks where the regiment of Colonel Gerrish made headquarters in 1775-76. The Pratt house, near Washington Avenue, was formerly the Way-Ireland house, and here Increase Mather found shelter when he was in hiding in 1688; in April of that year he went to England to express to the King his own and the other colonists' opinion of Governor Andros, and he was obliged to conceal his person, before sailing, from that official's wrath. . . . The Cary House Association has preserved the old dwelling of that name, to be found on Parker Street.

§

Somerville and Medford lie fairly north of Boston and offer in themselves a worth-while little historic jaunt. Prospect Hill, in the former, played an important part in Revolutionary activities.

A modern stone tower serves as an observatory from one portion of the heights, and its tablet stands "in memory of the soldiers of the Revolution and of the Civil War who encamped on Prospect Hill."

On the hill stood the citadel used by the Americans during the Siege of Boston. Putnam made headquarters here after the Battle of Bunker Hill, and the British troops captured at Saratoga were quartered here in 1777-78. Central Hill, beyond Prospect, had its redoubt; and on a tablet near the High School may be traced a diagram which will bring the arrangement of all these works vividly before your eyes. Winter Hill was the site of the chief Continental fort, and from here a line of earthworks passed to Central and Prospect Hills. An airplane would be the ideal vehicle in which to trace the story of the Siege and Bunker Hill Battle.

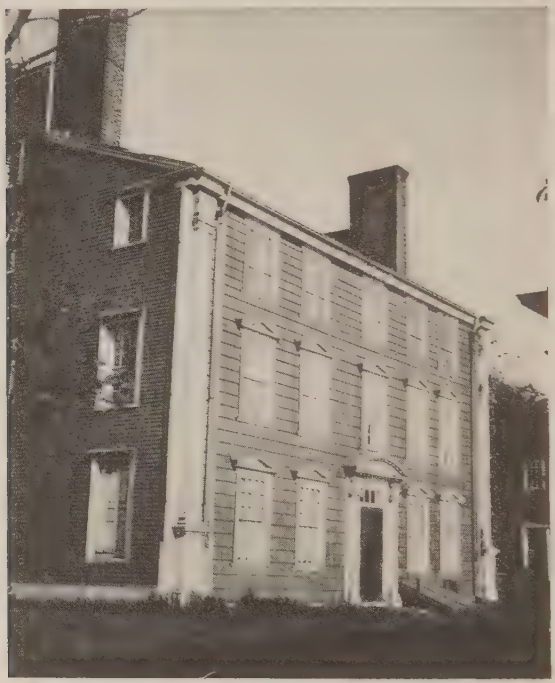
Davis Square in West Somerville was the scene of a sharp little conflict, as a tablet will show you, and here some British soldiers were buried. A stroll from this point brings you to the summit upon which stands the old Powder House. It is a curious tower topped by a sort of shingled beehive; it stands thirty feet high and is grimly defensive in its barred retirement.

"This old mill was built on a site purchased in 1703-04, and was for many years used as a public powder house. September 1, 1774, General Gage seized the 250 half-barrels of gunpowder stored within it, and thereby provoked the great assembly of the following day on Cambridge Common, the first occasion on which our forefathers met in arms to oppose the tyranny of King George III. In 1775

The old Powder House, West Somerville. Gage seized the gunpowder stored within it.

it became the magazine of the American army besieging Boston."

A small park surrounds it; a family of little roly-



The Royall Mansion at Medford. "Royall's house was handsome, his entertaining elegant."

poly darkies were playing there when I stopped, amusing themselves from time to time by poking their kinky heads in at the barred door and shouting, to hear their "Hel-lo" echo back in hollow tone from

ghosts above. American citizens these, for whose freedom the powder stored here was spent.

Both Somerville and Medford possess houses of early date, the most interesting being the Royall Mansion in the latter town, a fine old colonial dwelling which stands withdrawn from the street, gazing out over a deep yard. It is excellently preserved and has been furnished throughout in period pieces.

The original portion of the building was put up in 1637, a single room, built of brick and used as a sort of camp for the workmen who came here to clear the forest for Governor Winthrop. In 1732 the house as we see it was built, the nucleus being turned into a dining-room and a large and luxurious dwelling being added. The white woodwork includes a fine hand-carved newel-post which gathers together the motifs of the varied designs found in the rails. Corner cupboards are numerous, and the panelling throughout is delightful. In the dining-room is a secret cupboard wherein you will be shown the iron safe of days before those of safe deposit banks. Among the treasures is a most capacious and hospitable cellarette, believed to have been that of Colonel Isaac Royall himself.

Evidently this gentleman enjoyed the pleasures of life to the full as long as circumstances permitted. On the grounds is the slave house (said to be the only one left in Massachusetts) to which he brought twenty-seven slaves from the West Indies. His house was handsome, his entertaining elegant; but

disaster befell when, on the Sunday before Paul Revere's ride, he went to Boston to attend service at King's Chapel. Following up their warning, the British detained him there, and from that time on the family underwent vicissitudes.

This is the tradition as those in charge will relate it to you. In 1775 Stark's division of the army made headquarters there, and you will be shown the window from which young Miss Stark peered trembling at the events of that troublous year. . . . Revere may be traced through Medford; just off the Square you will find a tablet marking the site of Captain Isaac Hall's house, one of those at which the immortal Paul halted with his news.

§

Although Cambridge means much in Revolutionary history, this phase of its life is often overlooked. The present-day Harvard dominates; where once its elms shaded cloisterlike streets, cars now snort, gasolene reeks, noisy crowds jostle. But for the lover of landmarks there is enough to beguile for several hours at least.

The university itself is bound up with the past as well as with the present. It was established (a college, then) in 1636, and Massachusetts Hall was given by the Province in 1720. This was one of the buildings occupied by troops during the Revolution; Hollis Hall and Harvard Hall were also used in that way. During that war, the college was moved

to Concord for a time. Holden Chapel was still another of the eighteenth century buildings.

A tablet beside the Johnston gate quotes from *New England's First Fruits:* "After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reard convenient places for God's worship and setled the civill government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministery to the churches when our present ministers shall die in the dust." Thus did our forefathers establish higher education in America.

Among Cambridge's old houses, that known by the name of Longfellow is probably the most famous. Its beauty and its association with the poet have endeared it to the public. But it dates far back of his period, having been built in 1759. It was Washington's headquarters from July, 1775, to March, 1776, and has sheltered a long procession of distinguished persons since then.

Another precious old building is Christ Church of 1761 which was used as a barracks by our troops. General and Mrs. Washington attended service within its venerable walls. The lead pipes of the organ were melted and made into bullets for peppering the British. The Wadsworth house, built in 1726, sheltered Washington for a fortnight when he first took command of the army.

The elm, alas, is gone—the tree under which,

Christ Church, Cambridge, used as a barracks by American troops.

shortly after the Battle of Bunker Hill, he took that command; only its place is marked. But the spirit of those days hangs in the air for him who is keen to perceive it. Your first glimpse of the Common shows you guns used by the Continental Army in

A gun used by the Continental Army in the Siege of Boston. On Cambridge Common.

the Siege of Boston; markers here and there trace for you old stories; a green triangle in front of the Law School tells you that here assembled our troops for prayer on the evening before Bunker Hill. . . . Cambridge is modern, it is hurrying, it is dense with movement. But there still stands the milestone of

1734, with its first letter broken away, reading: "OSTON. 8 MILES." Magic lies in it. On the instant that you glimpse it, away fades every honking car, vanishes the odor of gasolene, melts the crowd. A pedestrian rises, in stout shoes of ancient pattern, broad hat, knee breeches, with staff and bundle. Two centuries glimmer in the distance and are gone.

§

Although the stone bridge beyond Newton is of modern construction, its tablets record early history. You will read that the Charles River was discovered by Captain John Smith in 1614, and named by Prince Charles of England. The first bridge was built at this point in 1641, and three mill bridges followed. The old Coolidge Tavern at the end of the present bridge was several times a stopping place for Washington. . . . Norumbega Tower in Weston marks the supposed site of the Norsemen's fort built by Leif Ericsson about the year 1000. "Nonantum," as the Indians knew the present Newton, has commemorated, by a monument, John Eliot's first preaching to those natives. "In 1646 in Waban's wigwam he began to preach the gospel, and founded the first Christian community of Indians within the English colonies."

Watertown is one of the oldest towns in the state. The Provincial Congress met here during the Siege of Boston, as well as the Committee of Safety. A

tablet was placed on the site of the house where General Joseph Warren spent the night before the Battle of Bunker Hill.

At Waltham you will come upon the spot where Burgoyne's army halted under an elm on their march from Saratoga to Cambridge in 1777. You have already met these captives at Somerville. The road through this town was a highway and many were its taverns where the stage stopped. Through it passed the old Post Road on its way to New York.

§

Brookline, known best for its modern homes of wealth, has tucked away in several corners some quaint landmarks of Revolutionary days or earlier. It was originally the grazing-place where the first Boston settlers fed their swine and cattle; in 1705 it was made an independent town, and later on began operations by building a meeting house, the usual nucleus in those days. Being instructed to send a representative to the General Court, in 1714 Brookline wrote that "upon the Acc't of their building a Meeting House and the great charges thereof for such a poor Little Town, We, the Inhabitants, do desire and pray this Hon'd House will excuse us this year."

The Goddard House, on Cottage Street, displays the date 1730 on its great chimney, and its architecture, as well as the old-time garden surrounding it, are in accord with the period. Here, the story runs,

were cannon and powder hidden away before the Siege of Boston.

Still swinging toward the south you reach Roxbury and Dorchester, really a part of Boston but at some distance from the center. Upon Dorchester Heights was placed a monument commemorating the fact that here were erected the batteries which forced the British to evacuate Boston March 17, 1776. In the Dorchester District is one of New England's most interesting old burying grounds (at Upham's Corner), where were buried Richard Mather, the founder of the famous family; and Lieutenant Governor William Stoughton, chief justice of that Salem Court whereat the "witches" were tried.

In the Roxbury District, near Highland Street, were the Upper and Lower Forts. You will find a tower in Highland Park, and a tablet and markers which will help you trace their positions. General Harry Knox built them for use during the Siege.

Joseph Warren, of Bunker Hill fame, was born on Warren Street, and although the house of his birth has disappeared, another house was built on the site by Dr. John Collins Warren, as a memorial to the General. Near by is a statue of that Revolutionary hero, by Paul W. Bartlett.

§

Dedham is rich in history, and worth a longer

visit than we can make in these pages. Its Historical Society possesses an excellent collection and may serve as a starting-point. In this town Doctor Nathaniel Ames, the almanac maker, had his home;

"The Dorothy Q. House," at Quincy. "Few houses in America are as romantic."

here, before his mansion, did Judge Samuel Haven plant the elms brought from England in 1762; here, on the Village Green, was placed the "Pitt's Head" pedestal of 1767. Old churches and houses are numerous; especially distinguished is the Jonathan

Fairbanks house of 1650. The Avery Oak, which was growing when the first settlers came to Dedham, whose owner refused to sell it (for seventy dollars!) to build "Old Ironsides," was preserved by the Historical Society.

Milton is famed for having been the scene of the "Suffolk Resolves" meeting. Here the delegates from towns of Suffolk County met on September 9, 1774, in the mansion of Daniel Vose, patriot and chocolate maker, having first assembled in the Woodward Tavern at Dedham. From the meeting Paul Revere departed to carry the Resolves to Philadelphia.

Old houses are to be found here and there. Early names associated with this vicinity are those of Governor Hutchinson, and the royal governor, Jonathan Belcher. . . . Swing to the southeast, and you reach Quincy.

§

Few houses in America are so warmly pervaded with the atmosphere of romance as is the beautiful old colonial homestead known as "The Dorothy Q. House." Its secluded charm, its name, its traditions are the very essence of the romantic; wrapped in early summer green, its cream and white showing through the pale purples of lilac and wistaria, one feels that the lovely ghost of that long-ago Dorothy must, of a June night, tread the shrouded paths

where once she walked and dreamed of John Hancock.

The "Dorothy Q." of Holmes' poem was an earlier member of the family, but the Dorothy about

Photo by the Maynards, Waban, Massachusetts.

The kitchen of "The Dorothy Q. House." The panel beside the fireplace opens upon a secret passageway leading to the "Smugglers' Hole."

whom the Revolutionary romance centered was she whom you have already met at Lexington, where she waited in the Hancock-Clarke House, to join her John, as tradition relates, and bring along the salmon. In this stately old home of her father you

will be shown the drawing-room wallpaper which is said to have been imported from Paris, with its adornments of Cupids, Venuses, and wreaths, on purpose for the great wedding. Fie upon the critical historian who discounts such a tale! There

The birthplace of John Adams at Quincy. He was the second President of the United States.

are some delusions with which we should refuse to part.

Magnificent preparations, says popular legend, were made for the wedding, but when poor John's person became in such demand by the British it was found necessary to hustle the couple off to Fairfield,

Connecticut, and arrange a hasty ceremony. "It was a great blow to Aaron Burr," says the guardian of the house, who is so imbued with the story of Dorothy that she lives in the seventeen-hundreds with her. "Aaron did want her for his bride! For awhile

The birthplace of John Quincy Adams at Quincy. He was the sixth President of the United States.

we really thought he would succeed, but in the end John carried her off."

In an upper chamber you will be shown that same John's initials which he is supposed to have scratched upon the window pane; also, an impassioned couplet to his lady-love. Her own portrait is a copy of Cop-

ley's painting; you will see many of her treasures, and a specimen of her dainty embroidery.

And besides the tale of lovers beneath this old roof is a tale of hiding and peril. In the kitchen, which was built before the rest of the house, opens a secret panel beside the fireplace. Deep within rises a passageway which, with a very long ladder, may be followed from cellar to upper story. Beside this another secret panel reveals a chute in which an early-day form of "dumb waiter" operated, conveying food, so the legend goes, to the regicides who lay in hiding and with scant hopes of saving their necks. The secret room above was known as "the Smugglers' Hole."

So here within these old walls lie all the plots one might need for a dozen tales of love and danger and daring. You will fairly scent them in the air. You may visit other places of historic importance: the First Parish Church, in whose crypt are the tombs of John Adams and John Quincy Adams; the later Adams house; and especially the twin houses at Presidents Avenue, the birthplaces of our second and sixth Presidents: delightful little red-brown clapboard dwellings, trim and content, dating from the seventeenth century. But you will return in thought to the lovely old house veiled in leaves and blossoms; you will be haunted by tales of a Smugglers' Hole, of patriots in hiding, of Cupids wreathed in garlands, and a fair ghost gleaming through vines and dreams.

VI

THE SOUTH SHORE OF NEW ENGLAND AND THE BRITISH TORCH

§

WHERE Long Island Sound and the Atlantic Ocean wash New England on its south shore, there the British vessels found approach. Rhode Island and Connecticut were nowhere the scene of any of the greatest Revolutionary battles, but many minor conflicts took place, and they suffered severely from the British torch.

As you turn south from Boston, ready to skirt the shore, you may find time to make several pauses before reaching Newport. Providence, especially, will claim the history-lover; Providence, with its tale of Roger Williams and his canoe, paddling into a wilderness to form a new settlement "for persons distressed for conscience." The encampment of French troops, and the stop made by Lafayette in 1778, are among the many incidents recorded in the annals of the city.

Drop down the length of Narragansett Bay, and you find yourself at Newport. A cliff walk and a

fashion parade are the pictures most commonly conjured up by the utterance of this name; but Newport has more than a present. It has a past as well.

§

In 1777 and again in 1778 the boorish General, Richard Prescott, whom Fiske calls "an unmitigated brute," held Newport, which was, of course, a position of the utmost importance; and he tormented the citizens by his tyranny. He threw innocent individuals into jail, he encouraged his soldiers to insult women, plunder houses and injure property of every kind. It was a relief to the inhabitants when Sir Robert Pigott was sent in his stead, but, although Pigott was respected and liked, the fact remained that the British held Newport as well as New York in 1778, and the Americans were determined to capture both if possible.

The expedition against Newport was finely planned. Sullivan, landing upon the east, approached Butts Hill and Pigott withdrew from that point rather than permit his troops there to be taken. Estaing, leading the French, was to land upon the west, and the pinching gesture might have been effective but for the action of the Count. When he saw Lord Howe arriving off Point Judith with his vessels, large and small, he swung his troops about from the land and undertook a naval engagement. A terrific storm descended, and the two fleets were blown hither and thither, and wound up by rescuing

themselves as best they might, without regard for their intended battle.

Newport had been invested by land, but the situation was dangerous for the Americans who had pushed forward there, and so Sullivan retreated to Butts Hill, hoping that favorable events would enable him to carry out his plan so nearly successful. Lafayette rode seventy miles to Boston on horseback in seven hours to urge Estaing, who had arrived there, to return and save the day. But he was not needed. The British had been encouraged by Sullivan's retreat, and Pigott swept upon Butts Hill with all his troops. The movement was similar to that of Bunker Hill; Americans holding stubbornly to the summit, redcoats swarming up the sides. Hideous, wholesale slaughter was the result. Had the American powder given out, as at Charlestown, Pigott might have felt that his losses were not in vain; but America had learned much in these years of warfare. The powder held out and the British fell back defeated. . . . Since Clinton was setting out with five thousand men to save Newport, however, the Americans decided to abandon the island and the siege came to an end.

That, in brief, is Newport's Revolutionary story. Wander through its old streets (far away from the center of fashion), browse among the records of its Historical Society, and you will feel the undercurrent of the past flowing strongly. The city boasts of its pirate legends in which are ancient carved chests,

buried gold, and blood-curdling ditties that ring to the tune of "Yo, ho, ho and a bottle o' rum!" Rum-distilling, indeed, was one of its earliest sources of wealth—a sister trade to ship-building. Having sowed its wild oats, it entered, in the eighteenth century, upon the dignified adult life of an early American city, fine colonial homes sprang up, society and culture centered here.

Facing Washington Square, at its head, you will find the old State House of yellowish brick with brown cappings. From 1739 to 1776 it was the Colony House. Here were held many patriotic meetings: when the Stamp Act was repealed, when the tea-tax was resented, and so on.

On Marlborough Street is the early Quaker Meeting House, rather eclipsed by the new building which has been added, the whole being known as the Community Center. But the section which was built in 1699 is an interesting relic, especially in its upper floor, called "The Ship Room" in that it was built by ships' carpenters who knew only one form of construction. Stand in the middle of this strange old chamber, and the waves fairly rock beneath your feet.

Trinity Church, on Church Street, holds at the tip of its tall spire the golden crown which spared it destruction when the British were making wreckage. . . . A number of old houses are standing, and it will repay you to hunt them out; among them is that occupied by Rochambeau in 1780-81. Fiske tells us,

Trinity Church, Newport. "At the tip of its spire is the golden crown which spared it."

"He found the people of Rhode Island sad and discouraged. Everybody thought the country was going to the dogs. But when it was understood that this was but the advance guard of a considerable army and that France was this time in deadly earnest,

Rochambeau's Headquarters. "The streets of Newport were noisy with hurrahs."

their spirits rose, and the streets of Newport were noisy with hurrahs and brilliant with fireworks." The fine old residence, white with green shutters, is gay to-day with pink geraniums and suggests the liveliness which must have centered there when our French allies were passing through the colonial halls.

. . . There are several other distinguished houses of about the same period in near-by streets.

The Old Stone Mill, known far and wide, stands in Touro Park. The legend that early Norsemen left it here has given way to the belief that it was a mill erected by our own settlers. Sacks of grain, it is supposed, were swung up into the square window.

A trip out to Butts Hill involves several miles' detour, but the view is worth the effort. It sweeps land and water magnificently; probably the patriots who drove back the redcoats down its slope had little time to appreciate the scenic values, however. The fortification may be traced here; other works are to be found at Coddington's Point, on Tammany Hill (or Wanumetonomy), and on Bliss Hill.

General Prescott is said to have been captured at the dwelling known as the Overing House, about six miles from Newport along the West Road. There are entertaining tales in connection with the capture of this officer; one is, that a negro in the capturing party broke in the door with his head.

§

Passing along the shore from Rhode Island into Connecticut, you find Stonington near the entrance to the Sound. The town is said to have been born in 1649, when one William Cheeseborough pitched a tent. Like most of the coast towns during the Revolution it was more or less harassed by the British vessels which plied these waters.

The old Stone Mill at Newport.

New London, built upon the Thames, did its best in the beginning to keep alive loyalty to Britain by perpetuating English names; but when controversy with the mother-country arose, it threw itself ardently into the American cause. The harbor was so important that it took a strong force and ceaseless vigilance to protect New London from British greed; but the two forts, Griswold and Trumbull, watched like cats, and it was a huge feather in Connecticut's cap that it had never let the enemy take this city. Not until September of 1781 was the hideous and rather fantastic attack made under Benedict Arnold, which wiped out New London temporarily and that traitor permanently. Sent by Clinton with two thousand men, he swept down upon the American forces, driving out the garrison, giving no quarter, burning the most of the town to a handful of cinders. Whether or not he really licked his chops while watching this slaughter from a church belfry, as the legend says, at any rate he won the scorn of Britain as well as America, and ended his career. Nor did he gain anything for the royal cause. Patriots poured in, the British retreated, and Connecticut was again holding the enemy at bay.

§

On along the Sound's lovely shore, and you pass old Saybrook, where early English settlers built a fort to guard the mouth of the Connecticut River.

Here was held the first commencement of that college, planned in 1700, which was to be known by the name of Yale, and to be established permanently at New Haven.

A day is needed, at the very least, to enjoy to the full the historic charm of New Haven. The university's early tradition, as well as its later, is of liberty and patriotism; few Tories were associated with it. "In this Hall was the room of Nathan Hale of the Class of 1773," is an inscription on a tablet; he was only one of many early Yale men who distinguished themselves in the cause of freedom.

Old buildings and historic sites abound. The "South Middle" was the original "Connecticut Hall," its cornerstone having been laid in 1750. . . . On Elm Street is the Pierpont House, containing treasured documents and prints. In 1779 the British seized it, took possession of its contents, and turned it into a hospital. The Jarvis House, near by, was built in 1767. The house of Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration, was erected on Chapel Street soon after the Revolution.

Stand beside the Green, look out over its restful beauty, and picture it as the early center of New Haven life. The meeting house and the court house, the jail, pillory and whipping post, were assembled here as in most of our seventeenth century towns. Patriotic meetings were held here later on, as trouble with Britain brewed; the repeal of the Stamp Act was lustily celebrated.

It was July 5, 1779 that the British, under Tryon and Garth, attacked the town. Garth's forces were met at Milford Hill by the Americans; Tryon had no trouble in entering the town and taking pos-

Connecticut Hall, Yale University. In front of it may be seen the statue of Nathan Hale. This dormitory was built in 1750-52, and is the only building of colonial Yale now standing.

session. His Hessians and Tories camped that night upon the Green where you stand. They accomplished much burning, robbing, and assaulting of women; but again sturdy Connecticut rallied, and it was made so uncomfortable for them by our militia

that they took to their heels—meaning, in this case, to their ships.

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Milford Hill is the scene of that encounter with Garth, in which several Yale students figured. Aaron Burr assisted in the defense; also Naphthali Daggett, once Yale's president.

Milford itself is a fine old town, dating from 1639 and still treasuring many early landmarks. The Memorial Bridge met by arching trees at either end is rarely lovely; it is on the site of Fowler's Bridge of 1645, near the old mill. The First Church is in direct line of descent from the original First Church; in 1640 it was "voted, that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; voted, that the earth is given to the Saints; voted, that we are the Saints."

The old Post Road ran this way, and on its route were abundant taverns, some of which still stand. One dwelling, called the Stephen Stow house, belonged to that patriot whose deed is commemorated by a monument which you will find in the early cemetery. Captain Stow nursed and cared for two hundred American soldiers brought from a British prison ship, sick and dying, afflicted with ship fever and smallpox. Forty-six died, as did he; the rest were saved largely owing to his care.

A few rods to the west of the First Church, on the original Post Road, Washington halted at a tavern in 1789, and recorded the view of "a hand-

some cascade. . . ." The so-called "Regicides' house," where Goffe and Whalley hid in the cellar; and the Milford Library, established in 1745, were bound up with the town's early history.

§

Landmarks are thick as blackberries in August along the remaining shore of the Sound. It is to be hoped that when you travel here you may have leisure to enjoy each town as you come to it. Skimming along, as we must do now, let us glimpse Stratford with its old houses and cemetery, and its tradition of Mr. Birdsey who, in 1649, came here from Milford in a very damp condition, having swum the river upon being condemned to a lashing for kissing his wife on Sunday. It is interesting to note that his wife did not consider it a sin, but followed him; by a less direct and dryer route, however.

Bridgeport, although best known as the winter home of Barnum and his elephants, has other history as well. The one-time Harpin's Tavern, later the home of the Silliman family, probably sheltered Washington more than once.

Westport and Fairfield were originally united. It was near the Saugatuck River that Tryon landed in April 1777, to march on Danbury. As he commanded over two thousand, it was hardly to be expected that the seventeen militiamen of Westport who, without an officer, fired a volley of defense at the enemy could prove effective; but, although they

ran as soon as the volley died out, the significant fact is that they fired it.

Some two years later Tryon burned Fairfield. He commanded the land forces; Sir George Collier arrived with a fleet. There was a small redoubt on Grover's Hill, and a feeble defense from this was set up; but the enemy had surprised every one by sly movements, and Tryon was soon in complete control.

You can see the Burr house, descendant of that residence where "our Dorothy" married John Hancock, having come to meet him on his way to Philadelphia. Here we again run upon the romantic tale, and this chapter of it is delightfully sketched by Jenkins in *The Old Boston Post Road* . . . The Sun Tavern was another of Washington's stopping places . . . The Town Hall was rebuilt after the British destruction . . . Out near Southport you must visit the monument that marks the spot of the Great Swamp Fight, which ended the Pequot War.

Norwalk received Tryon, not with open arms, after he had destroyed Fairfield, crossed the Sound to Huntington, and returned to the Connecticut shore. Our men had drawn up on Grumman's Hill; after taking that hill, the story goes, Tryon seated himself in a rocking-chair atop it and watched the town burn while he rocked . . . On France Street, at "The Rocks," you will find a tablet marking the spot where Captain Betts with a small force resisted the British for five hours.

The Nathan Hale memorial fountain, Norwalk.

Six houses were spared in the conflagration. That one said to have been built in 1760 by Uriah Selleck contained a smoke closet of early days, above the kitchen chimney, so placed on the second floor that the smoke from the kitchen fire could flow in upon the juicy hams and sides of bacon. . . . In his old residence Dr. Turner collected many relics of historic value. Its portraits, documents, mahogany and the like once made it a treasure trove. . . . The Norwalk Hotel dated from 1775, and was a well-known tavern. . . . These are now gone.

Nathan Hale's tragedy began, in a sense, at Norwalk. Here he set out on his adventure into the British lines, leaving for Huntington in the sloop *Schuyler*. A drinking fountain stands as a memorial to Hale.

In the quiet old town of Darien and near it are several houses of Revolutionary period or earlier. Its Congregational Church, almost a hundred years old, is the descendant of an earlier church whose record is inscribed on a tablet:

"On Sunday, July 22, 1781, while engaged in public worship in the building then occupying this site, Rev. Dr. Moses Mather and fifty men of his congregation were captured by British troops and taken to New York where several of them perished in prison."

Dr. Mather, an old man, was marched at the head of his flock down to the boats. Their hardships in prison were severe, and several died; the mother of

Washington Irving sent the parson food during the year of his confinement, and saved his life.

Stamford was an early settlement, a close neighbor of Greenwich, whose history is so closely associated with the name of Putnam. Put's Hill has acquired

Where Dr. Moses Mather and fifty of his congregation were captured by the British.

its fame through the story that the hero escaped Tryon's raid by riding on horseback down a flight of seventy-four stone steps, he weighing two hundred and forty pounds. A grain of salt is an excellent accompaniment for this tale; but there was placed, in Putnam's Hill Park, a tablet marking the spot

where he galloped to safety, steps or no steps. The charming Holly house, in Cos Cob, was the home of Captain Bush and often entertained Putnam. It is said that he was merrymaking there on the night of his ride, being enamoured of Captain Bush's fair

The Holly House, Cos Cob, where Putnam is said to have been merrymaking the night before his ride.

daughter. . . . The Putnam Cottage, once Knapp's Tavern, is now a museum of early American treasures.

From New York

VII

NEW YORK, THE DUTCH, AND THE GILDED STATUE

§

We must skim above New York in a sort of mental airplane, for we are to cover the most ungainly, long-armed, long-legged, sprawling, and at the same time splendid city in the world.

Our first thought of New York's history couples it with the name of the Dutch. As a matter of fact, it barely escaped beginning with an Italian chapter; only a freak of its proverbially eccentric weather changed the current of events. The Florentine navigator Verrazani entered its bay in 1525 with the idea of establishing a settlement; a violent storm blew up, and he was obliged to put to sea and leave Manhattan to the Dutch, who did not make their permanent settlement of Nieu Amsterdam until almost a century later, in 1623. Although the island of Manhattan became the property of Great Britain in 1674, and was rechristened in honor of James, Duke of York, nevertheless it still, for many a long year, looked forth upon the world through the twenty wee gleaming panes of its polished Dutch window, and cautiously opened to that same world only the upper half of its old Dutch door.

Modern New York has stampeded like a frantic herd upon the island and its environs, trampling history under foot; but here and there a glimpse of Nieu Amsterdam survives. The Dyckman homestead on upper Broadway, at 204th Street, is as

The Old Dyckman homestead, the last of the Dutch farmhouses on Manhattan Island.

charming as a vignette, and is the one perfect picture left in Manhattan of the transplanted Holland farm.

Jan Dyckman settled on this land about 1666, fought off Indians, farmed for a living, and reared sturdy children. His house was on the bank of the

Harlem River, but during the Revolution his descendants (who were loyal patriots, some serving as guides and scouts) were obliged to leave it, and upon their return they found only a heap of ashes. They built another house a few years later, and that is the one we may visit now.

It has been thoroughly restored and given to the city by the heirs, and we may view its prim rooms furnished in old mahogany; we may peep into the cosy kitchen where meat used to sizzle above the open fire and loaves come forth steaming and fragrant from the fireplace oven; we may tread the paths of its trim old-time garden, gay with peonies and bachelor's buttons; and we may live again in the days when no telephone jangled in weary ears, no electric device short-circuited, and the plumber was unknown; in short, when there were no modern conveniences to inconvenience, when the simple life obtained, and when people were probably neither happier nor unhappier than they are to-day.

You must go to Flatbush and Flatlands to find other examples of the early Dutch homestead. The Lefferts house, now removed from its original site to Prospect Park, has a remarkably fine Dutch roof, its line sweeping gracefully down to form the porch. Pieter Lefferts, like Dyckman, lost his house by fire in the Revolution, and rebuilt soon after. He was lieutenant of the militia, and a well-known patriot. During the battle fought near by, the British used the house as a protection, whereupon the Americans

set fire to it. The old barn was said to have been occupied by slaves.

The oldest house now standing in its original form in Greater New York is the Schenck-Crooke house in Flatlands, or "The Crooke Mill House," it

The Schenck-Crooke house.

having once been attached to a tidemill which belonged to General Phillip S. Crooke. In 1656 Captain John Schenck erected it; since his day it has passed from hand to hand. It stands at the edge of a marsh, its surroundings are melancholy, and you must travel a wearisome road after leaving the Bergen Beach trolley at Ralph Avenue to reach it.

But to the zealous landmarkian it is worth this unpleasant journey, for it is a practically flawless example of the early Dutch farmhouse. The huge fireplace is unchanged; in fact, I was assured by a neighbor that it was "the very same hysterical fireplace;" the great chain whereon the kettle swung is there, and the heavy beams are intact.

It is possible for a sturdy pedestrian to reach the Lott houses from this point, although the way is "cross-lots and cryin'," and you had best provide yourself with a thorough guide-book before undertaking it. Or if you start from the Brooklyn center, a Flatbush Avenue trolley, leaving you at Avenue P, will bring you within a short walk of one of these—the former home of young Jeromus Lott. It has been kept in excellent repair and given modern comforts, but its old charm remains, it being furnished in early mahogany, while pictorial Dutch tiles frame its fireplaces. A certain shipload of Holland brick long ago arrived at our shores, and was divided among six dwellings, this being one of the number. The house was given by the older Jeromus Lott to the younger when the latter married fair Ann Suydam; and sixty-five fertile acres were included in the wedding gift.

The Hendrik Lott house, still in the middle of a farm, is near Avenue S, and within walking distance. It includes the original Johannes Lott house of 1715. The smoke-house, where meats were prepared after the old fashion, is a rare relic. Beyond this stood

The old Dutch smokehouse of the Lott family.

formerly the senior Jeromus Lott's house in which took place a thrilling adventure in days of the Revolution, when the name of the redoubtable Captain Adam Hyler boomed through the stories of whaleboat warfare, to the terror of each particular hair upon every British and Tory head.

Colonel Jeromus Lott had been selected by this same Captain Hyler as a fine prize, and one dark night his boat, which had been busily engaged in the captures, plunder and slaying of the whaleboat warfare, glided toward Flatlands and the Captain and his men landed and crept toward the house. What ho! A knock! And the knuckles of Hyler are stout knuckles, forsooth! But Colonel Lott, a pillar of the Flatbush church (and its treasurer), slept the sleep of the just. Another snore, and he found himself dragged from his bed, while men searched his dwelling.

In vain did the dignified Colonel remonstrate; in vain did he discard his dignity (being, as tradition relates, attired in but little else), and shriek for help. Neither moved the piratical Captain: "To the boat with him!" boomed he, and then, of a sudden, up came the searchers with two immense bags. "Guineas!" hurrahed Hyler, and, chortling in anticipation, off to the boat he hustled the shivering, protesting, terrified and indignant Colonel, with his negroes and his great bags of coin.

But the tables were turned. With a whetted

appetite for treasure the captors gathered next morning to slit open those bags, fat and jingling. Zip! went the stout cloth; out poured the stream. . . . And instead of glittering guineas, the stream consisted of but the humble half-pennies of the Flatlands church congregation!

The old Gerritsen tidemill stands near; its wheel was long ago broken; the mill was built in 1636. There are a few more old farmhouses in Flatlands and Flatbush, and old churches are to be seen; but our airplane must whirr back, to peer down upon Manhattan.

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The remaining early buildings seem to be very far up or down town; the central portion has been swept as clean of history as if some modernistic tornado had passed over its blocks. But go to the lower end of the island and, strolling along the canyons between skyscrapers, you will find here and there some precious reminder of the city's first centuries.

The fort, south of Bowling Green, was the original center of both political and social life. Only your imagination can see it to-day; but a small patch, a scrap of the Green, remains to brighten the drab of lower Broadway. Petticoat Lane led to it, and a bit of that lane long remained, tucked in beside the Produce Exchange. The Green was the open marketplace; here were held Maypole dances, out-of-door

celebrations of many kinds; here the soldiers paraded; and here, later on, the drama of King George's statue was enacted.

In 1766, you will remember, the Stamp Act was repealed by Parliament in the hope of quieting down the American spirit of rebellion; for a time this measure had the desired effect, and in fact New York inflamed itself with a temporary burst of loyalty to Britain. The city burst into bonfires of celebration, and it was resolved to erect a gilt statue of the King upon the Bowling Green; this was accomplished four years later. The gilded King shone forth on horseback, the artillery roared and the people shouted. That was 1770.

But the next chapter in the American-British story need not be recounted here. The burst of enthusiasm for George and his government was short-lived. The year 1776 heard the Liberty Bell ringing itself hoarse in Philadelphia; declared that "these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States;" and brought about a climax in the life of the gilded statue. When the news of the Declaration of Independence reached New York the populace set forth upon a demonstration. Its first step was toward the City Hall (then in Wall Street), where it tore a portrait of George from its frame; next, it proceeded to the Bowling Green. And here the people went mad with patriotism and vengeance. They ran for ropes, tied them about the gilded King and his horse, and then, pulling mightily, they

wrenched the entire statue from its lofty base and applauded insanely while it rolled upon the ground, helplessly sprawling. Being made of lead beneath the gilt, the figures were promptly melted and run into 42,000 bullets which aided right prettily in holding America against the enemy.

Before starting up Broadway, turn east and follow Pearl Street until you come to Fraunces' Tavern at the corner of Broad. Thanks be to the Sons of the Revolution, this delightful building has been preserved in the midst of hurtling downtown New York. It is filled with treasures from top to bottom, and the visitor may lunch here and look over the precious old documents, portraits, bits of military apparel and quaint prints at his leisure.

The tavern was a famous headquarters in Revolutionary days. Samuel Fraunces, a West Indian, bought the house in 1762 from Oliver de Lancey who had inherited it from Stephen de Lancey, he having imported brick from Holland to build it in the early part of the century. Fraunces showed himself a staunch patriot when trouble with England was brewing, and the American officers fell into the way of stopping under his genial roof. In November 1783 Governor Clinton gave a dinner in the Long Room of the tavern, in honor of the commander-in-chief and his generals who had at last won peace for the United States. But the proudest event in the old inn's history was the occasion when, December 4, 1783, Washington bade farewell to

The doorway of Fraunces' Tavern.

these officers in that same Long Room which will be shown you on the second floor.

A pretty ending to the story of this humble West Indian's service to his country is the account of how Washington, upon returning to New York to take up his duties as President in 1789, chose Fraunces to be the steward of his household, a post which he filled with pride and a devotion that won him a lasting place in that same household's affection as well as in United States history.

Now to Wall Street, upon which faces the Sub-Treasury Building with its bronze statue of Washington standing guard. It is on the site of the Colonial City Hall of 1699, in which many historic events were marked by meetings. George Washington, clad in a complete suit of fine homespun, was inaugurated here in 1789, after which ceremony he departed to attend service at St. Paul's; the stone upon which he stood is in the south wall of the present building.

At the head of that chasm which is Wall Street you will see Trinity Church. It was founded in 1696, although the present building dates not quite a century back. It was the fashionable place of worship in "little old" New York, and the stones of its yard record the burial of many a famous citizen. Captain James Lawrence, Robert Fulton and Alexander Hamilton lie here. There is a monument to those prison martyrs of the Revolution who died in this city. The bronze doors by St. Gaudens are

The Washington statue at the Sub-Treasury stands where he was inaugurated.

of uncommon beauty, and the chimes, rung on the entrance of each New Year, have long been famous.

A short walk up Broadway will bring you to

"At the head of that chasm which is Wall Street you will see Old Trinity."

St. Paul's, near Fulton Street. This church is always coupled with Trinity in New York's history. The latter was the mother church, but the other

building is actually older than the present Trinity, having been erected in 1764. Every visitor to the city goes to see the pew in which Washington sat each Sunday. When he was inaugurated in 1789 a special service was held at St. Paul's, in honor of the event, for the mother church had been burned to the ground in 1776, and so the President continued as a member of the smaller church's congregation during his stay in New York. Another famous pew is that once occupied by Governor Clinton. Both of these are marked by mural tablets, and many historic stones are in the yard, among them that of General Richard Montgomery who was killed in the assault upon Quebec. He was the hero of a romantic love-story, and when he bade farewell to his wife, upon leaving for Quebec, it is recorded that he said to her, "My honor is engaged, and you shall never blush for your Montgomery." His remains were brought down the river in a funeral boat; "the pomp with which it was conducted added to my woe," she wrote to a friend.

It was across the street on the old Common, now City Hall Park, that the Declaration of Independence was read to the assembled troops. Here were held many public meetings, one of the most memorable being that of November 1, 1765, when the people gathered to express their opposition to the Stamp Act. The following year they gathered on the same spot to celebrate the repeal, enjoying a public feast of a roasted ox with rum and ale.

Government centered about the Common. Government, in those days, consisted largely in punishment; we are told that the jail stood out prominently in this vicinity, and close by were stocks and pillory, cage and whipping-post. At Chatham and Chambers Streets the gallows reared its head. Bridewell, the well-known prison of the Revolution, stood near Broadway. The City Hall of the present stands in the midst of this ghostly gathering. Near it may be seen Macmonnies' statue of Nathan Hale.

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Far uptown in Van Cortlandt Park stands the mansion bearing the same name. Frederick Van Cortlandt built it in 1748, and it played its part later in the Revolution. The Hessian Jaegers used it as headquarters, and the story runs that Captain Rowe, one of their officers, was fighting not far from the house, where he had encountered some American soldiers, and, being mortally wounded, he staggered back to the house where his fair betrothed awaited him; and in her arms he bled to death.

It was Jacobus, the son of Frederick Van Cortlandt, who was best known as head of the house, for the original owner died the year after completing it, and his heir kept up the estate with considerable magnificence for the period. Here Washington was entertained, stopping over night just before leaving for Yorktown in 1781, and again in 1783. Rochambeau and King William IV (then the Duke of

Clarence) were among other distinguished guests. The building is now used as a museum and is open to the public.

The old Dutch keystones over the windows and the Rhinelander sugar-house window in the yard

The Van Cortlandt Mansion, where Captain Rowe is said to have died in the arms of his betrothed.

are among the interesting relics; another is the millstone from the old Van Cortlandt mill. At the upper end of the parade ground is Vault Hill where members of the family are buried. When New York was evacuated by the Americans in 1776 the city clerk, Frederick Van Cortlandt, hid the city records

in these vaults, but the British were quick to discover them and carry them back to the City Hall.

Returning, you may stop at the Jumel, or Roger Morris Mansion. It is connected with two stories, wherefore its two names. Morris moved into it

The Jumel Mansion, of romantic history.

with his beautiful bride, Mary Philipse, the same Yonkers maiden who is said to have declined the hand of George Washington when he was a militia colonel. Whether this be true or not, at any rate, she laid her dainty hand in that of young Morris in 1758, her dowry being jewelry, plate, money and a large domain, and the blissful couple set up house-

keeping in the fine colonial mansion at 160th Street, a short walk east of Broadway. But their happy life broke; Colonel Morris found himself in an embarrassing situation at the coming of the Revolution, for he had been allied with the King's sympathizers, and he fled to England. The American forces were quartered in his house.

In 1776 Washington himself made headquarters there, and his bedroom, as well as the room in which he conducted conferences, are pointed out to you to-day. An attempt was made by a British regiment to capture him here; the story goes that the wife of a Pennsylvania soldier, following her husband to battle, got wind of the plan and brought word to the general in time for him to hurry across to Fort Lee . . . Morris suffered a tragic end. He returned to America, but, as a royalist, found his property confiscated and went back to England to die.

But the house proceeded upon its career. In the early days of the nineteenth century it was bought by the French merchant, Stephen Jumel, who married a New England girl, and again a beautiful bride shone in these stately rooms. The entertainments given by them have made history. Lavish feasts amid luxurious furnishings were the order of the day. Madame Jumel received in a drawing-room whose chairs had belonged to Marie Antoinette; the plate and upholsteries were all from France. . . . After Jumel's death, Madame married the aged Aaron Burr, and suffered from his bad treatment

which varied from squandering her property to kissing her maid. The couple were separated and the one-time New England girl, who had lived the life of a French queen in America, became a lonely miser, dying forlorn in her house on the heights.

"The Grange," Alexander Hamilton's country house, was built at 140th Street, but moved to Convent Avenue, and is to be restored to its original period. From it Hamilton drove to his town office each day, and, setting out at the usual hour, he went from its door to fight the duel with Aaron Burr, with a casual farewell to his wife lest her suspicion of danger be aroused.

§

Around the site of Fort Washington, in the vicinity of West 180th Street, you will find memories of a great battle. Fort Washington Park, along the shore of the river, was laid out to include the relics of one of the old redoubts, which is marked by a bowlder monument. Here, in October, 1776, the American troops erected this fortification under the direction of a French engineer named Imbert. The point just beyond was called Jeffrey's Hook in Revolutionary annals, and was the landing used by Washington and his generals in crossing back and forth between this fort and Fort Lee on the Jersey shore. Incidentally the wife of Peter Burdett, the ferry master, would hasten to don a spick and span apron when she heard that the chief was crossing in

the morning; General Washington did so greatly relish her famous flapjacks!

Now walk east to Fort Washington Avenue. Along this street we shall set out for the actual summit of the defenses, but turn a moment to see Holy Rood Church, at 179th Street, and its tablet commemorating the bravery of Margaret Corbin. We shall hear more of her. And now north, to the site of the main fortification.

At 183rd Street you will find a stone seat and a cannon. Upon a tablet is inscribed:

"This memorial marks the site of Fort Washington, constructed by the continental troops in the summer of 1776. Taken by the British after a heroic defense November 16, 1776. Repossessed by the Americans upon their triumphal entry into the city of New York, November 25, 1783."

Washington had thought best to abandon these two river forts as he was convinced that the Americans could not hold them, and to leave men and stores there to be taken he thought folly. But he was called to West Point and went, ordering Greene to evacuate in his absence. Meanwhile messages arrived from Congress saying that the river forts must be held, and Greene found himself confused and helpless between contradictory orders. He reënforced the garrison, thus merely adding to the British victory soon to be. Howe sent a summons to Magaw to surrender; Washington returned to Fort Lee and found what the situation was. Cross-

ing the river, he met Greene and Putnam, and the three discussed matters in their boats; and it seems to be agreed by historians that Washington never came nearer losing command of himself than upon this occasion, when, in language far from that intended for the drawing-room, he vigorously swore.

The British attacked, a force of five to one. Between two and three thousand Americans, all the troops, in fact, were taken. The jails of New York could not hold them. Some were lodged in churches and in King's College (now Columbia University). The defense was splendid, reckless and stubborn, but unavailing, and at one-thirty o'clock on November 16th the British flag waved where you are now. The victory had come high, however; five hundred killed and wounded, against a loss of only one hundred and fifty on the patriots' side.

"The Death Gap" was the name for a ravine where many Hessians perished, rocks being hurled down upon them from Americans on the height. The ravine long ago vanished in land grading, although for many years "the Hessian Spring" was still used as it gushed from the rock down the wooded slope to the east of Fort Washington; and the neighborhood flocked thither with pails and bottles, filling them with the same clear cold water that refreshed the soldiers of the Revolution. It has at last been covered and has disappeared as a land- or water-mark.

Still further along the avenue you come to the

site of Fort Tryon. It was a redoubt with two guns during the American occupation of Fort Washington to which it belonged; after capture by the British it was strengthened and given the name of one of their commanders. Just inside the gate is a tablet:

"On this hilltop stood Fort Tryon, the northern outwork of Fort Washington. Its gallant defense against the Hessian troops by the Maryland and Virginia regiment, the 16th of November, 1776, was shared by Margaret Corbin, the first American woman to take a soldier's part in the war for liberty."

This, then, is the brief story of that early feminist to whom we found the tablet erected in Holy Rood church. As in the case of Molly Pitcher, who fought to a wider fame, Margaret's soldier husband fell before her eyes. Fired by grief and the desire to avenge his death, and by nature an ardent patriot, she rushed forward to take his place and fight his fight. In March, 1927, the heroine was reburied at West Point with military honors.

Washington's grief at the fall of this fort was overwhelming. He has been described as standing at Fort Lee with his officers and the author of *Common Sense,* seeing the slaughter and the flashing of England's flag, and weeping bitterly. Bowed with misery, he turned to lead his troops on their melancholy retreat into New Jersey. Fortunately we can recall this all now in view of the happier chapters written in the years that followed.

§

We have spent our time traveling over Manhattan Island, save for a brief whirr of our airplane out to Flatlands to glance down upon the last visible landmarks of old Dutch days. And the nearer Brooklyn and Staten Island remain unvisited! In these few pages it is impossible to cover those boroughs, but it will well repay you to do some prowling on your own account.

In Brooklyn, within only a few minutes' subway ride from the center of downtown Manhattan, you can trace the Battle of Long Island. An obscure bronze tablet at the corner of Fulton Street and Flatbush Avenue tells its story in brief:

"Washington. Putnam. Sullivan. Stirling. Line of Defense. Battle of Long Island. August 27, 1776. From the Wallabout to the Gowanus."

It is one of the great stories of the Revolution, and you will wish to refresh your memories before you set out to trace the army's movements, on the heights of Fort Greene Park, Prospect Park, and Greenwood Cemetery. The first named was at that time the most vital point in the American defense; it was "a wooded hill near the Wallabout, a redoubt with five guns." The battle was one of the stoutest-hearted fights that the Americans made in all the war, and only the overwhelming numbers of the British, combined with their expert training, rendered our army futile in the end. This was during

that early period of the Revolution, when the tide had not yet turned in our favor. It is conceded by historians to have been a marvel not that we were defeated, but that we gave Howe a day of his most intensive struggle and an excessive loss. Washington's secret withdrawal of his men across the river in boats manned by the fishermen of Gloucester and Marblehead has gone into history as one of his most brilliant strokes. Fiske observes, "When the bewildered British climbed into the empty works they did not find so much as a biscuit or a glass of rum wherewith to console themselves."

§

Once upon a time Staten Island, "Staaten Eyland" in Hendrik Hudson's day, was settled by the Walloons. That was in 1624. Some forty years later came the Waldenses, then the Huguenots, the Dutch, and at last the English.

Scattered here and there over its picturesque surface are old houses and churches dating far back to colonial days. If you travel toward Richmond you will see the old Perine homestead at Dongan Hills, an excellent specimen of early Dutch building; the Cortelyou homestead at New Dorp is another, and the Moravian Church is opposite. In New Dorp, too, is the Black Horse Tavern, where British officers once drank and exchanged stories and cursed the rebels and vowed their loyalty to King George. The old beams remain in the dining-room, and the

original sign of the Black Horse has been preserved. It is dim but visible, and safely housed lest exposure fade its last brush strokes. . . . Arriving in Richmond, you will find St. Andrew's Church, more than two hundred years old. It was used as a defense by the Americans in 1776.

The Billopp house in Tottenville is at the far end of the island but worth the journey. Captain Christopher Billopp was given the land by the Duke of York as a reward for having sailed completely around the island in twenty-three hours, his deck piled with empty barrels for gain in sailing power; thereby making Staten Island a part of New York State instead of New Jersey. Look up the whole delightful story, and then go to see the house that Billopp built in 1668, having sent to Belgium for bricks, to England for cement, and having looked about Staten Island until he found the appropriate bride.

The story teems with romance. Here ladies in gay brocades, gentlemen in powdered wigs, buckles and satin knee-breeches danced and feasted at the famous balls. British officers were entertained here: Howe, Cornwallis and Clinton were among the guests. And here, in the deep mysteries of the cellar, is a cavernous room said to have been used as a dungeon to imprison patriot soldiers. Although there is no absolute proof, there seems some foundation for the theory that an underground passage led from the dungeon to the river.

Prisoners groaning in the black vault; dainty ladies and gay officers tripping the light fantastic above; is it any wonder that such a novelist as Cooper chose this house for a scene in *The Water Witch?*

VIII

LONG ISLAND AND NATHAN HALE

§

THE history of Long Island is a rich medley of the early Dutch with their slant-roofed houses, and spinning wheels, and Bibles dangling like chatelaines, and Holland windmills; of zealous Quakers, with their demurely bonneted maidens; of pirate gold, mythical or otherwise, and the lurkings of Captain Kidd; of Revolutionary deeds of courage and desperate fighting. The legends of buried treasure may be traced along the far south shore and toward the eastern end; we shall be obliged to keep to the trail of well-established fact nearer at hand. A day's spin from Manhattan out to Huntington will give us a glimpse of certain eighteenth century events.

Fort Hamilton, facing Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island, challenges all who would enter the Narrows. It was named for Colonel Archibald Hamilton of the British army, and so to this day recalls our one-time relations with Britain. As you start eastward, you pass through Brooklyn with its memories, already recalled, of the great battle there, and Flat-

bush and Flatlands, with Dutch dwellings still extant. Whirr on to Jamaica and Hollis, and take time to glance at their stories.

The King mansion is a finely preserved old house in the former town, surrounded by a well-kept little

"Once the home of Rufus King, Minister to England by the appointment of Washington." At Jamaica.

park. It was once the home of Rufus King, Minister to England by the appointment of Washington in those years following the Revolution when our nation was in a formative state. King had served as aide-de-camp to Glover in the war, and as delegate to the Continental Congress. The house, which dates from

1805, is open to the public; it is filled with early American furniture, including even a marriage chest.

A mile to the east, at Hollis, there was until lately a long wooden building surrounded by thick trees which softened its lines of age. This was a tavern belonging to Increase Carpenter in 1776, when General Nathaniel Woodhull was captured within its walls. You will find a row of shops upon its site.

An August storm, with midsummer violence, had overtaken Woodhull as he traveled, and, seeing Carpenter's inn, he sought shelter there. Unfortunately a detachment of British got wind of the fact, and there they surprised him, defenseless as he was, for he had sent his men on ahead. Realizing his case to be hopeless, he promptly handed over his sword; but Major Baird, his captor, was not satisfied. He cried, "Say, 'God save the King!'" "God save us all," responded Woodhull, firmly. Whereupon the British officer, in fury, fell upon him with his broadsword; and, although he was rescued by Major De Lancey, he died later of the wounds. A tablet to his memory may be seen on the wall of the neighboring school.

A short run along the central road will show you Hicksville (named for the Quaker leader, Elias Hicks) and Old Westbury, full of Quaker tradition. Hicks made headquarters in Jericho and set out from that town on his famous preaching tours, in which he covered more than ten thousand miles on

Memorial tablet to Woodhull, at Hollis.

foot. He spoke one thousand times in public, refusing to accept any money, and living on the yield of his little farm. Old Westbury was built by farming friends, and their meeting house was a center of Quakerdom.

§

Whether or not you have made this trip, you will want to skirt the north shore, with its landscapes and its landmarks. Either going or coming, visit Flushing; if you are at Jericho, you can travel almost directly north and find yourself in the heart of that town.

The house formerly belonging to John Bowne, a well-known Quaker, is the center of historic interest here, being filled with old furniture, documents and memories, and kept for public view. Bowne made his dwelling a headquarters for the Friends, and here George Fox stayed for brief rests between his long and difficult journeys. You may wonder that he felt such need of the couch (which will be pointed out to you) upon which to repose at the end of so short a journey as that from Oyster Bay, but in 1672, when he covered that distance, he met every conceivable difficulty of the trail-blazer. People from thirty miles around came to hear him; he stood under two trees known as "The Fox Oaks," and preached the Word. You will find a bowlder monument marking the spot.

Eliza Bowne, aged twelve, a pupil in the Nine

Partners Boarding School in 1800, wrought her sampler thus:

> Blest solitude, how sweet thy peaceful scenes!
> Where contemplation's vot'ries love to stray;
> Where in her sapient dress religion reigns,
> And shines more splendid than the noontide ray.

Had Eliza wrought a sampler in this century, it would have paid tribute, I fear, to Mary Pickford and the Charleston rather than to solitude and contemplation. The taste of youth is subject to change. But there is the embroidered document for any who may doubt. Indeed there is a fine collection of samplers in this house, and much precious old furniture, such as a rope bed, a Grannie Grace chair, and the oak table at which the Friends gathered for their conferences. During the Revolution the family silver was hidden in a secret cubby-hole in the library; peep into it, and sense the excitement of that hour. . . .

The Quaker meeting house in Flushing is typical of its period, having been built in 1694. Another was erected at Manhasset in 1720, rebuilt in 1810. These plain wooden buildings presented religion in its most austere aspect. The two entrances, for men and women, defied any glances of coquetry to interrupt the workings of the Word.

If you make the short trip over to Manhasset, you will have opportunity for a glance at the Bogart house in Roslyn, built by the family of Onderdonck

before the Revolution. Once a year the Stars and Stripes never fail to fling themselves forth from this house, on the anniversary of that day in 1790 when, so tradition hath it, Washington, making a tour of Long Island, found himself near as the break-

The House in Roslyn where Washington is said to have breakfasted—not upon clams.

fast hour approached, and stopped. The good housewife had been serving her family with a mess of excellent clams, but consternation seized her at the thought of offering so humble a meal to the great chief; she snatched the tablecloth by its four corners, removing clams, dishes, crumbs and all, and

ran for a fresh cloth and all the food she could find; also the best china. A cup and saucer, treasured from that historic meal, are kept in a cabinet.

§

The broken shore that follows the Sound lies on your left as you spin on toward Oyster Bay. Now rude cliffs, again gentle green-clad slopes meet the slapping blue water. And nestled beside one of the loveliest curves of the water's edge lies this village which was old at the time of the Revolution. Its fertile soil and excellent waterfront made the spot a rare tidbit for early settlers, and the Dutch and English waxed hot in many a dispute over it.

The dwelling once known as Raynham Hall, or the Townsend house, from the name of its builder, cherishes one of the pretty romances of the seventeen-hundreds. Here dwelt Miss Sarah Townsend, daughter of a distinguished line, and a famous belle on her own account. It was to her that a British colonel, one of the many swains who sighed in her train, addressed his valentine:

> "Fond youth," the God of Love replies,
> "Your answer take from Sarah's eyes."

Not only may you read the entire poem in evidence of her beauty, but you may trace the inscriptions scratched on a window pane with a diamond; "The Adorable Miss Sarah," and "The Most Acompl. young lady in Oyster Bay."

In the first floor room under this tower of the Townsend house, Oyster Bay, it is said that André stopped. He was an admirer of the beautiful Miss Sarah.

While all the dashing young officers in the King's army were heaving futile sighs and writing futile sonnets to her loveliness, who should come that way but the brilliant young Major André. Promptly he made love to her, teased her, drew a clever sketch of her in riding habit, and, for the time of his stay, was hers devotedly.

The story runs that she arranged a tea party in his honor, and with her own lily-white hands did she make the cakes and doughnuts for the feast. The guests arrived, the time for serving tea had come, and Miss Sarah, flushed and distressed, searched the kitchen in vain. Not a vestige of her precious baking was to be seen.

And at length, when dismay had reduced her to the verge of distracted tears, and the household was all astir, and everybody was running hither and thither and crying aloud upon the vanished doughnuts, there was heard a gleeful snicker. And young André, stepping forward, threw open the door of the china cupboard and revealed them safe where he had hidden them. . . . Forgive him? Who ever failed to forgive John André anything? . . . The famous beauty never married. Whether he carried her image in his heart many miles beyond Oyster Bay is unknown, but it is said that she chose spinsterhood in fidelity to his memory.

The patriotic Samuel Townsend, a member of the First Provincial Congress, entertained American

officers frequently. He was much disturbed that the British from warships harbored in the bay should be quartered with him, but there seemed no way to avoid it, and you may see the first floor room, under the tower, where tradition says that André stopped. Many heirlooms are preserved here.

Vines and trees conceal the rock pulpit where George Fox preached, on that same tour which we have lately seen him conclude at the Bowne house in Flushing, and after which he reclined upon the Bowne couch. "Fox's Rock" once jutted forth, in imposing prominence; in old days a natural amphitheater spread below it, and the apostle and founder of Quakerism preached to an audience who traveled from far and near to hear the Gospel. Bits of stone have been chipped away; the souvenir hunter of a century ago even boasted of his achievement. Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell wrote in his Portfolio of 1810: "I have brought away part of the memorable rock on which the expositor stood. The mind that delights in similitudes may find pleasing comparisons between Fox and the rock." . . . You will find the Young homestead a mile or more beyond the center of town; here Washington stopped on his tour of Long Island.

§

In a quiet spot beside the harbor of Huntington, where the waters of the Sound lap a tranquil shore, rests a gray stone on a grassy knoll. Its tablet

The natural rock pulpit where George Fox preached at Oyster Bay.

reads: "Nathan Hale. In everlasting remembrance."

Run over his story. The youth, the courage, the devotion to cause of Nathan Hale always remind us of those of John André. Enemies by nation, there seems some bond of similar nature between the two. Both were of uncommon openness; the rôle of spy seemed strangely assumed by such.

It was in the stormy year of 1776 that Hale's tragedy befell. The American situation was dark. The Battle of Long Island had made the British cocksure; they had control there; on September 12th at the American council of war it was decided to evacute New York, and the exodus began, the army starting north toward Kingsbridge. It was decided at the same time to send a spy into the British camp, for Washington felt that he must know the enemy's plans and power before proceeding further. Colonel Knowlton was instructed to choose one from his picked regiment known as "Knowlton's Rangers."

In that regiment was a young Captain only twenty-one years of age, a native of Coventry, Connecticut, who had graduated from Yale three years before and had been a Connecticut schoolmaster when the war broke out. That Captain, hardly more than a boy, was Nathan Hale, and it has long been a tradition that when Colonel Knowlton turned to his brilliant group, debating with himself as to which one was best fitted for the task, the choice was taken

"Nathan Hale. In everlasting remembrance." Near the harbor of Huntington.

out of his hands; that Hale stepped forward and offered himself. Later historians, however, question this. It is now believed that he was perhaps chosen, and Hull urged him not to accept the task, saying that he was too open by nature and would play the rôle of spy unsuccessfully. Hale took him by the hand and replied rather sadly, but with his Puritan determination suggested in words and manner: "I will reflect, and do nothing but what duty demands." The outcome of his reflection has made history.

With his secret orders, he started forth, through Westchester County into Connecticut, to Norwalk. And now he donned his disguise. According to his friend Hempstead, "he had changed his uniform for a plain suit of citizen's brown clothes with a round broad-brimmed hat; assuming the character of a Dutch schoolmaster." From Norwalk he would cross to Long Island, to make his way to British headquarters and thus approach the enemy by the back door and learn what was going on.

He carried instructions to commanders of American armed vessels to convey him; at Norwalk he found an armed sloop commanded by Captain Pond, and in this he set out for the Long Island shore. And now, says Johnston, "here on the shores of Huntington Bay where he landed Hale is completely lost to our view."

For many years the tale of his return to Huntington, and capture there, was accepted. The drinking fountain in that town was placed to commemorate

his landing and also his capture. But the critical history of more recent years finds no authority for this version of the tale. The legend that he halted at a tavern known as "Mother Chic's"; that a Tory relative there recognized and betrayed him; and that a boat from the British vessel *Cerberus* was sent to meet and take him captive as he approached the shore to await his own boat, was related, in part or as a whole, by various historians. But close scrutiny reveals the fact that he probably never returned to Huntington at all. It is supposed that he was captured and taken directly to New York, and papers found in comparatively recent years show that he was apprehended on September 21st, probably held prisoner that night, as the earlier tradition claimed, in the greenhouse of the Beekman estate near East Forty-fifth Street, where Howe was stopping; and that the following morning he was delivered to Provost Marshal Cunningham, known for his cruelty, to be executed as a spy. The documents show that he was hanged at 11 A.M., September 22nd, in the camp of the British Artillery, but its location is not precisely known.

Like André, he won the admiration of the enemy and his executioners. None of his friends saw him after the time when, dressed as a Dutch schoolmaster, he had left Norwalk for Huntington. It was a casual remark of the British Captain Montressor, who chanced to come into the American camp under a flag of truce to attend to certain business, that

informed our officers of Hale's death. Montressor, it seemed, had been interested in the noble face of the young spy, and had called him into his tent for a talk just before the execution.

Hull reported the story of Montressor, which Putnam and Webb also heard: "Captain Hale entered; he was calm and bore himself with gentle dignity, the consciousness of rectitude and high intentions. He wrote two letters, one to his mother and one to a brother officer."

According to Johnston, he "was marched doubtless to some convenient tree," although the tradition that it was in Rutger's orchard is now overthrown by documents showing that the execution was in front of Artillery Park. We know, according to British statement, that Hale confessed fully to being on a spy's errand, thus showing his instinct for truth. "But a few persons were around him, yet his characteristic dying words were remembered. He said, 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.' "

The blow to young Hale's family was epitomized in the patient agony of his father's words. Deacon Hale wrote, in his simple English, "A child I sot much by, but he is gone."

§

The village of Huntington has its ancient charm. Back of the public library, on a slope, is the cemetery with headstones dating over two centuries. "The

"The Old First" at Huntington, whose bell was carried off by the British.

Old First Church" is, historically, one of the most interesting houses of worship on all Long Island. It is trim and white, its tall spire shining from the top of the hill. Bits of its adventurous past are inscribed upon tablets:

"The bell was first hung in 1715. It was carried away by the British in the frigate *Swan* in 1777. Taken to New York and restored on petition to Admiral Digby in 1783. It was recast, and has since been in constant use."

"Occupied by the British as a barracks, 1777. Torn down and materials used to erect Fort Golgotha on burying ground hill by order of Count Rumford, 1782. Present building erected, 1784."

So the prim old church has played its part in storm and stress. But few that hear its bell ringing forth briskly every Sunday morning recall the days when the enemy snatched it from its own steeple and bore it off to their frigate in the Sound, a captive bell.

IX

THE WEST SHORE OF THE HUDSON AND "MAD ANTHONY"

§

NINETY-NINE hundredths of the motorists who whirr along the west shore of the Hudson never guess that they are passing close to many an old road, field, church, dwelling or other landmark which played its part in the freeing of our nation. The river with its cliffs and curves; the Storm King Highway which, for a space at least, suggests the terrifying and splendid roads of the Rocky Mountain country; these are a spectacle, they press into the foreground and insist upon being seen. But, hidden here and there, is some tale of our history well worth the tracing to anyone who will do what the most of motorists would rather perish than do—namely, pause.

From Fort Lee opposite uptown New York all the way to Newburgh you may stop here and there to read some intriguing bit of history written in the wise face of an old dwelling, perhaps, or in some worn, thoughtful road. If you are bound on a longer

trip, continue to Kingston and find the Dutch tradition in the very air.

The old Burdett homestead at Fort Lee (once Burdett's Ferry) where General Washington's flapjacks hissed hot in the pan, has vanished. But the monument by Carl E. Tefft in the center of town recalls those days. It depicts in bronze two soldiers struggling up the steep wall of the Palisades as the Americans once struggled. Near "Hook's Ice Pond" the soldiers were encamped in huts, and here have been found scores of relics such as shoe buckles, stirrups, bullet molds and bayonets left in the hurried retreat after the fall of the sister fort, Washington.

Now on to the north, until you reach Alpine. This was the Closter Landing of old, and if you will follow the road, or the more direct and far steeper trail down to the river's edge, you will come upon a big lonesome white house. It was the headquarters of Cornwallis.

On November 19, 1776, the British officer arrived there after Howe's threat of taking Fort Washington had been made good. Now the British were taking command at points along the Hudson, and Cornwallis brought six thousand redcoats with him as he crossed from the east shore and serenely made ready to descend upon the American forces at Fort Lee. This comfortable house was the first shelter on which his eye lighted; he entered it, made himself at ease in the most agreeable chair, and ordered a lusty meal served to his robust British appetite.

Being well fed, he gave orders for the descent upon Fort Lee; and from Closter Landing he and his men climbed the face of the Palisades, long before there was any such road as you find, to set off on a two-hour march along the top of the cliffs, while Washington's melancholy retreat into New Jersey was under way.

§

A long quiet stretch on the height above the Jersey riverside lies ahead of you; just above Indian Head, the highest point of the Palisades, you cross the line into New York State. North of this boundary cluster several landmarks. Take an hour or more off from the hot pursuit of speed and refresh your memory of the gallant young André.

Two miles back from the shore, at the old town of Tappan, the close of his dramatic story took place. The vicinity has touches of quaintness even in the twentieth century, with here and there an old farmhouse of the native stone, as sturdy to-day as at the time of building in the eighteenth, or even the seventeenth. The forage hereabout was excellent in Revolutionary times, and the Americans made good use of it; the region was well protected, too, by the ridge to the southwest. Lieutenant-Colonel Baylor was stopping here with a regiment of light horse when Gray (that Britisher known as "The No-Flint General" because he compelled his men to take the flints from their muskets and use

the bayonet) attacked his men, sleeping in camp, and slew more than half of them, taking Baylor prisoner.

And now to the red church. This building is a direct descendant of that in which André's trial was held. The young officer had been captured at Tarrytown across the river, his stockings stuffed with the papers which he had undertaken to carry; he had in vain displayed Benedict Arnold's pass; Paulding had cried aloud, "By God, he is a spy!" And then, with that honesty for which he has always been beloved, he had written the whole account of the matter to Washington; had narrated his sailing up the river on the *Vulture,* his secret meeting with Arnold near Haverstraw (where you are soon to follow him), and his attempted escape.

War is war. The charm of André's personality, his brilliancy as an officer, his genuine frankness and his courage, all won him the esteem of our leaders. But he could not be spared. He was imprisoned in a house here at Tappan and his trial was held at the church. Greene presided over a military commission of fourteen generals; there was no question, as the trial proceeded, that André had acted as a spy and was doomed by all the laws of war. Steuben, fated against his warm-hearted impulses to be one of those condemning him, cried, "Would to God the wretch who has drawn him to his death might be made to suffer in his stead!" General Clinton made

a vigorous effort to save him, and Washington allowed time to consider every plea; but there was no loophole of escape. André made one request, that he be shot instead of hanged; but the law of war could not permit this.

"The '76 Stone House" at Tappan, in which André was imprisoned.

A short distance from the present church stands "The '76 Stone House," in which he was imprisoned. A few relics are preserved here, a portrait of André among them. The prisoner was kept in the large room; Lossing reported a visit there in the last cen-

tury, when the owner "boasted to him with great satisfaction that he had received 'a whole dollar for the old lock that fastened up Major Andrew!' "

The story lives, as we follow him in mind first to the church where he was tried, next to this house where he paced, under guard, awaiting his doom; and finally up the slope, to that knoll where the gallows was erected. His only flinching was at the moment when, walking between two American subaltern officers, he was confronted by the gallows. He had hoped to the last that he would be shot, for his honor's sake.

A monument marks the spot where he died. The American feeling concerning the whole tragic incident is expressed in the inscription: "His death, though according to the stern code of war, moved even his enemies to pity, and both armies mourned the fate of one so young and so brave."

The house of William Rogers has been known to local tradition as Washington's headquarters, near "The Stone House." Going toward the river you will find, at the village of Palisades, a homelike old dwelling, white in the midst of dense trees, called "The Big House." It treasures a mahogany table at which Washington is supposed to have dined.

You must not leave the vicinity until you have wound your way down to a treesy spot (Sneden's Landing) near the river where nestles the little stone dwelling once belonging to Molly Sneden, the ferry mistress. From here to Dobbs Ferry, across

the Hudson, she bravely rowed her boat during the Revolution.

§

British vessels plied up and down the river, and the Shore Guard was organized, a volunteer company to protect the dwellers near the water's edge against the plunderers who tried to come ashore. But in spite of them, British balls and bullets now and then made trouble. At the Haring homestead at Piermont, just south of Nyack, were found some balls fired from the *Vulture;* one weighs six pounds; the other is larger, and a West Point expert who once examined it stated that it was a specimen of the largest ball used by the British fleet at that period. . . . "The Old Salisbury House" at Nyack, a stately example of 1770's building, was marked by the scar of a similar attack.

§

High on a lonely wind-swept hill stands a sphinx-like house. No one will ever know all that passed between the conspirators within that dwelling. It has for generations been known as "Treason House."

It overlooks the river from West Haverstraw. But before you visit it, set out with the doomed André as he arrives at the river's shore. His landing spot is not far from the stone crushers and brick piles of Haverstraw; a hidden place, floored with

pebbles and darkened by trees. Only by careful search and inquiry can you ferret out that memorial stone lying at the water's edge, with its inscription, "André the Spy landed here, September 21, 1780."

Picture, as you stand here, the sloop-of-war *Vul-*

Treason House, West Haverstraw, where André and Arnold conferred.

ture lying just beyond on that memorable night. It had been sent up the river to convey André to the meeting with Benedict Arnold who was making ready to receive him; the betrayal of America's cause was being planned. The meeting was to take place at the home of Joshua Hett Smith—this same "Trea-

son House." At Arnold's request Smith took his family away before the night when a mysterious "gentleman" was to arrive, and gave over his house to the conference, making himself ready to assist.

"It will be necessary for you to be in disguise,"

Terhune.

André's landing place below Haverstraw. (Words are: "André the Spy Landed Here Sept. 21, 1780.")

Arnold had written André. And so the "gentleman," spoken of as "John Anderson," wrapped in a long blue cloak, stepped from the *Vulture* into a waiting rowboat; and in the hush of darkness the boat glided to the shore where you now stand, near where the Long Cove Road sought the river and where the shadow of High Tor falls like a gesture of silence upon the secret spot.

Arnold was waiting in the bushes, and André was led to him. Until dawn the two whispered there, and still the business was unfinished. At length, alarmed by the approach of light, they set off for Smith's house, André mounting the horse of a servant.

And now ride with him toward that lonely house on the height at West Haverstraw. He was hailed by a sentinel as he entered the American lines without pass or flag; but on he went, knowing that it was too late to turn back.

Climb the steep walk which leads to the house. The two who entered here that daybreak were not concerned with the broad sweep of river, the looming highlands, the fertile valley. They were bent upon their conference; but at the moment of their arrival it was interrupted. A cannonade reached their ears. Fire had been opened on the *Vulture*.

The tide had turned against André. He had expected that the sloop would await his return, but now it was obliged to drop down the river. But he continued with the business in hand, and not until ten o'clock was it finished. Arnold gave the young Major the complete set of papers which held the key to West Point and its dependencies; passes to convey him back within his own lines; and, for himself, he made off. André was left with Smith to get out of his difficulty as best he might.

Smith pleaded ague to all of André's requests to take him down the river to the *Vulture*. The day

wore on in the house. There is a closet under the stairs in which the villagers used to declare that the Major hid, but this seems no more than a legend. At length Smith offered to conduct him across the river by King's Ferry (just above Stony Point) and so, at sunset, they set forth—the fatal papers within the soles of André's elegant silk stockings.

And thus began the young officer's horseback journey toward White Plains, doomed to end with his capture at Tarrytown. That's another chapter. As for Smith, he was court-martialed, acquitted, and before his civil trial he fled. If you will drop in at the public library of Haverstraw you will find interesting relics preserved in its cases, and among them a worn little calfskin-bound volume by Joshua Hett Smith entitled, *Narrative of the Causes which Led to the Death of Major André.*

There is a tradition that under the great walnut tree, in the field opposite "Treason House" and to the north, Washington stood to pay off his men, and to give commands to his officers.

§

"Likin's one thing," said old William Ten Eyck, "and lovin's another. I love old Stony Point."

When the State of New York set aside the battle-ground to be a park and memorial for the people, it could have done nothing more fitting than to put old William in charge, loving guardian of the ground he had known all his life. Here he was born; here his

For many years William Ten Eyck, whose grandfather was master of King's Ferry during the Revolution, guarded Stony Point.

grandfather David plied the old King's Ferry which carried soldiers and officers back and forth during the Revolution; here he listened, in his boyhood, to the tales of men who remembered the war for independence. And when he in turn passed on, a few years ago, his wife and daughters took charge of it, one of the most beautiful tree-covered points along the length of the Hudson River.

Now the railroad track passes through the gorge where once water flowed. Thus the point was cut off entirely from the main land, and if you will picture it as it was you will be ready to follow "Mad Anthony" in his maddest escapade. "Will you storm Stony Point?" Washington is said to have asked him; and his characteristic reply has come down through a century and a half: "I will storm hell if you will plan it."

The American position had become critical in the summer of '79, for the British had possession of both Stony Point and Verplanck's Point opposite. This amounted to holding the key to the gate of the upper river. West Point was threatened.

Realizing that he must recover these points, Washington moved the most of his army up to the region of the Hudson Highlands. Clinton saw what the move meant, and set about reënforcing the forts; the air teemed with oncoming storm. "The Little Gibraltar," as the British called Stony Point, they believed unconquerable; and their new fortifications made assurance doubly sure. The point was sur-

rounded by water, and it had then as now a rock face that rises almost perpendicularly on every side, its highest elevation being seven hundred feet. No wonder Washington picked the maddest officer on his list. Wayne gathered his men at the Springsteel farmhouse, two miles up the Cricket Town road (the house stood until a few years ago), and awaited low tide, which would make possible the crossing of the gorge.

Remarkably, the American advance was kept absolutely secret, as the soldiers marched from their camp to the farm. By eight in the evening of July 15th they were gathered, and chafing to make the dash under this man whom the Indians had named "Tornado," and who, in hero-worship, his soldiers had re-christened "Mad." Every dog on the surrounding farms had been ordered killed the day before, so that when the men set out at half past eleven they marched through the dead silence of the night. Not a gun might be fired; only the bayonet might be used; any man caught loading his musket would be put to death on the instant. The watchword given was "The Fort's Our Own," which you will read engraved in stone at the gate, to be a memory to your children's children.

The way had been paved by the loyal and cunning old negro, Pompey, the slave of a Whig who lived near by. All summer Pompey had been visiting the British in their fort, selling them strawberries and cherries and making himself popular with the red-

coats. They did not guess that he carried back every significant word to his master. Just before the middle of July Pompey told them that his master would no longer permit him to come in the daytime. "We can't get along without you and your fruit," an officer responded, and the guileless-looking old darkey was given the countersign that he might come and go freely at night. To Wayne, then, Pompey's information was carried, that on the night of July 15th the watchword would be, "The Fort's Our Own."

As the troops were approaching, toward midnight, Pompey was going on ahead, engaging one sentinel after another in conversation, while two men, disguised as farmers, followed and gagged the sentinels. And next came the soldiers. While the comfortable British rested on the height, the Americans waded through the water in the gorge and dashed up the perpendicular wall. They cleared away the abattis, passed on to the breastwork, mounted the parapet and entered the fort at the point of the bayonet. They had been divided into two forces for the attack; approaching now from two directions, they might not have recognized their own save for the bit of white paper in each hat.

"And now," wrote Lossing, "the garrison was aroused from their slumbers, and instantly the deep silence of the night was broken by the roll of the drum, the cry, 'To arms!', the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon. In the face of this terrible storm the Americans forced their way through every

obstacle." Wayne's madness seems always to have infected the men under him.

He received a shot in the head just before the climax of the charge; he sank to his knees but struggled up, crying, "March on! Carry me into the fort, for I will die at the head of my column!" His aides bore him to the fort; he rallied, and when, the works being taken, the watchword was shouted in unison according to his previous orders, "Mad Anthony" was able to join in the chorus, crying triumphantly "The Fort's Our Own!" At two in the morning he had so far recovered as to send the following message to his chief:

Stoney Point, 16th July, 1779
2 o'clock A.M.

Dear Genl.

The fort & Garrison with Colo. Johnston are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

Yours most Sincerely,
Anty. Wayne.

Genl. Washington

The utmost mercy was shown the conquered British, not one life being taken after the capture of the fort. Johnston with his 543 men was made prisoner. A group of British vessels which had been lying at anchor far below quietly slipped down the river, and an early morning firing from Stony Point across to Verplanck's made that point "our own" as

well. America now held the key to the upper Hudson and West Point was no longer in danger.

The little museum contains portraits and documents pertaining to Wayne and the capture; among them, *The Boston and Country Gazette Journal* of August 2, 1779, reporting the battle—news more than a fortnight old! You will see canteen and powder horn, mortars and ramrods. A section of a tree-trunk, cut within recent years, contains a bullet. . . . The locality of each redoubt has been traced and marked.

§

The river begins to wind as you press on north; at Jones' Point you pass the Dunderberg, made famous by Diedrich Knickerbocker in his narrative of the little white sugar-loaf hat discovered on the masthead of the passing sloop—the magic hat of the Head of the Dunderberg, which whirled like a top in the thunder-storms. Between this and Bear Mountain winds the road that Clinton followed in 1777, and the Americans in 1779, moving from their highland camp toward Stony Point.

Highland Lake of the present is the "Bloody Pond" or "Hessians' Lake" of yesterday, into which some of the mercenaries were thrown. After Fort Montgomery was taken the bodies of Americans were cast into its dark waters. Old inhabitants hereabout told many a gruesome tale of Hessian wraiths who rode here on moonless nights, their

helmets and high boots to be seen as their horses galloped over the surface of the lake, their ghostly swords clanking.

The old neighbor forts, Montgomery and Clinton, are faintly traceable through overgrowing brush and trees. . . . The highway passes a long stretch of country estates, and brings you to West Point.

§

An attempt to describe West Point leaves one in the feeble position of him who introduces a speaker so famous that it can only be observed, "He needs no introduction." There is almost nothing to be said about West Point because West Point says it for itself. Signs, guides and vehicles are everywhere, and the story unfolds as you drive or stroll over the grounds.

Before the Revolution, this rocky stretch had known only the camping hunter and wood-cutter. In 1775, when America realized that a war was at her doors, plans were laid for the defense of the Highlands.

Work was begun, abandoned, begun again; but nothing worth while was accomplished. Meantime, the Americans had stretched a chain across the river from Fort Montgomery, thinking to intercept any British advance; but it had proved futile. In early 1778 it was decided that the obstruction would be better stretched from the tip of West Point across to Constitution Island; the width of the river here

The Washington statue at West Point.

is 300 feet less, and its curve as well as the hindering winds at this point would aid in checking the enemy's advance. In April of that year a new gigantic chain was placed with a battery of guns at each end, and a portion of it is now to be seen in the collection of relics: each link weighs 140 pounds and measures more than two feet in length.

In was Kosciusko who directed the work that made West Point a fortification, and a monument to him stands beside the drive. The ruins of old Fort Putnam, on the summit of Mount Independence, almost five hundred feet above the river; the restored Fort Clinton, made in the likeness of the Revolutionary fortress; many cannons, cannon-balls and other machinery of war; and a statue of Washington, are among the objects of historic interest. West Point has been the United States military academy since the close of the Revolution, at the urging of Washington and his generals. They had had their experience with unprepared soldiers.

§

As you pass New Windsor, you are traveling through country that knew Washington and his army well. Soldiers were often mustered here, at the northern base of the Highlands, and operations planned. New Windsor was an important trading center in Revolutionary times, and it was natural that the leading officers should make headquarters in its houses which have now for the most part

vanished. The old Ellison house, used by Washington, is gone; but the John Ellison house at Vail's Gate is maintained as Knox's Headquarters, and there is a brilliant memory handed down of the great ball which Mrs. Knox gave to the brocaded

Headquarters of Washington at Newburgh. "Perhaps there is no other as picturesque."

ladies and powdered gentlemen of the late eighteenth century. Temple Hill was the height surmounting the camping ground of the winter 1782-'83. A monument marks the site of the occupation.

Perhaps there is no other of the Washington headquarters as picturesque as the little rambling house at Newburgh, which the chief used from April, 1782 to August, 1783. The slopes of its quaint roof are alluring, its windows peep through a swathing of

vines. Even the mounted cannons which zealous site-preservationists have placed upon its lawn, aimed belligerently at the approaching visitor, fail to rebuff, so inviting is the hospitality of the little house. One is led to wonder whether the immortal Father

The kitchen of Washington's headquarters at Newburgh.

of his Country didn't enjoy such a home with its human simplicity quite as well as the formal residences which he was obliged to occupy when they were to be had.

The building was altered and added to from time to time, but the southwest portion appears as it did in days of the Revolution. The original dwelling was built by Jonathan Hasbrouck in 1750. He was a prominent patriot, and lent his house often to meetings of the Committee of Safety, and for the

assembly of militia. The State of New York now owns it, and it has become a carefully treasured landmark. In the neighboring museum you will see many valuable documents, pictures, maps and the like; but the charm of the place lies in the picture one conjures up of the General and his household dwelling cosily within these rooms. So small is the house that the only way a guest could be put up over night was to spread a camp bed in the "parlor"; such a proceeding is more like New York apartment life in 1927 than like the hospitality of 1782. The Marquis de Chastellux, an officer under Rochambeau, was thus entertained, and his description of his visit has been preserved. Through the formal phrases of the period one reads between the lines that the visit probably afforded much amusement and delight not only to him but to General and Mrs. Washington as well. Although a European officer, he was struck with the perfection of discipline displayed around our American headquarters; this fact bears witness remarkably to the advance that a few years had made in as crude an army as ever fought a noble war. "One sees a battalion of the General's guard encamped within the precincts of his house; nine wagons, destined to carry his baggage, ranged in his court; a great number of grooms taking care of very fine horses; perfect order reigns. One is tempted to apply to the Americans what Pyrrhus said of the Romans: 'Truly these people have nothing barbarous in their discipline.' "

§

The British officer Vaughan, under orders from Sir Henry Clinton, burned Kingston in October, 1777. Clinton, strengthened by reinforcements, had started from New York on the 3rd with a large fleet and 3,000 men. He easily carried the weak forts, Montgomery and Clinton, destroyed the boom and chain in the river, and then turned back to New York, leaving Vaughan to raid the west shore as far as Kingston.

The town had been known to the British as a hotbed of patriotism, Lord North having complained that there was a "pestiferous nest of rebels clustered about the banks of the Esopus." The Committee of Safety was making headquarters there; altogether, the King's officers found a genuine relish in wiping it out, Vaughan making the excuse that it was "a nursery for almost every villain in the country." Very little was left to show that there had been a town on the spot, and of that little almost nothing remains to-day.

The Senate House on Clinton Avenue is the outstanding landmark. Its original walls were erected by Wessel Ten Broeck in 1676, and they stood through the fire, although skeletonized. It was repaired, and, after a long public career (it was used for the first session of the State legislature, and was a gathering place for many patriotic rallies during the Revolution), has been made a museum

where one may trace the long history of Kingston, from early Dutch days down through those of our nation's setting free. The costumes and customs of the Dutch burghers glow, a colorful memory, and the spirit of Washington Irving walks beside us as we conjure up the days of which he wrote.

X

THE OLD ALBANY POST ROAD AND A MUG O' FLIP

§

ALBANY *ftagef* will leave New York every day at ten o'clock in the morning; arrive at Albany the fourth day at nine o'clock in the morning. Fare of each pa*ffe*nger *fe*ven dollar*f*."

Thus was "modern" transportation announced in the eighteenth century. It was just after the Revolution that the first stage coaches began to ply between New York and Albany, along a road which lay much farther back from the river than the so-called "Post Road" of to-day. One early December three of us set off to ferret out the route, and if you have the heart for the struggle and love for the tradition, follow where we went. We mounted our phantom coach (which happened to be a twentieth century motor car); the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the vehicle reeled, groaned—we were off! River and Highlands and misty Blue Mountains, rocky road and velvet valley—all luring us irresistibly onward into the glamour of a century flown, when taverns, with their savory mugs o' flip, marked the old Post Road.

The original stage started from Cortlandt Street

in New York, passed through Kingsbridge and on to Yonkers. Here you must stop to see St. John's Church, the descendant of that building which Frederick Philipse, 2nd, erected as a thank-offering, before the time of the Revolution. The south side

The beautiful Mary Philipse lived in the Manor at Yonkers.

of the building contains one of the original walls, and a low arched door overhung with vines is doubtless one through which the beautiful Mary Philipse often passed.

This famous belle was the daughter of the manor which you may visit: a large house finely preserved

and used now as the city hall. The first building was put up in 1682 by the first Philipse, who used it as a trading post. The second added the present front in 1745, brought materials and workmen from England to make it the most elegant residence possible, imported rare trees and plants and set them out in the garden which was terraced down to the river; kept fifty servants, white and black; owned ships, entertained every one of distinction who visited the provinces, gave thanks for his prosperity by building a church, and had a daughter who, according to tradition, refused the suit of George Washington.

Hastings, the next town, was the home of Peter Post, who helped destroy a body of Hessians in 1776 when a troop of Sheldon's Horse ambuscaded them. Cock fights and horse racing seem to have won the town its greatest fame at that period. Washington's officers used to visit the smithy here to have their horses shod.

At Dobbs Ferry is the house where dwelt Van Brugh Livingston. This house figured prominently in the Revolution. It was chosen for the conference between the commanders of the two armies as the war was drawing to a close. In May, 1783, Washington, with Clinton and their suites, came down the Hudson to meet Sir Guy Carleton coming up. The two leaders went to the house and arranged there for the evacuation by the British, in a room which has been kept sacred to history; opposite, in the river,

a British sloop of war fired seventeen guns, the first salute by Great Britain to the United States.

Even before this the house had played its part

This monument marks the spot at Tarrytown where André was captured. Here wailings were said to be heard at night.

in the war. In 1781, the French allies under Rochambeau joined the American army here; and, the same year, Washington laid his plans here for the

Yorktown campaign which brought the war to a close.

Irvington offers delight in its memories of Washington Irving rather than of war, and you must pause to visit "Sunnyside." Then on to Tarrytown; here you will pick up another thread of the André story and connect it with those of Tappan and Haverstraw. A little above the town itself, toward Sleepy Hollow, stands a monument to mark the spot where, in September, 1780, André was captured by the three Americans: Isaac Van Wart, John Paulding, and David Williams, who found the incriminating papers in the soles of his silk stockings. They were hot young patriots and refused every bribe to set the spy free. Old tales reported that the tree which once stood on this spot used to wave wildly when there was no wind, while cries and wailings were heard at night.

Sleepy Hollow, like much of this region, is filled with the spirit of Irving. The bridge across which Ichabod Crane rode, pursued by the Headless Horseman, has been rebuilt; it crosses the Pocantico Creek at the same spot as the original. The old Dutch church is probably the oldest church in the state, surrounded by close-clustering headstones with quaint inscriptions, the grave of Irving being among those farther up the slope.

The church was founded in 1699 by "Frederick Filipson (old spelling), the patroon of Yonkers, and his wife, Katrina Van Courtland (or Cortlandt)

Door of the old Dutch Church at Sleepy Hollow.

of the Van Courtlands of Croton"; presently you shall visit the house of the latter. Follow the creek a way as it flows, and you will come to the Philipse Manor house, older than that which you have just seen at Yonkers, the first home of the family.

§

Before you push on along the old Post Road, you may feel inclined to make a little side trip over to Elmsford and White Plains, for their memories are closely bound up in those of our nation. The former is a quaint town, once known as Hall's Corners, having taverns that were popular in the eighteenth century. This was the home of J. C. L. Hamilton, the great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, and his collection of Revolutionary relics was made during many years; among his treasures was the pewter bowl from which it was said that André ate his bread and milk on the day of his capture. Washington and Rochambeau held conference at an old frame dwelling called "The Featherstone House." The Dutch church is as delightful as that at Sleepy Hollow; in fact, the two were sister parishes.

The Battle of White Plains is commemorated by a monument on Broadway above Crane Avenue. Its base is a remnant of the entrenchments which stood there in October, 1776. Upon this is mounted a mortar left from the engagement. Howe had advanced, been held back, advanced again; at length,

This scale marks the site of the old County Court House at White Plains.

after much skirmishing, the two armies found themselves face to face and Howe determined to bring the "rebellion" to a close by one overwhelming battle. He attacked the American defense at Chatter-

"A little old farmhouse at North White Plains was Washington's headquarters."

ton's Hill (you will see this to the west of the town), and at last General M'Dougal was forced to abandon that point; he fell back to the lines at White Plains, fighting hard all the way. But although America had not won, nevertheless she had lost only about three hundred, the same as the British; and

Howe had found her temper quite different from what his optimism had pictured. He decided to give up his hope of overwhelming and capturing her army by one final blow at this time, and he permitted Washington to withdraw quietly and to take up a new and much stronger position at North Castle, toward the Croton River.

An eagle flaps aloft upon a monument which marks the site of the County Court House where, July 10, 1776, the Provincial Congress proclaimed that the dependent colony had passed and the independent state of New York was born. The first court house was built here in 1759.

A little old farmhouse at North White Plains is the simple dwelling that sheltered Washington during the days of this conflict. It is one of the humblest of all the "headquarters," but a picturesque place surrounded by hills and woods.

§

And now to the Post Road once more. It crosses the Croton River, and at the end of the bridge you find yourself at the Van Cortlandt manor house. This is a two-story building almost covered with vines, showing its rough brown stones where the vines part. So early was it built that portholes for musketry were inserted as a means of protection against Indians. Near it stood the ferry house which afforded communication between the two sides of the river; this station was so important that

Washington set a guard to keep it safe. West of the house lies the old family cemetery.

As a matter of fact, the original road made many strugggles and windings in its effort to cross the marshy mouth of the Croton, and the bridge over which you are passing traces a somewhat later route. Now and then, in spite of phantom coach, you must lapse into modernism. When Theodore Dwight passed along here in 1811 he crossed on a ferryboat which a woman worked, the boat being connected with each bank by a chain.

The manor house was built in 1681 and was used as a trading post by Stephanus Van Cortlandt. In 1774, Pierre Van Cortlandt, the great-grandson, owned it; Governor Tryon paid him a visit and suggested that he join the royal cause, hinting that so doing might mean a title to him. The host politely replied that, having been chosen representative to the Colonial Assembly, his integrity demanded loyalty to the patriot cause. Tryon withdrew, embarrassed, and left Van Cortlandt to carry on a long and important service. He held many offices, among them that of President of the Council of Safety. The family never regretted the hardships which they endured as a result of his reply to Tryon, although at one time they were obliged to leave the manor house and seek asylum in the Cortlandtville house, farther up the river, which you will see later on.

Hessian Hill, a few miles beyond, was the camping ground of a body of the mercenaries. More

miles, and you reach Verplanck's Point, where the Revolutionary ferry from Stony Point plied.

§

Jan Peek was a tapster. The sheriff, in 1653, entered proceedings against him because he found "drinking clubs on divers nights at his house with dancing and jumping and entertainment of disorderly people; also tapping during preaching, and that there was great noise made by drunkards." In spite of his shocking character, his name is perpetuated in that of a town, Peekskill.

Here, or near by, the main army of the colonies was kept for a long time. Fortifications were erected hereabout, and the British made many attempts to get possession of the point. From Roa Hook, just above (the later state camp) stretched the first chain across the Hudson. To the northeast of Peekskill is Cortlandtville, and here you will find the house mentioned above, where the Van Cortlandts sought shelter. It is delightful to be told upon inquiry that a house is "near the fiftieth milestone." These old stones stand for a long stretch, and indeed the past seems everywhere more alive than the present.

This house sheltered Washington and his aides on many a night. It stands lonely; we found it in charge of a caretaker and his wife, and, on a somber winter day, we were led through long still passages to an upper room. Here a door was thrown open for

us; instead of a closet, as we expected, we saw a closely built wall. "They do say," the little woman told us in a shivering whisper, "that wall shuts in a secret staircase as led to the cellar, and then a tunnel out to the woods."

We risked our necks, and were all but abandoned by an indignant chauffeur, to reach the top of Gallows Hill where Putnam hanged a British spy. Highly characteristic of "Old Put" was his reply to the British officer who had written threateningly:

"Sir: Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemies service, was taken as a spy lurking within the American lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

"Israel Putnam.

"P. S. He has been accordingly executed."

A mile to the north is Continental Village, where stood large American barracks and where supplies were stored. When Tryon captured and burned Peekskill in 1777, he burned this village also, but the Americans occupied it again later on.

And now the old road has plunged across Annsville Creek and into the heart of the splendid, terrible highlands where lurked storms and highwaymen. It was through this stretch of country that some of the most famous of the old taverns awaited the traveler, offering their mug o' flip to the weary at intervals of every few miles. Almost none of

them are now to be found: Dusenberry's, long known as the hostelry at which André and his escort stopped on their way to West Point, was to be seen at Cortlandtville until a few years ago, with the room in which the captive was held. Deep in these highlands were Roger's, Travers's, Mead's, Weeks's and Van Wyck's—each opening a door to the belated travelers who clambered with aching bones down from the clattering coach to be consoled by a steaming drink and a bed until the call at three in the morning to make ready, with the aid of a candle, for the next relay and the day's journey ahead.

§

Putnam County bears its Revolutionary associations in its very name, having been christened for "Old Put." Cold Spring tells you that Washington, once pausing there to drink, exclaimed at the delicious coolness of its water. . . . You pass on into Dutchess County, and the town of Fishkill greets you.

Old houses and churches here are full of historic interest. The First Reformed Dutch Church was organized in 1716, the town being then thirty-four years old. It was used as a military prison during the Revolution, and here was imprisoned Enoch Crosby of Cooper's tale. Trinity Church was used as a military hospital. A delightful little tradition is that the blacksmith, Bailey, lived here, and forged Washington's sword.

At Poughkeepsie another Livingston house was built about 1714, near the river bank, and it turned out to be a target for the famous sloop, the *Vulture*. A hole made by the attack was long preserved. In this town was another of the popular taverns, later known as the Van Kleeck house; both of them vanished like the whiff of steaming flip.

As you press on northward you will find yourself in the thick of early Dutch tradition. Even the names of the villages perpetuate the memory of those early settlers from Holland who planted acres of the fertile farm land along the Hudson and made it fruitful.

Claverack, with its fine colonial dwellings, is one of the most charming spots on the journey. Here, where clover spreads over acres and bees drone the summer through, these houses sit with folded hands as they have sat since the eighteenth century. One, associated with the family of Robert Fulton, contains a collection of relics. In the dignified old courthouse was once heard the eloquence of Alexander Hamilton.

The "Old Brick Tavern" on the way to Kinderhook stands as it was built soon after the Revolution, with its great ballroom upstairs. The town itself is savory with the Irving tradition. Here dwelt Katrina Van Tassel in the house built in 1717.

And now you enter Rensselaer County, and pass along a bit of the road over which Burgoyne's captured army was marched. Near Castleton, it is

said, a Hessian prisoner, one Jacob Jahn, escaped, built a log house, and became an American citizen.

At Rensselaer was erected in 1642 a fine house used as a defense in Indian warfare and known as Fort Cralo. The walls were made two to three feet in thickness and the beams, of white oak, eighteen inches square. From it secret passages, so runs the tradition, led to the river. It has been claimed for Fort Cralo that it is the oldest dwelling built by Europeans in the United States. Here Abercrombie made headquarters in 1758 when on his way to attack Ticonderoga. Another of the old building's proudest claims is that here Shackbury, a surgeon of the English army, composed the words of *Yankee Doodle*.

The old stage now departed from the east shore of the Hudson, crossed the river and brought up at a tavern in Albany. That city to-day possesses few relics of the long-ago. But its one famous historic building is so precious a prize that it atones for the lack of others. This is General Schuyler's house, standing at the head of Schuyler Street, overlooking the long slope below as it overlooked land and water in the days when heroes of the Revolution and their fair ladies tripped a stately measure down its halls.

Built of substantial brick in 1762, it was occupied by Schuyler until his death in 1804. Behind it were outside kitchens and quarters for negro slaves. These have disappeared, but the great house itself

Entrance of the Schuyler house at Albany. Through this door passed the bride of Alexander Hamilton.

is in fine preservation, and has been furnished with period pieces.

In the first room to the left was Schuyler's daughter Elizabeth married to young Alexander Hamilton. You will see her work-box as she left it after placing her last dainty stitches. The General's study and office is behind this room. Opposite, in the wide dining-room, were entertained such guests as Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Talleyrand, and many another of old fame.

Upstairs you will see the room where Burgoyne stopped as a guest after the Battle of Saratoga. On the other side is a charming little nursery, containing the hooded cradle which rocked the babies of the family.

Indian attacks did not confine themselves to the remote country in the eighteenth century, but reached even as near civilization as this. On the staircase railing there remains a deep scar; it was made by a tomahawk once aimed at Margaret Schuyler when she was trying to escape, picking up her little sister in her arms and dashing up these stairs. It was in 1781, when Tories and Indians were attempting to capture General Schuyler, that a way as primitive as this was adopted—fortunately, in vain. Margaret and the baby just escaped the weapon; it struck the wood, and left its mark for the benefit of those of us who find life in modern America so comfortable that it is a bit salutary now and then to visualize the past of our forebears.

XI

SARATOGA AND BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER

§

WHEN Burgoyne fought at Saratoga it probably never occurred to him that he was laying out one of the most educational highways in the United States. It has taken a century and a half for his unconscious plans to be carried out; he did not guess that the day would come when annually thousands of motorists would follow the map of his campaign—indeed, he never knew what a motorist was. Fortunately for the history-lover, however, the State of New York has roused to the importance of the "up-State" battlefields, and is vigorously setting out to restore them, arranging for a great parkway that shall trace the Burgoyne campaign and events connected with it, including General Herkimer's march up the Mohawk Valley to the relief of Fort Schuyler, with Oriskany, Bennington, and many another historic point and path to be introduced to the traveler. The project is on a vast scale, and will need a decade ahead for its completion; but already much has been done, and a visit to the Saratoga battlefield leaves a very vivid picture of those bitter, sacred days in 1777 when was being fought on these

gentle meadows and slopes that which has gone down in the records of Sir Edward Creasy as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world.

§

First of all, it may be convenient to know that the Battle of Saratoga was not fought at what the railroad folder designates as Saratoga Springs. In the vicinity of Schuylerville, and on the farm lands several miles south of that town, are to be traced the landmarks associated with the event. On a summer day, however, when green fields are splashed with the white and yellow of daisies and buttercups; when blissful cows wander back and forth between British and American lines with no partisanship; when the road springs forth ahead, tempting and beckoning; one enters no complaint against the distance. The more of it the better, and here's to abundant gasolene!

Pass the town, and leave that for your return, as it holds the denouement of the drama. The country grows more and more open, with here and there wild stretches of woods and tangle in the midst of English meadows. There is a haunting gleam of Dorset all through these miles—Dorset in its softer aspect, with a hint of untamed temper caught in flashes.

And at length a marker tells you that you have reached the historic Freeman Farm. "On this farm occurred most of the fiercest fighting of the battles

of September 19th and October 7th, which resulted in the surrender of Burgoyne and the acquisition to the Americans of forty-two pieces of artillery, five hundred muskets, and a large amount of ammunition and stores, besides 5,791 prisoners."

And now you depart from the main road and turn in at one that dips and humps and leads rather mysteriously away toward apparently nothing at all; and all at once before you, on a lonely knoll, rises a weather-blackened, melancholy, almost ruined little old farmhouse, the very house, it is believed, that looked forth from its solitary vantage point and watched the carnage on that terrible autumn day just a century and a half ago.

The middle section of the dwelling is supposed to be the original. A wing at the south end is falling to pieces, and an addition which was built at the north end is already torn down. Restored, the building will present its former appearance—very small, very humble, very trim. Neilson, the early historian of the battle, described this farm as "a small cultivated clearing, about half a mile east of the present road leading to Quaker Springs. The farm was an oblong clearing in front of the cottage, about sixty rods in length from east to west, skirted by thick woods and sloping south."

Looking eastward, one may see at a distance the mountain upon which American spies were stationed to watch the British as they made their approach.

Perhaps the most pathetic thing to be found to-day

on all this great stage of the drama is a lean, twisted old lilac tree growing close to the house. Armies have perished, but the little old tree, which, it is said, saw the battle, sturdily carries on, sending

The original section of Freeman's Farmhouse. The lilac tree growing beside it is the one supposed to have been there at the time of the battle.

forth a fresh burst of leaves with every spring. Its indomitable struggle for existence, its determination to survive, is the essence of its pathos; science's speculations concerning plant-consciousness are borne in upon one who looks upon its curiously grim, painful courage. If ever a creature of the vegetable

kingdom possessed a personality, it is this aged lilac.

All around you are markers, carefully placed to guide you to the important historic points. A low monument on your way to this farm showed you the site of a British redoubt; as you continue, you will find them on both sides of the road. At the right, an arrow points to the battle well, whither the wounded of both British and American forces crawled in their thirst. "It was the scene of much suffering." With a few boards carelessly thrown over the opening, in the middle of a field, it has for many years been neglected, but is at last to come into its own.

At your left was the Great Redoubt. "Scene of fighting in the first battle, and held by the British against the stubborn attacks of Arnold in the battle of October 7." You will pass over a slight hill, and on the downward slope, to the right, you will find the position of the British pickets. "This ridge from the Great Redoubt to the east on the north of the middle ravine was held by the British between the two battles." Farther along you trace the American pickets. "This ridge to the south of the middle ravine was held by the Americans between the two battles." And soon after, "Site of American entrenchments. Battles of September 19 and October 7, 1777."

It is a happy thought of those restoring the fields, that an observation tower is to be included in the

project, from which this far-spreading stage may be clearly seen. Only an eagle or an airplane can fully grasp it at present. But a clear-headed map is of great assistance, and there is flavor in the thought that this map was made in the Neilson family—the

The headquarters of Poor and Learned has been restored.

same family from which came the local historian, and the builder of the house which witnessed the battle, and whose great-great-great-grandchildren were on hand to hoist the flag when Fort Neilson celebrated its anniversary in 1927.

For here you are, at the site of the fort. The house beyond is of post-Revolutionary date, but it is

still occupied by members of the family, and the traditions of those events which the earlier members saw from their own windows have passed on down with the generations, so that, hearing them to-day, you will feel yourself talking with eyewitnesses.

"The restful field where it is said that not less than a thousand American soldiers lie buried."

But although the main building did not see the battles, there stands near it a white box of a house which has been restored and is to be preserved as a museum for posterity. This was the headquarters of Generals Poor and Learned during both battles; it fell into bad repair and was used as a shed;

The magazine used for the storage of powder by General Gates. It has been rebuilt on the original site with the old stones.

but now, upon a new foundation and with fresh paint, it is a very small but a very proud relic of the Revolution.

General Benedict Arnold's headquarters have vanished, but the site is marked. And at the foot of the

The Great Ravine. Here occurred the fiercest fighting of the battle.

slope beyond the farmhouse you will find a delightful landmark—the magazine used for the storage of powder by General Gates. The little stone building, almost square, has been rebuilt on its own site, the old stones being carefully cherished and put together in their original construction.

If you stand at the entrance to the Neilson farm and look off down the slope westward across the road, you are gazing out over the restful field where it is said that not less than a thousand American soldiers lie buried. Eventually this stretch of ground will be surrounded by a fence and properly marked. Above it, on the site of the fort, a block house of 1777 will be built.

On your way back you may visit the Great Ravine, where the heaviest of the fighting took place. It is a wild gash in the earth, darkly wooded in its depths, steep, holding secrets.

The British encampment stretched from the land around Freeman's cottage back almost to the Hudson river, and it was on one of the hills overlooking the river that General Fraser was buried at his own request. The Baroness Riedesel tells the story of that funeral whose ritual was "unusually solemn and awful from its being accompanied by constant peals from the enemy's artillery." The Americans did not at first know the meaning of that little British procession filing up the hill, or they would have ceased their cannonade upon the redoubt. When word came to our commanders that Fraser was being buried there at sunset, the cannonade was halted and a single cannon rendered military homage.

§

The story of Saratoga and Burgoyne is of a far-seeing plan, a bold attempt, and a great fiasco. The

objective of Burgoyne's campaign was the division of the Colonies along the line of the Hudson and Lake Champlain, assuming that if those of New England could be cut off from those of the South, then, in two parts, they could be easily handled and brought to beg for quarter. The first campaign for the Hudson had failed, but now the British Ministry, having its mind firmly set upon accomplishing this split, put in command Sir John Burgoyne to perform that feat upon which the fate of the Revolution hung.

With a loud declaration that "this army must not retreat," the new commander set out down Lake Champlain with flags and bands announcing the coming of his flotilla, while war-painted Indians led the van in canoes. At first the enemy blustered its way to victory. Schuyler had been striving in vain to strengthen the northern defenses, but he had insufficient support and Ticonderoga was too weak to hold its own. St. Clair, in command of that point, was forced to abandon it. Colonel Long, with six hundred troops, was sent by boat to Skenesboro; the American boats were destroyed there. Long went on to Fort Ann, fought bravely, was overcome; retreated to Fort Edward, and there joined Schuyler, and St. Clair soon added his strength to these, and Arnold came a little later. But, weak as were the Americans in numbers, training and equipment, Schuyler's courage and resourcefulness were indomitable; meanwhile, Burgoyne, believing that he had

practically settled the American rebellion, was already relaxing.

How the Americans led this dazed Britisher into a primeval country, ruining roads, bridges and waterways ahead of him, so that he took twenty-four days to cover twenty-six miles, is a rattling good tale if it were nothing more. In all directions the American settlers were rousing, infuriated by the behavior of Burgoyne's Indians, who were tomahawking right and left, reveling in their savagery. Jane McCrea was murdered and scalped at Fort Edward. General Herkimer gathered a force in the West; wounded to the death, he ordered his aides to prop him up against a tree so that he could direct the battle until he dropped. This was the American spirit which Burgoyne had counted upon being able to terrorize!

St. Leger was deserted by his Indians upon Arnold's advance, and, utterly overcome, fled to Canada. Herkimer had won at Oriskany. Ganse-voort had held Fort Schuyler. The Mohawk Valley was saved in the West. Burgoyne, meanwhile, was finding his own situation more and more unpleasant; on August 13th the British encamped on a hill near Bennington; the upshot was Stark's terrific, hand-to-hand battle which conquered with a ruthless determination that was like an assault of the elements. Burgoyne's downfall was approaching. His losses had been heavy, his confidence was withering, and now Gates, placed in the American command,

decided to march to Bemis' Heights and wait for the British leader. The latter hesitated, but saw no way to evade the issue. On September 13th he crossed to the west side of the Hudson. We have traced the results of that crossing.

On September 19th, about eleven in the morning, Burgoyne advanced with the British army in three columns at Freeman's Farm. Over and over the Americans attacked, before they could break the line. During the day the fortunes shifted; darkness closed an indecisive battle; but with all hopes in favor of the Americans. They had been too few to crush the British, but they had far excelled them; and now fresh troops came forward to join them.

Burgoyne made ready for the next advance. It came on October 7th. What he met was a final and deadly blow. His losses crippled him. Struggling to retreat as best he could, he found himself, by the 12th, surrounded, with no choice. On the 14th he sent his offer of surrender under a flag of truce. His soldiers in the meantime had burned Schuyler's handsome country house.

Benedict Arnold was a hero of the battle of Saratoga, and it has been said that at this time, when, wounded, courageous, generous, he stood in the front ranks of American valor, he should have died. His spiritual descent is the more tragic in the light of all that he had been before.

§

And now back to Schuylerville for the closing chapter of the tale. Most conspicuous, although by no means most interesting to the pilgrim of history, is the battle monument which stands on the site of Burgoyne's fortified camp. Among its niches for heroes one remains vacant, that which Benedict Arnold would have occupied had he not turned traitor. Almost two hundred steps lead to the highest windows, and, for any one enterprising enough to mount the stairs within the shaft, there is a fine sweep of country giving a bird's-eye view of the land over which the forces marched and the place of the surrender. The monument stands upon a knoll, a good vantage point from which to get your orientation of the scene of conflict.

When Lossing made his long journey over Revolutionary ground in the middle of the last century, he found many landmarks which since have passed; but the so-called "Marshall House" on North Broadway, where the Baroness Riedesel with her children, and other women, hid in the cellar for six days, is still to be seen. She left a graphic account of their experiences; she cared for the wounded who took refuge in the cellar, making them coffee and dressing their wounds. Here the refugees huddled those last terrible days before the surrender brought hostilities thereabout to an end; and from here at last she

The Battle Monument at Schuylerville. A niche is left vacant for Benedict Arnold, hero at Saratoga, traitor before his death.

was led to the American camp, where a gentleman received her at his tent, saying, "I will prepare for you a frugal dinner." "He treated me with excellent smoked tongue, beef-steaks, potatoes, and good bread and butter!" exclaims the Baroness; and then, in astonishment, she reports, "I now found that the gentleman was General Schuyler!"

The cellar was about thirty feet long and half as wide, with two small windows. Cannon balls were entering the house, which drove these refugees below; but even there a ball followed them, and left its mark just under a window.

A conspicuous marker points out the site of the house of Captain Schuyler in 1745 and of General Philip Schuyler, U. S. A., in 1777. On the ground where this marker stands the French and Indians killed the Captain and those with him, burning stores. Scalping and tomahawking were a constant terror; less than two hundred years ago forty-five men of the garrison met this fate, so recently as to seem incredible in the swift rush of our civilization. The later Schuyler house stands just beyond.

And now for the ending. The smooth stretch in front of old Fort Hardy was the spot where the British laid down their arms. At this point Fish Creek joined the Hudson River; the stretch of land lay between Schuylerville and the Hudson. The American lines were nearly a mile in length; between them passed the disarmed soldiers of the enemy, while their leaders enacted that little drama which

eventually created a new nation. A tablet on lower Broadway marks the spot where "Surrender Tree" used to stand.

The American soldiers had been ordered by Gates to withdraw within their camp, out of sight of the

Schuyler's house at Schuylerville, built to replace the one burned.

conquered. This was an act of delicacy which won even British praise. Dejected, the redcoats passed in their files; Burgoyne stepped to one side, drew his sword, and delivered it to Gates. "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner,"

he said in the proper language of the period; to which the American replied, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your excellency"; and returned the sword. The officers of the opposing armies were formally introduced to each other and a highly social time ensued; Schuyler invited Burgoyne to "a very elegant house," as the British general reported, where "I remained during my whole stay at Albany, with every possible demonstration of hospitality." Madame Riedesel and her children were also guests at the Albany house; one of the little girls cried, "O, Mamma, is this the palace that Papa was to have when he came to America?" Surely war in those days was tinged with a certain gay elegance far remote from the grim and hideous machinery of war to-day.

§

The Burgoyne campaign and events connected with it may be traced for many miles. Fort Edward, Fort Ann and Skenesboro are not far beyond, and should by all means be included in your journey. At Bennington, Vermont, stands the battle monument commemorating the courageous battle, and the future will see the actual battlefield (at some distance, however) marked. And, if time is liberal with you, turn west and trace Herkimer's forty-mile route over which he pressed on to relieve Fort Schuyler (Rome), and fought against St. Leger and

his Indians the immortal battle of Oriskany. On the road sites will be marked or landmarks restored—among them, Herkimer's birthplace and homestead; Fort Herkimer, Fort Dayton, the camping spots, the Indian village of Oriska, and the Oriskany battlefield. Already much work of restoration, or at least marking, has been done; the future will recognize the journey over this group of battlefields as one of our most extensive and remarkable roads to the Revolution.

XII

FORT TICONDEROGA AND THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

§

THE lower waters of Lake Champlain shine out, blue between green shores; a stern-faced point suddenly rises to defy the merry gentleness of the lake; it is topped by a grim stone wall of early masonry, and through the wall are thrust the jaws of heavy guns, seemingly only waiting their opportunity to snap. If the Stars and Stripes did not flutter in the June breeze with such reassuring friendliness, we might quake a bit at approaching formidable Fort Ticonderoga.

For the old Fort has been restored so fully to its original appearance that it is hard to believe that it is only playing at preparedness. When, having gone to ruin and been pretty well forgotten for many a year, it fell into the patriotic hands of Mr. Stephen Pell, this splendid old monument of American history came, happily, into its own, and it is now one of the most delightful object lessons in that history that the United States possesses. Little by little Mr. Pell, assisted by Colonel Robert M. Thompson, has

The Flag Bastion.

repaired and restored, until the spot presents a fairly clear picture of the original fortification and that stage which served on so many occasions for various acts of our national drama.

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The French were the first to explore and settle in this lake region. In 1609 Samuel de Champlain, a passionate lover of adventure, one who courted danger and sought to carry his beloved France into a new world, took his Indians with a fleet of two dozen canoes, and made his way along the lake which bears his name. On the cape to be later called Ticonderoga ("Between Two Lakes") the hostile Iroquois confronted them; already it was considered a unique point of vantage. Champlain with his arquebus put them to flight in spite of their strong position; but the little cape had gone on record as a remarkable natural stronghold, a fact to be recalled later on.

Fort Vaudreuil was begun by the French in 1755. They had been having much trouble with the British as to the control of these northern lands, the French had already built a fortress, and in 1755 the British, fearing that matters were approaching a dangerous crisis, demanded of them that they destroy it. The reply of the French was the prompt erection of a new and stronger defense fourteen miles south of the original, on the promontory which we now know as Ticonderoga. It has been described by Watson

as "the most extensive and magnificent fortress in America."

As time went on the point was strengthened, and, with the increase of travel and knowledge of geography, it came to be realized that this was a key point of supreme importance. Fort Vaudreuil occupied the tip of the peninsula; in 1756 the French began the erection of the main fort, Carillon, and they were not seriously disturbed hereabout until 1758, when, commanded by Montcalm, they were forced to resist a heavy British force under Abercrombie. Remarkably Montcalm succeeded in holding out against overwhelming numbers; but the appetite of the British was only whetted by defeat. The following year they again set about gaining the coveted fort; Amherst succeeded, the French were driven out, but they contrived to blow up the magazine and destroy the fort before retreating down the lake. The British took possession, rebuilt at their leisure, and were comfortably in possession when the Revolution came on.

§

It was 1775 and the first blow had been struck on Lexington Common. England, awake at last to the fact that she had a war on her hands, tightened her grasp upon Fort Ticonderoga, for it commanded the lakes, and therefore commanded the road between New York and Canada. She thus held apart the New England and the middle colonies. But

what England saw, New England saw as well. Adams and Hancock, taking counsel with the Governor of Connecticut, bethought themselves of one Ethan Allen in the Green Mountains of Vermont; the upshot was that an express was sent to him telling him to make ready to seize the fort. To us, familiar with modern war, and its use of telegraph and wireless, this appears a trifle clumsy; but, for 1775, the action was swift.

In Vermont an alarm was sent abroad, to rouse all patriots; from the little lonely meager farms of the mountains almost a hundred men came. They were men of grim determination, a determination trained in the bitter conflict for existence. These isolated farms yielded only to the most body-racking, heart-rending toil, and they were a merciless school. Their pupils knew only hardship and war to the death. They were ready to fight England as they fought the soil for their food. Allen was a leader among the Green Mountain Boys, as their association was called. He was a somewhat eccentric man, but accredited with much wisdom, having produced a volume entitled *The Oracles of Reason.* His sagacity and stalwart character were revered, and the "Boys" immediately acclaimed him leader of the expedition.

They set out on May 8th. Meantime Benedict Arnold had been instructed in Massachusetts to raise a force of men and lead an expedition against Ticonderoga. He set out, unaware of the more or

less impromptu act of the Vermonters who were sponsored partly by Connecticut, partly by their own eagerness. Upon overtaking the little Vermont party, he claimed command; promptly the Green Mountain Boys refused to follow any but their own beloved leader. As Arnold had been able to gather only a few men, he gave over his demands and went along with Allen as a volunteer.

It was the night of May 9th when the expedition reached a point near the fort, on the shore of the lake. There were only a few row-boats available, not nearly enough to carry the little force over to the spot where the charge was to be made. A hurried consultation made it clear that there could be no delay; with every hour lost grew the chance of the garrison's learning of the plan. Surprise was essential. Allen demanded to know how many men were ready to go with him, whatever the difficulty, telling them to poise their guns in reply; every gun was poised. The few boats which could be found were gathered; all night they plied as quietly as possible back and forth, and with the first sign of daylight it was found that eighty-three men and most of the officers were on the ground below the south height, facing the defiant wall.

This is the wall which, restored to Revolutionary times, you will face to-day, with the guns pointing toward any intruder from the water's side. Beyond these guns, beyond the assertive flag ever flying from the tip of the height, you will come to "The Ethan

Allen Gate." When you look at that grim door in the wall, you will picture those eighty-three men, following their furiously determined leader, as he charged straight up the steep bank and in at this entrance.

The sentinel was astounded. Not a whisper of

Through this gate entered Ethan Allen.

the plan had reached the garrison, which, it turned out, was very small. The overwhelmed guardian of the gate snapped his fusee; it missed fire, and he ran. In rushed Allen and his men. In the parade ground the Green Mountain Boys drew up in two divisions, and raised a shout which rang over land and water.

The British, it need hardly be mentioned, were thoroughly awake at last. The commandant has appeared in tradition garbed not in military attire but in *rôbe de nuit,* holding aloft a candle to eke out the pallid daylight. "In whose name do you come?" he demanded, and the reply of that patriot whom Fiske terms "the bellicose philosopher," has roared itself down through history:

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" bellowed Ethan Allen.

As a matter of fact, the Congress did not know what he was up to, and the higher auspices might be deemed a matter of speculation. But the conviction with which the Green Mountaineer named his supporters carried the day. The British turned themselves over to the invasion and Fort Ticonderoga was an American stronghold.

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Gradually the point was strengthened more and more, until it came to be regarded as impregnable. Both Americans and British seem to have accepted this idea for some time; but in 1777, when Burgoyne was given command of the northern campaign, a weakness in the American precautions came to light. Less than a mile south of the point which Allen had made ours two years earlier, stood Mount Defiance, six hundred feet above the water, sheer and commanding. A battery upon this height would make short work of quelling Ticonderoga; it was sup-

posed, however, that no battery could be placed there, on account of the steep and pathless sides of the mountain.

But General Phillips, entering into the Burgoyne campaign with a high spirit and keen vision, determined that the height must be used. "Where a goat can go, a man may go; and where a man can go, he can haul up a gun," is said to have been his statement; and he made good. Night and day his men worked, blazing a trail up the mountain side, dragging their great guns; a sudden outbreak of redcoats and brass cannon upon the summit of Defiance, and Ticonderoga was in British hands. St. Clair slipped away, across the lake, with his small force, saving as much ammunition as possible, along with part of the stores. The wounded and the women were sent in boats to Fort Edward.

In September of the same year Colonel John Brown made a valiant attempt to re-take the fortress for America, and he succeeded in releasing a hundred Americans held there, besides capturing about three times as many prisoners and taking the outer works. Powell, however, defended the main fort from Brown's attack.

But the month following saw Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, which meant the surrender of Ticonderoga. Its fortunes swung back and forth during this period like a hurried pendulum; Brown almost possessed it for America, Powell drove him off, Burgoyne gave up Britain's hold upon it, soon

after this the British retook it. For a few months it remained a British post; then the enemy left it, sailed away, and thereupon closed its history as a military garrison. After the years in which it had been clutched by those in possession, coveted by

Guns presented to the Museum by the British Government. They are 24-pounders, bearing the monogram of George III.

those who could not seize it, all at once it sank into disuse. It was merely the stage of a played-out drama, upon which the curtain had been rung down.

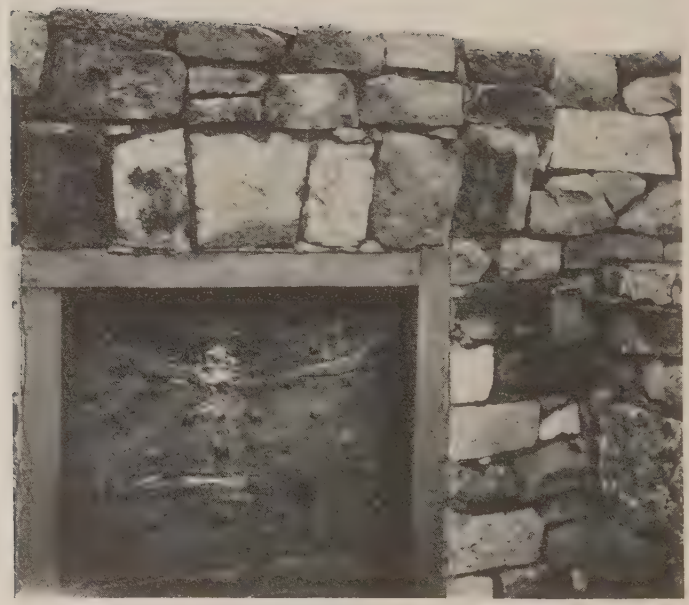
§

But what a stage it is! And how the ghosts of

those dead-and-gone actors rise and march before as you tread their paths in this twentieth century! First of all the flag catches your eye, floating from the great south wall, the same wall that glared down defiantly upon the Green Mountain Boys. You enter through the old Sally-port, and soon you come upon the battery of guns ranged along the wall, twenty-four-pounders, which the British Government has presented to the collection of relics. The monogram of George III appears upon them; they were from the Woolwich Arsenal, and are of the Revolutionary period, having been cast about 1770.

Pass the flag bastion, and you reach the Ethan Allen Gate. It is at the bottom of a short flight of steps, so that an enemy entering through the gateway would be below the defense and at a disadvantage. The old door is ponderously heavy, blackened with age and all the grimmer for its years. Its wood looks as though eaten by time, and the great knuckle-like rivets that stud it show the rust of age. This is the entrance that Nathan Beman, a farmer's son living near the fort, pointed out to Ethan Allen for whom he acted as guide at that daybreak of May 10, 1775, having shown him the way across the lake.

Facing this gate is the arch leading to the Place des Armes. On either side stand guns "cast in 1702 for the duc de Maine, son of Louis XIV and Madame de Montesoan. Note the Bar Sinister in the Coat of Arms and the King's Salamanders." On a gun you may read "Le Courageux." These



Detail of Ethan Allen Gate.

are among the treasures displayed at this fort, in which French, British and American history uniquely merge.

You pause in the archway, which passes through the South barracks, to read the names of famous

Through this arch have passed Washington, Franklin, Montcalm, Ethan Allen, Horatio Gates, and many more makers of history.

men who have passed there before you. Among them were Washington, Franklin, Wayne, Montcalm, Ethan Allen, Benedict Arnold and Horatio Gates. As you enter, you find the remains of the

east barracks to your right; here were the prisoners' quarters of old, and you may clamber down to the mysterious ovens in the northeast bastion, deep in the ground, as exciting to visit as a smuggler's cave.

To the left of the entrance, on the northwest and southwest bastions, are some fine bronze French cannons. These bastions have been repaired, and the cannons mounted upon them. The southwest one was originally the powder magazine, destroyed by an explosion in 1777. The northwest was a storeroom, and you can see the underground walls. The west barracks have been restored, and in this building is the museum.

Before visiting it, you must look at the relics gathered outside. Among them is a camp kettle of Revolutionary period, swinging upon its three sticks and seemingly ready to welcome a savory stew for soldiers' mess. Interesting guns stand about; a broken section of timber is marked, "A piece of the bridge connecting Ticonderoga and Mount Independence. Built by General Gates in 1776, destroyed by General St. Clair when he evacuated the fort in 1777."

The old guard quarters are marked, their original floor beams being still in place, where they were laid in 1756.

The museum is remarkably free from the accumulation of uninteresting and almost valueless articles which such rooms usually display. The collection is extraordinarily alive, and brings the three nations

An old camp kettle swings from its three sticks.

together, and their associations with Lake Champlain and the fort, within its walls.

Ethan Allen's memory is perpetuated by various treasures. There is the charming old desk belonging to Mrs. Allen; there are paintings by John Singleton

The Museum occupies the West Barracks.

Copley of Allen's second wife and her mother. Other American treasures are the sword of Colonel John Brown, who made the unsuccessful attempt to recapture the stronghold in 1777; buckskin breeches of the Revolutionary period; an early American

sword belt; and the sword carried by Captain Collister in the capture of Ticonderoga, May 10, 1775. On its blade you will read: "God bless the Province of Massachusetts Bay."

The arrangement of uniforms upon wax figures gives them a livingness almost as startling at moments as that of Madame Tussaud's characters. Among these nearly-alive warriors you will see a member of the American artillery of 1776, with his red cockade rearing itself high in a black hat; one of the Veteran Artillery, organized in 1796 by veterans of the Revolution; and a Brunswick Grenadier of the Eighth Regiment, here with Burgoyne in 1777. A waxen hero, so precious that he is never permitted to emerge from his glass case, wears the French armor of the period of Champlain's expedition, 1609.

Bits of uniform and equipment, such as a pair of Hessian dragoon boots with huge tops, are scattered about. Old paintings, prints and documents are of keen interest. An exquisite touch of quaintness is contributed by the deliciously stilted scene in which Lady Ackland, in a small boat, accompanied by her maid and the chaplain, approaches the American camp near Saratoga to bear a flag of truce. The humor that we moderns find in the tremulous valor with which the distinguished woman performed this then unladylike feat in no way detracts from her courage or the painting's historic value.

§

Beyond the limits of the fort itself there are many points of interest. In the North Field are old earthworks, partly hidden in the trees, but well preserved. The garrison burying ground contains a few of the old stones, although the most of these were taken up years ago and used for building purposes. One of the graves is that of Isaac Rice, who fought in the Revolution and for forty years was a guide to the fort.

Not far from the gate leading to the park, will be found the remains of an American earthwork which once boasted several guns—the Jersey redoubt. And the road which leads you out by way of the entrance lodge will take you directly through the old French lines. These were built in 1758 when Montcalm was in charge of the point; when the Americans fell heir to the fort, after Allen's taking of it, they strengthened the same lines, which probably accounts for their being as well marked as they are to-day, stretching for a mile through the woods.

§

In and about the village of Ticonderoga are many points of interest for you if you can extend your visit. The John Hancock house, so-called because it is a reproduction of the old Boston residence, has been given to the New York State Historical Association "to perpetuate American traditions in history and

the fine arts." Horace A. Moses, "a son of Ticonderoga," was the donor, and his love for historic art has provided that it shall be one of the richest and most authentic exhibits of our national past in the form of a dwelling-house.

A marker will point out to you the spot where fell Lord George Augustus Howe in 1758, in a skirmish preceding Abercrombie's defeat by Montcalm. Another reads: "In 1756 the French erected a mill on the river opposite this spot for sawing timbers for Fort Carillon. General Abercrombie used the mill as his headquarters." Still another: "From this point south this street follows the route of the Indian carry between the lakes and of Montcalm's military road. Traversed by Washington and Franklin during the Revolution."

These and more memories of warfare you will trace. But as you turn away, and see in memory the old fort, your picture will be not alone of guns and bastions, but of wildflowers and grass in the wind, symbols of peace and goodwill blowing tenderly in the summer air above those of war and death. You may perhaps be tossed by a Lake Champlain squall, hear thunder like ghostly guns of the past reverberating from shore to shore; but behind tumbled clouds you will see the sharp blue of clearing, and a double bow in the sky will promise and again promise a brighter outcome. Curiously, this place which stands out in our records as a battleground for two centuries, leaves stamped upon one's mind a vivid and enduring sense of peace.

XIII

NEW JERSEY AND THE "FIGHTING PARSON"

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THE history-loving wayfarer who tarries in New York City will find many an old trail leading into Jersey where memories of the Revolution are as thick as were redcoats in 1776. A visit to the battlefield of Monmouth is a journey in itself; but the Jersey miscellany, as it were, may be gathered into one or more trips which will lead you through some of the greenest, most flower-bedecked and prettily hill-adorned country near the metropolis.

Starting toward the southwest, for instance—cross to Newark and travel as far as New Brunswick, where the British made headquarters in the fine Buccleuch Mansion, now turned over to the public for its delight. . . . An old white steeple here, a milepost there, a colonial doorway, a little gabled dwelling—now and again as you travel you will find traces of the sixteen- and seventeen-hundreds.

It was at Paulus (or Powles) Hook, to-day Jersey City, that "Light Horse Harry Lee" fought to victory in 1779. No appearance of a battlefield

remains—unless the crowded, busy town be regarded as an economic battlefield at present.

Pass on to Newark, which was settled as far back as 1666 by a handful of determined pioneers from Connecticut, who felt that they were going "west." The setting sun has ever lured, and New Jersey was more thrillingly remote and adventurous then than are the plains of Montana to-day. As with all pioneer groups of that period, the church was their first center; and the Old First Presbyterian is the one that was founded then. This is the third building on the site, and was erected soon after the Revolution. In front of their meeting house the settlers would gather at the beat of a summoning drum; Indians were threatening, muskets and powder horns must be in readiness. . . . Drive on, to the Old Lyons Farms School.

Here the busy youngsters were bending over their desks one day when, hearing a stir, they looked up to see General Washington. He was staying in Newark on his journey to Morristown, and, riding this way, he stopped at the little solitary schoolhouse. Picture the paralysis which suddenly seized each pen, as the chief stood looking down! But he wore a friendly smile, and the fact that he took time from the Revolution to address this handful of children lives forever in the annals of the state. The New Jersey Historical Society is in West Park Street, and there you may learn much more of both city and state in the past.

§

The story of Elizabethtown sparkles with wit and beauty, with wine and minuet measures, with silver buckles and romance. In the days of our nation's birth, it was one of the first social centers, and here many a famous beauty held sway, many a gallant officer paid court. Happily, several of the fine old houses are standing now, and the mere glimpse of a broad colonial hall, a stately staircase, calls to life such glittering scenes as belong only to those days of brocades and painted fans from behind which arch glances peeped; of ruffles and stocks and gayly colored satin knee-breeches, and the kissing of fair hands.

On and near East Jersey Street are some of the haughty old residences where once such merriment held sway. "The Dix House" is at the corner of Catherine Street, and was formerly the home of Royal Governor of the Province, Jonathan Belcher. He was a most saintly person, although he held high political office. One of the brilliant weddings of the Revolution took place there in 1778.

Miss Caty Smith, daughter of William Peartree Smith, who had come into possession of the house, was to be married to young Boudinot, and it was to be the scene of great festivities. Redcoats had been amusing themselves by breaking in upon these Elizabethan revels, but the Americans determined to have a magnificent wedding and defy the enemy. Accord-

ingly, those high in station assembled, Washington and Lafayette being guests, with Alexander Hamilton as master of ceremonies. All went well; lights, music, feasting, dancing lingered into the small hours, and not a marauding redcoat had been seen.

But a fortnight later, while young Boudinot was away, a party of soldiers descended. They raided the house, broke up the furniture, slashed family portraits, destroyed right and left. The panic-stricken bride fled from the house and refused to return, so that her husband was obliged to build her a house in Newark.

In 1763 Dr. William Barnet, of famously hot temper, built the house at 1105 East Jersey Street, which was later known as the home of General Winfield Scott. Dr. Barnet was a surgeon in our army during the Revolution. His house was plundered by the British; "I could forgive them," he fumed, "but that the rascals stole from my kitchen the finest string of red peppers in all Elizabethtown."

Not far from this stands Boxwood Hall as it was called in the days when the fashionable Boudinots lived there and when it was one of the headquarters of aristocracy. Carved mantels were brought from France, its decorations were so lavish that Washington was delighted with its beauty. Elias Boudinot, President of the Continental Congress, occupied it during the Revolution. The boxwoods which he planted around it gave the place its name; it is now the Home for Aged Women, but is still spoken of as

Boxwood Hall, center of Elizabethtown's fashionable life.

Boxwood Hall. Washington lunched with a committee of Congress in its great dining-room in 1789, and Lafayette was entertained there later. During the Revolution, Miss Susan, the daughter of the house, held her own against a party of British who descended upon the dwelling, giving them tit for tat with such brilliant audacity that her ironical father nicknamed her his "little lamb." Susan, of hot-blooded French ancestry, came to be one of the most brilliant women of that group which later adorned the capital (Philadelphia).

In the direction of the Morris Turnpike, in "Liberty Hall," lived the Revolutionary governor of New Jersey, William Livingston, and here the three bewitching daughters, Sarah, Susan and Kitty, held court. In another direction, out Rahway Avenue, in the old Jouet château lived Cavalier Jouet, a descendant of Marie Cavalier, whose brother was the famous "Camisard," hero of the wars of the Cevennes. The owner of this residence was an ardent Tory and his property was confiscated.

§

Spank Town of the seventeen-hundreds is Rahway of the nineteen-hundreds. A battle of two hours was fought here—one of the last engagements in which the Americans and British met when the latter were driven from New Jersey. From this town you can drive on directly to New Brunswick; if you have time, however, turn northwest toward Westfield and come back by way of a picturesque loop.

Westfield dates from 1720, when the settlers built their first rude homes and entered into strife with Indians and wolves. Later it became one of the important stage-coach stops, and, since a tavern must always be the center of interest at such a place, one Charles Gilman opened *The Stage House*. Its flip became so celebrated that Gilman has come down in history as the artist who knew as did no other the psychological moment at which the hot poker was to be removed from the jug of sweetened malt-beer.

At Plainfield you will see the Quaker church of 1788 surrounded by its burying ground. Before going on to Bound Brook, you may feel inclined to make a little side trip to the mountains, from Dunellen, to visit Washington Rock, at that summit where the chief went to sweep the landscape with his powerful glass. "From this rock General George Washington watched the movements of the British forces during the anxious months of May and June, 1777," runs the inscription on the tablet. The rock is a natural lookout, twenty-five feet high and four hundred feet above sea level; its view gathers up Manhattan, Staten Island, and the near New Jersey towns, as far as Trenton and Princeton, while the plain of Monmouth, the heights of Navesink, and Amboy and Raritan Bays add to the panorama. Those were despondent weeks following the winter camp at Morristown, and the sight of the British firmly fixed at New Brunswick was one that the

General had to face in his lonely reconnoiterings here.

§

Back to the main road and on to Bound Brook. If you will follow Main Street for a way, then turn into Mountain Avenue, you will find yourself bound for one of the finest hill-brows in the region, chosen by Washington for Camp Middlebrook. A long stiff climb; a sudden emergence into the open, with plains, towns, buildings and woods spread before you; and, by the mounted cannon and flag, you will know that you are on the ground of the American encampment.

Shut ears and eyes to the present, and call up Parade Day. There before you rides Washington, with "Mad Anthony" near by, and "Light Horse Harry," and young Alexander Hamilton, and the polished Baron Steuben. The sound of drums, of the crowd—and here come the soldiers. Blue coats and brown coats, red cuffs and capes, hats trimmed with feathers and hats trimmed with fur—a motley company, indeed, but a gay one. "I have never until now seen the army otherwise than half naked," wrote the chief. Truly a wondrous array of uniforms had been gathered at this time (1778-79). With satisfaction not unmixed with humor he gazed upon the unique spectacle. One group from Pennsylvania wore "blue coats lined with white, ruffled shirts, red flannel leggings, and caps trimmed with

fur," while a Maryland regiment displayed "brown coats faced with red, swanskin vests, oval brass buttons, and brown broadcloth breeches." It was a cheerful season. The Reverend T. E. Davis, in *The Somerset County Historical Quarterly* for 1912, gives a graphic description of the camp. Huts were constructed by dovetailing the trunks of trees. These were plastered with clay, and droll chimneys cleverly made of branches. Doors and windows were hung on wooden hinges, and fires roared jovially while songs and stories went the rounds. Famous officers were with the encampment; great visitors from abroad were entertained, parades were repeatedly held.

A far different camp picture from that of Valley Forge. Different, too, from that of the first period, in 1777, at this same Middlebrook. Now hope was filling every American mind, life tingled again; there was time for even romance—what stories hover about the memory of fair Mary Van Horn, "the belle of Middlebrook," who was borne off by that dashing Irishman, Colonel Moylan!

Back from the heights, in the center of town, you will see the battle monument, commemorating the fight of April 13, 1777, when 500 Americans under General Benjamin Lincoln met 4,000 British under Cornwallis. . . . A walk or drive to South Bound Brook will bring you to the La Tourette house. It was built by Abraham Staats before the Revolution and here Baron Steuben made headquarters dur-

ing the Middlebrook encampment and entertained brilliantly, inviting the Washingtons and all the distinguished officers of our army. The house possesses many heirlooms from that time.

The La Tourette house, where Baron Steuben gave brilliant entertainments.

§

Women have a wifely way of picking up worn and torn old history and piecing it together. At New Brunswick they have gathered the tattered bits of Buccleuch Mansion's record, mended them, and the fine colonial dwelling is now one of our most delightful museums of early American treasures.

You may reach it by following Eastern Avenue to Buccleuch Park. Here the British made headquarters during the period in 1776-77 when they possessed New Brunswick. When the officers were comfortably establishing themselves through the

A bedroom in Buccleuch Mansion, showing the wig-stand beside the bureau.

town, the Inniskillings, a crack cavalry regiment, caught a glimpse of this residence, and advanced upon it; out went the patriot Janeway, his family following after. The scars on the floors of the hall upstairs are supposed to have been made by swords and bayonets.

The dining room at the rear is said to be the room where the British officers, at dinner, received news that Washington was marching upon Princeton and that New Brunswick was threatened. If expletives broke loose, their echoes have long since died within these peaceful walls. In a room upstairs, so the story runs, a duel was fought, an English colonel being killed.

Some excellent specimens of old mahogany are gathered here, and a large miscellany of other relics. One of the most unique is a wig-stand, the wooden model of a human head, ready to receive the wig during hours of retirement.

§

Some miles farther north lies the road to Springfield and Morristown. And at the former you may trace the story of that "Fighting Parson," or "rebel high priest," who, as Bret Harte has sung, "stuck in their (the enemy's) gorge, for he loved the Lord God—and he hated King George!"

Caldwell of Springfield is the narrative poem, and a concise bit of history. Read it before you set out to follow the events there recorded—with perhaps a bit of poetic license. First, if you are starting from Elizabeth, you will stop at Union Center. Union was the Connecticut Farms of the seventeen-hundreds.

In June, 1780, this region figured prominently in the war. Here stands a little stone church, lineal

descendant of the one which stood at the time of the battle. Its tablet tells you that "here was fought the battle, June 7, 1780, between American forces and the British army on its advance to Springfield. The church and village were burned by the British during their retreat. The British second advance here formed into two columns and moved to Springfield, where they were repulsed." This, then, is the beginning of the battle. We shall trace it further. But now for a glimpse of Parson Caldwell.

James Caldwell was a Presbyterian minister, a graduate of Princeton, well-known, well-beloved for his virile goodness and his fiery patriotism as well as for a human quality which caused one of his friends affectionately to name him "Devilish Queer Minister of the Gospel" upon finding the letters "D. Q. M. G." (Deputy Quarter Master General) upon his door. He preached with a pair of pistols beside the Bible, for raids were imminent—and he intended to preach until he was forced to fight, but he declared it as a part of his creed that "there are times when it is righteous to fight as well as pray." He was vigorous at both. He had become a chaplain, and the soldiers almost worshiped him, for he could preach fresh courage into their souls and put a warm dinner into their stomachs at the same time. In June, 1780, he was living at Union, holding services both in this town and in Springfield, and visiting the soldiers between times.

The house in which he was living, the Connecti-

cut Farms parsonage, stood only three or four blocks from the public square. The site is preserved by a monument on which you may read the brief story:

"Near this spot stood the parsonage in which Hannah Ogden, wife of the Reverend James Caldwell, was killed by a British soldier, June 7, 1780."

Here, then, occurred the tragedy which sent Parson Caldwell to fight his historic battle. Mrs. Caldwell was alone with her children and a servant. Her husband was in the Short Hills when the British arrived here. In every direction the townspeople were fleeing, but she refused to give way to panic and tried to soothe those with her. She was holding her baby and praying when the servant saw a redcoat enter the yard, and told her mistress.

Mrs. Caldwell rose and went to the window, still calm. As she appeared, the soldier fired directly at her, and she fell dead among her clustering children. It is said that her body was dragged out into the street where you stand, the house being fired immediately by the British. The body lay exposed for several hours; at last some of her friends got permission to carry it to the house of Captain Wade, opposite. And that little house is there to-day. You will see it, very small, very trim, clapboarded over its bricks, with crimson and pink hollyhocks and a thriving potato patch where devastating troops once trampled. A burned town, a dead wife were left for Caldwell to find upon his return.

Now the British, although compelled to retreat after destroying Connecticut Farms, had no intention of giving up their advance to Morristown, so the second attempt was made, culminating in the Battle of Springfield. As you travel on with the march of

The Wade house at Union, to which the body of Mrs. Caldwell was carried.

events, you will come to a picturesque little bridge crossing the Rahway River; you are on the spot where the battle took place.

The British purpose was to cross the stream; the American, to prevent their crossing. With the patriots on the west, the enemy on the east, a sharp

conflict took place. Just beyond the river rises Battle Hill, where the Americans made their stand. On a tablet you will read:

"The gallant behavior of Colonel Angell's regiment on the 23rd. inst. reflects the highest honor

The bridge at Rahway, where the Battle of Springfield was fought.

upon the officers and men. They disputed an important pass with so obstinate a bravery that they lost upwards of forty killed, wounded and missing, before they gave up their ground to a vast superiority of force."

However, the battle soon turned in favor of the

patriots. And while all this was going on, what was Parson Caldwell doing? "Did he preach—did he pray?" Bret Harte tells you. With his little band of "militant plowboys" he stood at the Springfield church; suddenly they discovered that wadding had given out; he broke in the door, stripped the hymnals from the pews, and ran out into the road, his arms full of the books, shouting, "Put Watts into 'em! Boys, give 'em Watts!"

The later building was copied from the one in which Caldwell preached; the original went up in smoke that day when the British retreated, after burning the village as a last gesture of rage and defeat. So powerful was his leadership, so furious and dauntless his fighting, that the victory was in great measure due to his inspiration.

Four houses escaped burning. One of these, called "The Revolutionary House," was Dr. Dayton's at the time of the battle, and its master, like Parson Caldwell, was away. There is a story that, as the British started to fire the building, Mrs. Dayton's slave girl ran out to them and begged for mercy, saying that the stork hovered above the dwelling. Thereupon the officer in charge halted his men and gave orders that a guard be placed to protect it. I wish this story might be better known. British officers varied as greatly as any other group of individuals, and unfortunately the stories of cruelty among them have been the ones most often recalled.

The house showed a hole made by a cannon shot. Near by stands an excellent old milestone: "5½ Miles to Elizabeth Town" is clearly traceable. Beside it rises a telegraph pole of the twentieth century.

§

Morristown contains a delightful gathering of houses dating from the seventeen-hundreds. In Oliphant Lane stands a demure little dwelling where lived Dr. John Cochran, surgeon-general of the American army. Here was Miss Betty Schuyler visiting during the winter which the army spent at Morristown; here did Alexander Hamilton come to pay court to her. Opposite the Memorial Hospital is the former home of Parson Timothy Johnes at whose communion table Washington partook. In Dickerson's tavern, on Spring near Water Street, the men of Morris County met on May 1, 1775, to face facts. The Presbyterian church is a descendant of the original, and cherishes a bell presented by the King of Great Britain. The home of Tempe Wick, that spicy young patriot who defied the British, is another historic building. And the great feature of the group is the Washington headquarters, where the chief lived during the winter of 1779-80, while the army were first in tents, later in log huts near by.

This house is one of our finest museums of the kind. It was the handsome residence of Colonel Jacob Ford, and its grounds are extensive. It is

equipped much as it was when Martha Washington shed hospitality within its doors. You may see the desk and table where the chief wrote; the dining-room furnished in mahogany, where his meals were served; his own china, brought from Philadel-

The Washington headquarters at Morristown.

phia; bedrooms with four-posters and delightful old counterpanes; the inauguration suit of the first President, and his wife's blue satin slippers. The kitchen, with antique oven and spinning-wheel, ranks with the few practically perfect colonial kitchens in our country to-day.

A trip out to Fort Nonsense leads you along

Court Street to a hilltop. The view from it is very fine. A monument marks the spot where was built a fort never intended to be used; built merely to keep idle men from brooding and mischief. Verily a canny general was the Father of His Country!

XIV

MONMOUTH AND MOLLY PITCHER

§

"YAS'M—dat sahtainly am de bloodstain of de Revolutiona'y Wah!"

Mr. Wilson assures you of it with triumph in his voice. No longer can you doubt. Otherwise you might have mistaken it for—but perish the thought! You know that it *is* the bloodstain, and nothing else, when it is shown you by the colored sexton of the old Freehold Meeting House. "You can't deny *dat,* nohow. Dey fetched him heah, an' dey laid him on *dat pew,* an' he bled *right dere*—an' PROFUSELY!"

As a matter of fact, very high authorities back up Mr. Wilson's claim. And why shouldn't one indulge in the luxury of credulity, knowing that just beyond the meeting house, here in New Jersey's Monmouth County, one of the hottest battles of the Revolution boomed and crashed and slew? This region, near Freehold, was in the thick of it, and from the edge of the battleground wounded men were dragged from the dust where they had fallen, and borne within the dim, still shelter of these old church walls to live or die as they might.

Choose a brisk morning, when country air stirs the blood, and march with the American army to that dramatic climax of June 28, 1778. Trace their footsteps; see Molly Pitcher firing away, hot and heavy, to promote the cause of suffrage as a by-product of the cause of her nation; watch the ghosts of Washington and Lafayette riding ahead on their mettled steeds to lead you on. . . .

If you would be strictly faithful to history, and enter the battleground just as our army entered it, your course lies by way of Englishtown and Tennent. The former was General Lee's stopping place. Sir Henry Clinton had just taken over the entire charge of the British army in America, on May 11th; he was in Philadelphia, and was making ready to evacuate by the end of that month. Washington had been informed of this plan, and was preparing to meet the enemy's move with prompt action. Major-General Charles Lee had been reinstated in his position of second general officer, so that he was the one upon whom the brunt of the action would fall. But Lee was not in favor of an engagement with the British, and thereby hung many complications. Washington felt that the time would soon be ripe for a clash of arms, and in this he was supported by Lafayette, Greene and Wayne, so that he was much perplexed by Lee's desire to hold back. The upshot was that Lee was overborne, and sent forward into a conflict of which he had disapproved from the first, and the results were far less satisfactory to the

American side, therefore, than they should have been. For all that, our forces gave the British an exceedingly disagreeable June day of it.

Now join Lafayette on the morning of June 27th, as he arrives at this little Englishtown. He had been sent forward with the advance forces. Following came Lee with two brigades, ordered to join Lafayette at this hamlet; and still later in the day came the main army, and made their camp near by. Clinton, meanwhile, had led his forces up by way of Allentown and was near Monmouth Court House, now the village of Freehold. Only a few miles intervened, therefore, between the opposing armies—miles which you are to-day to cover.

Washington now sent word to Lee, who had taken charge of all the forces gathered at Englishtown, to be ready for quick action. He knew that Clinton had been adding to his numbers, and both sides realized that the clash was at hand. The morning of June 28th ushered in one of the hottest and sultriest days of the year, a premature dog-day; in the face of this stifling heat, the soldiers went forth to one of the sharpest engagements of the whole war.

As you travel the old road you will pass between prosperous and peaceful farms. When Lee and his men followed it some century and a half ago, the forest was so heavy that he used it as a means of covering his movements.

§

You are at Tennent; you have reached the first scene of the actual conflict. Leave the main road here, turn left on the village street, and about a quarter-mile up the hill you will come to the historic church. It stands to-day in a fine state of preservation, proud of its fame, an active parish which traces its labors back to 1731. Village and church are now called after the Reverend William Tennent, the famous parson, but "Freehold Meeting House" was the original name. The rise of ground which it surmounts was known as "White Oak Hill," later shortened to "White Hill." And there beside the building stands one survivor of the regiment of stalwart white oaks which were once drawn up on this spot. It is of mammoth size and has weathered many a year and many an event; from its height it looked down upon British and Americans falling on the battleground below.

Around the church gather the headstones, old and new, bearing many a name familiar in Monmouth County history. Close to the building hover the queer little crumbling red stone slabs of ancient days, and farther down the slope rise more pretentious marbles of modern carving. But in the eyes of Mr. Wilson (and what better authority could there be than this loyal old negro, his hair touched with gray, who lives steeped in the tale of the Battle

The old Freehold Meeting House. Clinging to its roof and steeple, many witnessed the Battle of Monmouth.

of Monmouth?) there is just one "really important tombstone," and that belongs to the British Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Monckton.

Monckton had shown great bravery throughout his command. He had fought gallantly at the Bat-

The white oak that witnessed the Battle of Monmouth. It stands beside the Meeting House, and is carefully tended.

tle of Long Island two years before, where he had been shot through the body, but, largely through force of will, had recovered and undertaken his command again. Now, at the Battle of Monmouth, we find him over the royal grenadiers, face to face with Wayne's troops.

A barn, now demolished, stood on the battle-ground, and behind this Wayne's men were partially sheltered. The British had advanced to within a few rods of the spot, when Monckton gave a shout with a wave of his sword, and ordered the charge. At the same moment a volley from the Americans felled nearly all the British officers, among them Monckton himself. Both sides fought fiercely over his body, and at last the Americans secured it and carried it back to the church, where it was buried near the southwest corner of the building. Half a century later a Scotchman set up a wooden head-stone, painted it red, and decorated it with an inscription beginning, "Hic Jacet." Eventually this was replaced by a stone monument, the gift of Samuel Fryer, as a sort of vicarious memorial to his own English father whose grave was unknown. This is the stone you see to-day.

In the old galleried church is the communion table at which David Brainerd administered the sacrament to his converted Indians in the middle of the eighteenth century. And there is the blood-stained pew of tradition, the second from the rear. Mr. Wilson impressively lifts the velvet cushion and shows you the dark spatters upon the time-worn wood.

The story runs that the yard, even the roof and steeple of the church, were thronged with onlookers from all the countryside who had gathered there to witness the battle. One of these had perched himself

upon a gravestone, when a cannon ball came bounding in his direction. He was not nimble enough to escape, and the ball struck him, shivering the top of the stone at the same time—a mark still to be seen, by the way. The man was carried into the church and laid in this pew, which his blood stained, and where he died.

The building was used all that day, and later as well, as a hospital for wounded soldiers. It is a tradition in the Bills family that their ancestors went there to nurse the injured.

The History of Old Tennent Church has been told in a volume by the Pastor Emeritus, Reverend Frank R. Symmes. One event recorded is the burial of Parson Tennent, the minister during the Revolution. So ardent a patriot had he been that he was well known to the enemy, and, as he died in 1777, while the war was still active, it was feared that his body would be disturbed if buried in an outdoor grave. So with reverent ceremony his friends and parishioners interred it beneath the middle of the church's floor, and placed a marble tablet above the pulpit to the "Faithful and Beloved."

The original building of 1731 was erected by the congregation who came from their Old Scots ground. The present building, stoutly covered with hand-wrought shingles, boasts of being twice struck by lightning as well as pierced in the Revolutionary conflict. For many years the wounds in its walls were displayed, but, alas for glory, it had to be

repaired and the bullet holes vanished in the process. But—"dere am de blood!"

Mr. Symmes relates the story of a crisis in church history when, in 1815, it was proposed to introduce heat into the building. Many of the old parishioners stoutly opposed such luxury. The nearest approach to comfort on the bitterest winter days had been the foot-warmers brought by women members of the congregation—tin-lined boxes filled with live coals shrouded in ashes; and debate waxed high as to the morality of so ceasing to be miserable. It was only after a long struggle that a fire was permitted.

§

To the road again! Return to the same which led you hither from Englishtown, and follow it on, still eastward, as did the American soldiers. And at last the markers of the battleground itself meet your eye—simple statements, set up in the open Jersey field, showing where the armies met. The young pigs that merrily squeal and young colts that kick impertinent heels in the footsteps of history are not concerned that the retreat of Lee took place where they are frolicking.

The battleground is a mile or more from the church, and its most important landmark has vanished—the parsonage, whose roof was pierced by a shot.

"Lee's Retreat," as it is known, was hard to atone for. Lafayette, who was under him in command,

had urged in vain; Lee had still insisted that it was useless at that time to make a stand against the British. His half-hearted battle finally resulted in a panic among the Americans and a wild fleeing, which appeared, for the time, a complete victory for the enemy.

But Washington himself was hurrying forward, and the very sound of his voice put new courage into the routed soldiers' spirit. Heat, exhaustion, thirst and terror had almost overcome them; for hours they had ploughed through deep sandy soil, and had seen some of their fellows perish in a morass; but now they rallied. The outcome was that nightfall saw the British falling back, while the Americans flung themselves down upon this battlefield, ready to complete their victory in the morning. Washington wrapped his cloak about him, and threw himself on the ground under an oak.

The anticipated battle victory was not to be won, however. When the patriots awoke not a vestige of the British was to be seen. Clinton had tasted quite as much as he desired of American temper, for the time at least. Trumbull wrote:

> He forms his camp with great parade,
> While evening spreads the world in shade,
> Then still, like some endanger'd spark,
> Steals off on tiptoe in the dark;
> Yet writes his king in boasting tone,
> How grand he march'd by light of moon!

But Molly Pitcher! What other tale of the whole

Revolution holds quite the same spice of hot spirit, picturesque coloring, romance and womanly adventure! Here on the battleground you can see to-day the marker which immortalizes her "well," the spring from which, it is supposed, she carried water to her husband while the fighting was on. It was a little stream that flowed through the farm-land, and all the early part of that scorching June day she had been trudging back and forth with her pail while her husband was working his field-piece.

Molly, whose real name was Macaulay, was a twenty-two-year-old representative of the Emerald Isle, loyal and brave, quick of wit and ready of action. Unfalteringly she toiled on, bringing water as fast as she could carry it; suddenly, as she was coming from the spring bent sidewise with her load, she saw her husband fall beside his gun. She sprang to him; on the instant came an officer's order. Let the piece be removed, was the sharp command, for there was no one else who could work it.

"But there is some one who can!" cried Molly, and before the officer knew what she was about she had pushed her pail out of the way, laid hold of the rammer, and in a flash she was cannonier. It was plain that she knew what she was about; no one interfered, therefore, and for the rest of the day she fought as valiantly as her husband had done, or any other man in the American ranks. She fired skillfully and persistently, with a fierceness of determination that, to her, meant the avenging of her

husband's death as well as her nation's cause. America owes much to the courage of Molly of '78; and we talk of the feministic movement as modern!

Next day, after the British had retreated, Washington looked up to see General Greene leading to him a blood-stained, ragged and grimy woman who, beneath all the signs of war, was nevertheless a decidedly handsome young person with red hair, freckles and bright eyes. Molly Macaulay was duly presented to the great chief.

And the story, although true, ends as delightfully as if it were not, for the commission of sergeant was conferred upon her, and for the rest of her life her name remained upon the list of half-pay officers. "Captain Molly" was the name by which the American army always knew her.

§

Freehold, farther along the same road, is generally called the scene of the battle, but it is really somewhat removed from the field, although it was the British headquarters. In the heart of the town the venerable St. Peter's Church is said to have been used as a hospital. In the public square stands the battle monument with bronze reliefs depicting scenes of the conflict. And, if you follow Main Street out for a half-mile, you will come to the house which was, during that eventful day and night of history, the headquarters of General Clinton.

It is a fine old white shingled dwelling, once known as the Hankinson Mansion. Its earliest records were lost when the courthouse in which they were stored was burned, but it is supposed that a wealthy Englishman built the house long before the Revolu-

Brown Brothers.

A bedroom in the Hankinson Mansion, where Clinton stopped.

tion and caused to be painted therein the mural decoration which still adorns the "best bedroom," where Clinton reposed—provided the Americans let him do so. It is a deliciously quaint view of a British fleet, tossed upon churning waves and fluttering a flock of Union Jacks.

The probable date of the building was 1755, and much of it remains unaltered. The colonial doorway and the benches before it are those of which Clinton took possession. At one time, when new bricks were put in, the mason found a secret cupboard deep in the chimney—a mysterious place where family jewels and silver were probably hidden. The broad hall and staircase, the white woodwork, the cool, thick walls of the old mansion are typical of the eighteenth century, and the richly panelled mahogany, willow-ware plates, high-backed chairs and four-poster are in dignified keeping. It is a treasure-house of heirlooms.

Along the road that runs before the house, from the cemetery gate just beyond to Briar Hill Farm, lay the camp of the British army. Five miles farther west still stands "The Thompson House," now occupied by Charles Higgins, where Clinton's officers tarried—and where, so report hath it, wine freely flowed. In fact it is a tradition of Monmouth County that, on the eventful night in one eventful June, the British officers became gloriously drunk.

§

The Battle of Monmouth centered about Freehold and Tennent, but it spilled over into nearby villages, trickling in small streams through much of the county. There were minor conflicts that served as cogs in the wheel of that giant mechanism, war. If you have time to fare farther, you will find

Shrewsbury and Middletown still filled with red-blooded old Revolutionary tradition. In 1664 five families settled in Middletown, about a year later a similar group arrived at Shrewsbury, and the vil-

Christ Church, Shrewsbury. Used as a barracks in the Revolution.

lages became known as "The Two Towns of Navesink."

Shrewsbury preserves its old "Four Corners" much as in the seventeen-hundreds. Christ Church, on one of the corners, was founded in 1702, although the original building has been replaced. It is one of

the churches possessing a silver communion service presented by Queen Anne; this is of beaten silver, of fine old design, and is carefully guarded at the rectory, but it has been always in use since 1708. The "Vinegar Bible" is another treasure. The British crown has been preserved in the steeple. And for many years another relic, the set of pulpit steps, remained intact, with their peppering of Revolutionary bullets; unfortunately they had to be removed some years ago. It is said that the church was used by both British and Americans in turn, and that at one time the redcoats turned it into a stable. At another, they fled to it for a refuge from pursuing Americans, and were so hard pressed that one of them made a dash for the Allen homestead across the street, fell at the foot of the stairs, mortally wounded, and was obliging enough to leave a bloodstain on the hall floor. Alas, again, for the destruction of the years! The stained board was removed, like the pulpit steps, so ruthless is renovation!

There is a story related by Ellis concerning the crown which you see in the spire. During a period in which the Americans were using the church as a barracks they resolved that they would no longer repose beneath the emblem of Britain. Accordingly, they drew up outside with their guns and shot at it diligently—but failed to bring it down. They then determined to fire the building so as to bring an end to the tyrannical crown; but at the critical moment

in rushed one William Parker, a Quaker, and smothered the flames with his coat.

Cross over to the Allen homestead where the Britisher took refuge, and you will find one of the most rarely preserved old treasure houses in the

The Allen Homestead, at the Four Corners, Shrewsbury. This house is filled with heirlooms.

country. It was built in 1667 and has never passed from the Allen family since the original Dr. Allen brought his bride to it in 1814. From the gable-roofed attic to the cold old-time milk-cellar, are countless antiques such as colonial four-poster, cradle, chair, hinge and lock. You might roam for

days among the heirlooms, and still have more to see.

In the kitchen is a queer, clawing old toaster; and a wooden bootjack, handmade from a section of the maker's own walnut tree and inscribed "F.A., 1788."

The Quaker Church at Shrewsbury. George Fox preached in the original building.

Almost effete for our forefathers, a monogrammed bootjack! And a set of toy dishes brought from China generations ago—the wee teapot from which a little girl poured tea into the wee cups—the little girl who long since grew up and passed away and couldn't take her treasures with her. There are

doors hung with the "Heaven and Hell" hinges, and two blue pitchers which two little girls of the Allen family used to carry (in New York City) to the Barclay Street pump for water. The front door is still locked with a gigantic key; one of the aunts of the past was never able to sleep until that key reposed humpily beneath her pillow. By way of additional precaution this timid lady had a string of sleighbells so hung as to ring if the door should be pushed ajar.

Still another of the Four Corners is marked by the Quaker Church. Here, where once the Friends rode from miles around to First Day worship, where the two doors welcomed the modest Quakeresses and solemn Quakers separately; where men and women dared not peep at one another around the austere screen which parted them; where silence hung, awaiting the moving of the Spirit—here the grass is growing long, the windows are dark, the graves are unvisited and the building stands deserted.

The original building was erected in 1672 and was visited by George Fox and other famous preachers. Fox told a thrilling tale:

"While we were at Shrewsbury, an accident befel which for a time was a great exercise to us. John Jay, a friend of Barbadoes, who came with us from Rhode Island, was intended to accompany us through the woods to Maryland, being to try a horse, got upon his back, and the horse fell a running, cast him down upon his head and broke his neck, as the

people said. Those that were near him took him up as dead, carried him a good way, and laid him on a tree. I got to him as soon as I could, and feeling him, concluded he was dead. As I stood pitying him and his family, I took hold of his hair, and his head turned any way, his neck was so limber. Whereupon I took his head in both my hands, and setting my knees against the tree, I raised his head and perceived there was nothing cut or broken that way. Then I put one hand under his chin and the other behind his head, and raised his head two or three times with all my strength, and brought it in. I soon perceived his neck began to grow stiff again, and then he began to rattle in his throat, and quietly after to breathe."

A fire and warm drink assisted in this remarkable first-aid treatment, and so happy was the outcome of the hair-raising episode that "next day we passed away and he with us, pretty well about sixteen miles to a meeting at Middletown, through woods and bogs, and over a river where we swam our horses, and got over ourselves upon a hollow tree."

We of to-day need not travel through woods and bogs, nor need we swim our horses. Railroad, motor-cars, or trolley from Red Bank all reach the town easily. If you walk or drive you will find the old King's Highway full of charm; follow it up the hill, and at the right you will see the large white house once belonging to the Hendrickson family, in whose yard stands the cedar tree under which it is said the

British soldiers stopped to lunch. Farther on is the Baptist Church founded in 1688; the old home of the Taylor family, with its door in two parts; still farther, the Christ Church which was twin sister to that in Shrewsbury. They were founded to be con-

Christ Church, Middletown. Founded as sister church to that of Shrewsbury, 1702.

ducted by one clergyman, and in 1735 William Leeds left a farm of 438 acres to both, for their maintenance. The story that Leeds had once been a pirate, and hoped by this gift to atone for his piratical wild oats, adds too much spice to the tale for any one to wish to question its veracity.

On the site of this church there formerly stood a

block house, protection against possible Indian raids. Later the block house was used as a jail, and here four negroes were tried and executed for murder —the unfortunate Mingo, Tom, Cæsar and Jeremy.

A little beyond stood, until recently, the old hotel which was lineally descended from an early tavern. Miss Louise Hartshorne, of an old Monmouth County family, says that her grandfather Hendrickson added the wings in 1840. Fancy conjured up a convivial picture as one gazed upon it and saw the frothing mugs. For one had read this shocking report sent by Governor Lewis Morris to the Bishop of London in 1700:

"There is no such thing as Church or Religion among them (the people of Middletown); they are p'haps the most ignorant and wicked people in the world; their meetings on Sundays is at the Publick house, where they get their fill of Rum and go to fighting and running of races, which are practices much in use that day all the Province over." No wonder the twin churches were promptly founded!

At Sandy Hook was "Refugees' Town," where the raiding refugees were strongly guarded by British cannon and vessels, and from which point they made many a raid upon the Middletown and Shrewsbury district, plundering, burning, and carrying off prisoners. All this happened only a century and a half ago. And to-day the two villages sit as quiet as neighbor cats, peacefully purring the years away.

From Philadelphia

XV

PHILADELPHIA, THE QUAKERS, AND THE BELL

§

As in another land all roads lead to Rome, so in Pennsylvania, all roads lead to the Liberty Bell. You can no more think of Philadelphia without it than of London without Big Ben or Paris without the Louvre.

To see it, you must go to the colonial State House, or Independence Hall, the most important historic building in Philadelphia. In fact, it is called by many the most important in the United States, although competitors may differ in opinion. The block in which it stands is Independence Square. Here took place the acts which made us a nation.

Andrew Hamilton, who was the Speaker of the Assembly, planned the building and it was begun in the year 1732. The main structure has two wings; later, two additional buildings were put up, in the same style of architecture, so that the group now standing presents an imposing front, with City Hall at one corner and Congress Hall at the other.

The second Congress met here in 1775, and this was the first occasion upon which the State House was used for Federal purposes. From this time

The tower, Independence Hall.

on, Congress used it until the Declaration of Independence, and later, too, except during that period when the British, with their fresh scarlet, their bands and flags and revels, occupied Philadelphia. In July, 1776, the Continental Congress adopted that resolution which Lee of Virginia had worded: "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." Thomas Jefferson was made chairman of a committee to draw up the declaration to be presented to this congress. In his own house he sat and thought it out. It has been truly said that he "wielded a masterful pen." It was a quill; the fountain pen of the day seems seldom to produce any document so lasting. Perhaps modern pens are not properly filled; at any rate, the ink which flowed from that quill has remarkably withstood the fading test of time. Some century and a half later, it still seems clear to all eyes that "in the course of human events, it [sometimes] becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them."

Close to the rear entrance of the main building you will find the bell, which may be called the first official announcer of our liberty. The familiar crack along its side is much in evidence; it rests supported

from the original beam to which it hung, the whole displayed inside a frame and carefully guarded. It was made in England in 1752; the instruction accompanying the order had been that it should weigh in the neighborhood of two thousand pounds and bear the quotation from Leviticus:

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

It was a curious irony of fate that the country which fought to hold us bound should have been the one to make this bell with its bold inscription of "Proclaim liberty." It stands to every American, young and old, as the emblem of our republic; whether from Maine, Kansas or California, every one of us has known its picture as far back as we can remember; and it was Britain who gave us the emblem by which we freed ourselves from her chains. She probably thought that the liberty thereon proclaimed, in 1752, was a pleasing abstract conception, and had no idea that it would ever become so concrete a matter as a bullet piercing a red uniform on Lexington Common.

The bell has had a checkered career and has earned its repose. It reached Philadelphia in August of that year; soon after, a crack was discovered, and it was found necessary to recast it; this had to be done twice before it was in perfect tone. In June 1753 it took its place at last in the steeple, and rang forth in a clear firm voice. From that time on it kept insistently "proclaiming liberty," and declared

our formal independence on July 8, 1776. At noon of that day John Nixon stood in Independence Square, where you are now strolling, while the people came flocking at the summons; they ran, they came hatless and panting; here he read to them the document, and as he ended, every bell in the city joined in one tremendous chorus of chiming.

The following year, when the British were about to occupy the city, it was feared that they might seize the Liberty Bell to melt it for ammunition, and it was hurried off to Allentown to be kept in hiding. It was brought back after the British left, and remained in its home town until later life, when it took it into its cracked old head to see the country. It has traveled to San Francisco, New Orleans and other cities, but at last the order has gone forth that it shall never again leave Philadelphia. The crack by which we know it occurred in 1835 when it was tolling for the death of Chief Justice Marshall; this has given it a legitimate excuse to retire from active service.

A history of its tollings would be almost a century's history of the United States, for it sounded the announcement of the outstanding events down to the time of its injury. It rang to call the Assembly to various meetings which led up to the Revolution. It was muffled and tolled at the time of the Stamp Act; it called together men who passed a resolution that "thus are the Colonies reduced to the level of slaves;" it made remarks upon the Tea Party; it

cried aloud the Battle of Lexington, and summoned throngs of people who gathered at the State House and pledged themselves one for liberty. It congratulated Cornwallis upon his surrender, and at length proclaimed peace.

Independence Hall is of great interest in itself, even without the bell, although it is the latter which draws tourists in hordes. The East Room is preserved as it was at the time when that early Congress met in it. There is a facsimile of the Declaration, and upon the old table stands the silver inkstand into which the members dipped their quills to sign the great document.

Congress Hall, at one corner of the Square, contains some interesting collections. There are ship models, such as that of the *Welcome,* William Penn's vessel. Models of early vehicles are here: the coaches of Washington, Governor Winthrop, Alexander Hamilton and Penn; Benjamin Franklin's chaise; and Governor Logan's chariot.

Walk a little farther along Chestnut Street, and you will suddenly come upon the narrow, almost hidden court which leads to Carpenters' Hall. Its name came from the Carpenters' Company which was organized in 1724 to learn more about architecture, and also to stand together, as does a modern union, aiding its members in time of distress. By 1770 the organization had reached the point of having a building of its own, and so, as the Revolution drew on, it was a convenient place of assembly. Paul Revere came from Boston in May, 1774, to

Entrance of Carpenters' Hall. Where the Continental Congress first met.

suggest a convention of the colonies; the Continental Congress of September 5th was the outcome, and it met in Carpenters' Hall, thus making this edifice a year ahead of the State House in national history. The Carpenters' Company were warned by the Royalist newspaper that their hall might be confiscated and their "necks might be inconveniently lengthened" if such doings continued; the question was put, "Shall they be allowed to meet here?" and the vote responded "They shall!"

The Congress met downstairs in the large room; here to-day are the chairs which were used at that time.

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All our lives we have known Philadelphia as "the Quaker city"; it is a blow to many who visit it for the first time to see so little evidence of the Friends. Some westerners expect to see broad masculine hats and demure feminine bonnets soberly bobbing along this Market Street, as some easterners look for Indians in war paint and cowboys astride bucking bronchos on Market Street in San Francisco.

But alas for picturesqueness, most Quakers of the present, even in their own city, wear much the same garb that everybody else wears. Of recent years I have come upon a gray bonnet passing before a prim old red brick building whose steps shine snowy from the morning's scrubbing; but such a picture is rare. Old Philadelphia's outward and visible signs have

largely vanished, but the work of the Friends remains. Their fine, thorough schools and colleges thrive through the years, bearing witness to their high ideal of education. A certain substantial quality of living, a constancy to purpose and an honest simplicity are to be felt in the very air: a legacy from those early settlers.

The most precious relic is the house of William Penn himself, and that has barely escaped destruction. The first home occupied by Penn in America, it was built in 1682, of bricks—an innovation at that date. It stood on Letitia Street, near Chestnut and Second, in what came later to be the thick of commerce. Toward the end of the last century it was found that the little building was about to become a ruin, crowded and jostled as it was by trade; and arrangement was made to carry it to Fairmount Park, where you will find it to-day, on Lansdowne Drive, west of the Girard Avenue bridge. Brick by brick it was taken apart, and brick by brick it was put together, as meticulously as a child's block house; with its hospitable colonial door ajar, its tiny-paned windows shining between old-time shutters that stand wide, its vines clambering above the second story, it appears to have settled down in content, as though it had never lived anywhere else. This demure little dwelling served as the first State House of the Province before it retired to the country to enjoy peace and quiet in its old age. It contains relics of Penn.

The other conspicuous memorial to the Quaker history of the city is the statue on the tower of City Hall, known even in England. It is perhaps a trifle spectacular for so staid a city (especially when played upon by hectic searchlights to welcome visitors to the "Sesqui"), but it is unique, and there is a certain solid impressiveness about the whole conception of mounting the Founder there, to gaze from a point 548 feet above the sidewalk, upon the city and state of his dream. Penn himself is 37 feet tall and weighs 53,348 pounds; a stalwart gentleman, in very truth. Indeed the mere calf revealed below his knee-breeches measures more than eight feet around.

The Founder occupied other and more pretentious houses after his period in the Letitia Street dwelling, entertained somewhat royally, and served most excellent old port and madeira brought him from England. Then came disaster in both public and private life. He sailed for England in 1701 and wrote back from there, "O Pennsylvania, what hast thou not cost me? Above 30,000 pounds more than I ever got by it . . . and my son's soul almost!" He was imprisoned for debt, and at last, paralyzed and aged, he died and was buried in a Quaker cemetery in Buckinghamshire. These bitter facts to-day are petty details; what we do vividly remember is Penn's belief in the human capacity for and right to self-government.

An energetic attempt was made at one time to

induce the Quakers of England to permit his ashes to be brought to Philadelphia and interred with ceremony near the tower which holds aloft his statue. The request was refused on the ground that such "pomp and circumstance of a state ceremonial would be utterly repugnant to his sentiments," and that he had selected his own burial spot.

Penn Treaty Park is a green stretch on the Delaware River, in Kensington; there once stood within its boundaries the Treaty Elm, under whose branches, runs the story, Penn made his agreement with the Delaware Indians. A monument points out the spot where the tree flourished. It fell before a March gale many years ago, but a slip from it was carried to the yard of the Friends' School on Twelfth Street near Chestnut, and this took root and grew lustily, emblem of the persistency of the Quaker spirit.

§

The old churches of Philadelphia are among her greatest historic assets. At Third and Pine Streets stands St. Peter's, of 1761. It is of weathered dark red brick with white trimmings; its steeple pricks the sky. Below it the dead gather thickly, seeming to press toward it; insistent, the steeple points them far upward. Here Washington worshipped during the winter of 1781-82, although his church affiliation was better known as with Old Christ. John Nixon, who proclaimed the Declaration of Independence,

St. Peter's Church. "Its steeple pricks the sky."

was a member of St. Peter's congregation and is buried in the yard. Commodore Decatur is buried here.

In early days Christ Church and St. Peter's constituted one parish and the Reverend Jacob Duché

Gate of Old Christ Church.

was rector of both. He was of a literary turn, and he took to publishing his *Observations on a Variety of Subjects, Literary, Moral and Religious.* It was the fashion then to use a *nom-de-plume,* and he selected "Caspipina," which turned out to be an ingenious acrostic meaning, "Christ and St. Peter's in Philadelphia in North America."

The former is the mother church; mother, in fact, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, for here was held its first General Convention, and here was adopted the American prayer-book. The present building dates from 1744; the founding was in 1695. It stands on North Second Street north of Market, crowded so closely by dingy warehouses and traffic that it might easily be passed with but hasty notice. But it is rich in tradition, and there is great beauty in both the building and the yard with its tombsones wrapped in ivy and peacock-hued pigeons fluttering among them.

This old church figured prominently in American history. For years it was the one rallying point of the Anglican party, and the Quaker power, long dominant, felt in it a threat. In its congregation were many of the most prominent patriots. Seven signers of the Declaration of Independence are buried in its ground; Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, Benjamin Rush, James Wilson, George Ross, Joseph Hewes and Francis Hopkinson. Queen Anne presented the silver communion service; and a five-pound silver bowl, presented by Colonel Quarry of the British Army in 1712, is still in use.

Christ Church was closely connected with the Revolution. The same Mr. Duché who was "Caspipina" was the clergyman chosen to make the first prayer in Congress. Its Bishop White, who is buried beneath the altar, was the first chaplain. Washington attended service here regularly, while his coach

waited outside and people flocked to see him come out and enter it, as they flock now to the stage entrance of a theater to see some matinée idol appear. Here also many of his statesmen and generals came to worship. The church's early sympathies had been loyal to the mother country, and a bust of King George had adorned the wall; but on the day when the Liberty Bell made its formal declaration, the church removed this bust from the place of honor and struck out the name of the King from its liturgy.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the congregation had outgrown the building, so thirty-seven thousand bricks were ordered from England and a new building erected around the old, which, as one writer says, "lay like a kernel in a nut." During the upheaval the Old Swedes' Church, or Gloria Dei, opened its doors to the outcasts, and for some time the Episcopalians worshiped within these famous walls. You will find Gloria Dei at the corner of Swanson and Christian Streets, the same building which the early Scandinavian settlers began in 1698. Previously, they had put up a blockhouse on this land, and they held their religious services in it; but later they apparently decided that their souls were in greater need of protection than their bodies, and they turned the plot over to spiritual uses altogether. The Rev. Jacob Fabritius preached the first sermon.

In the midst of commerce, surrounded by factories

and warehouses, gazing out upon the busy Delaware River, it stands calm while the hurrying life of the world surges around it. Within, the ancient but perennially young carved cherubs look down from the organ loft, and the bell that rings from the steeple contains some of the first bell's metal. Upon it is inscribed:

> I to the church the living call,
> And to the grave do summon all.

The yard is filled with old stones, on one of which may be read, concerning one Mrs. Margaret Boone,

> She lived a widow two and twenty years,
> Five children had, and by one husband dear,
> Two of ye same in ye ground lies interred here.

The Swedish colony had settled after the sturdy abiding fashion of the Swedish people, on the land near by, along the river, and, with the church for their center, were making themselves at home in this new land. The Reverend Andrew Rudman thus reported matters among them:

"The churches are old and in bad condition, wherefore, with God's help, we are endeavoring to build new ones. . . . The population is very thin and scattered all along the river shore, so that some have sixteen miles to walk or ride to church. Nevertheless they regularly attend divine service on Sunday. The houses are built after the Swedish manner. The

women brew excellent drink, as in Sweden, and they have also a liquor made of apples or peaches, which they call cider. It is very pleasant to the taste and very wholesome."

A diligent landmarkian will find other old churches of much interest. St. Mary's, on Fourth Street near Locust, is the original Roman Catholic cathedral, erected in 1763, though it has since then been enlarged. Commodore Barry lies buried in its yard. In Willing's Alley stands St. Joseph's, quaint as a bit of old-world architecture, surrounded by its little courtyard. There has been a debate as to whether it was here or at St. Mary's that the Mass of Thanksgiving was attended by Washington with Lafayette, Rochambeau and de Grasse, after the victory at Yorktown. . . . Old St. Paul's, on South Third Street, south of Walnut, is given over to modern social work, for hospitals, prisons and the blind; but its temple front is as in 1761. Here is buried the actor, Edwin Forrest.

The yards surrounding the old churches contain, for the most part, those graves especially associated with our country's history. Near Radnor, and a little beyond the city, Revolutionary names may be found on the stones of old St. David's, the "dim and small" of Longfellow's poem. To Christ Church Cemetery, at Fifth and Arch Streets, many go to look at the cracked and worn stone which lies above the ashes of Benjamin Franklin and his wife, Deborah.

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But it is the living Franklin rather than the dead that one feels in Philadelphia. His name is everywhere, his personality breathes among the citizens of the twentieth century as it did among those of the eighteenth. You will see at the University of Pennsylvania a statue showing him as he was in 1723, bundle and staff in hand, a boy of seventeen; is it a whim of the imagination to see thrift and philosophy already shining in his face, while the famous dollar and shilling were all that shone in his pocket? He came to the city a stranger; he probably had very little idea that a carven portrait of him as he was at that hour would ever adorn the campus of a university which he was to found. Another statue beside the postoffice, reminds us that he became postmaster general of the colonies.

As a patriot, as a printer, as the author of *Poor Richard's Almanac,* as the inventor of the Franklin stove and the lightning rod, and as a philosopher, he walks to-day in spirit along Market Street, a stout old gentleman, bald, with a fringe of white hair showing beneath his broad Quaker hat; or he sits as Cutler has described him, "in his garden, upon a grass plat under a very large mulberry tree," with tea-table beside him. His possessions are treasured in various places—his music stand, his electrical machine, his printing press and so on. He has had many critics who have called him vain, irreligious,

and several other things for which they highly disapproved of him; but Philadelphia cannot erase him. He looked upon both himself and life with a somewhat quizzical smile; it was with humor but with no irreverence (in fact, with devoutness) that he wrote his own epitaph:

"The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more, in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author."

§

Houses of early date are scattered through the older portion of the city, although the most of those which held historic significance are gone. The Betsey Ross house, on Arch Street near North Third, is the least in size and the largest in fame, being the veritable dwelling in which the patriotic Betsey sat down to stitch the stripes into Old Glory. It stands huddled between huge overshadowing commercial buildings, this wee brick front; but, putting forth a gallant array of flags, it insists upon being seen.

It is greatly to the credit of certain patriotic and energetic persons that the old house was rescued from its occupation as a saloon some half century ago, and given its rightful place in the history of our nation. There is an attempt now to restore it

The house of Betsey Ross.

completely, in which case, I am told, the little garden at the rear would be laid out as in the seventeen-hundreds, and Betsey's furniture would be brought to its former home. It is now in possession of the Claypool family, descendants of her third husband; John Ross, the first, was killed while on military duty.

The house of Thomas Jefferson, in which he composed the Declaration of Independence, is gone, and only a tablet on a bank building at Seventh and Market Streets points out to you its site. Gone, too, is Washington's house on High Street. The home of Stephen Moylan, the Irishman who figured in the Revolution, remains at Fourth and Walnut Streets.

In a modest corner at the Sesqui-Centennial appeared an exhibit called "Old High Street." Here were replicas of representative buildings of the colonial period in Philadelphia. The Washington house, then one of the city's finest mansions, headed the row; Penn's "Slate Roof House" was there, Franklin's printing shop, the Paul Revere forge, Stephen Girard's banking office, and the Dame School. Treasured heirlooms had been gathered to furnish the buildings; one saw the huge steel chests with hidden locks which Girard used as a banker of to-day uses his complicated safe with its "combinations"; the hornbook and the dunce stool of the old schoolroom; the fine mahogany and china of the dwellings. Washington moved into the house of Robert Morris at the time when Philadelphia

was made the national capital, and new furnishings were introduced, but the President's orders were strict that these should be tasteful but "not extravagant." For seven years it was his home.

Loxley House, the home of Lydia Darrah, was reproduced, recalling one of the snappiest stories of the Revolution. The original house stood on Second Street, and was now and then used by the British as a convenient meeting place during their occupancy of the city. Now Lydia, you remember, was a little Quakeress who must have suffered some psychological conflict in the endeavor to reconcile her spirited patriotism with her religious scruples concerning war.

Just before our encampment at Valley Forge, one of the British officers came to the Darrah house one evening and told Lydia that they must have a room that night for a conference, and that she must get her family to bed early and see that lights and fire were out. She agreed to the plan, and made ready her competent ear to listen at a keyhole; what she heard was the British arrangement to make a night attack upon the American army where it was encamped from Whitemarsh to Fort Washington. Having heard, Lydia quickly slipped upstairs to her room and into bed, and was deep in pretended slumbers when the officer called her to close her house; so deep, that he was obliged to call three times!

Alone, she set off next day to carry out the plan which had been building in her busy head all through that anxious night. She carried a bag of wheat to

the mill, calling this the purpose of her trip. She must go for flour, she told her husband; the British would give her passage through their lines; no, she would not take the maid along, she preferred going alone. And so, through a fall of snow, she trudged determinedly. It was cold, it was far, it was dangerous; but the little Quakeress pushed on. And at last she came to Boudinot.

He it was who told of her report in his journal, and he relates that he took her warning to Washington himself. The Americans made ready. Three times the British attacked, but were repulsed. Strange! said their officers; the plot had evidently leaked out. But they were sure it had not done so through the Darrah family. Why, Lydia had had to be called three times before she wakened!

§

Away from the heart of the city many landmarks will be found, if you have time to prowl farther. Mount Pleasant, in Fairmount Park, has been blessed of late with a fine collection of early furniture. It was built by Captain John McPherson, and was called, at the time of the Revolution, "the most elegant seat in Pennsylvania." Benedict Arnold bought the house for a present to his devoted wife who had been Peggy Shippen. Lemon Hill Mansion is also in Fairmount Park; here Robert Morris lived and entertained Washington and other statesmen and generals.

The first botanic garden in America was established by John Bartram near the Schuylkill River. He was of Quaker family, born in England, and early displayed a gift for botany. He was appointed by the King to serve as his American botanist, and he came to this country to investigate our flora. His collection of specimens drew visitors from all parts, and those who traveled from abroad to the colonies paid a visit to this wise, modest, gentle and religious nature-student. If you will take the trouble to find your way to Bartram's Gardens, you may see some of his own and his son William's specimens; there is a cypress more than twenty-five feet around which the father brought from Georgia on horseback. No journey was too difficult for his zeal. His house is standing there, and, cut in one of the stones by himself in 1770, you may read:

> 'Tis God alone, the Almighty Lord,
> The Holy One by me adored.

It is said that science, to his mind, revealed God, and that in it he found no conflict with religion but far the contrary.

If you have time to travel as far as Red Bank, the site of old Fort Mercer, you will find the battlefield worth a visit. Here Count Donop with 2,500 Hessians attacked the fort, but was driven back by Colonel Greene with 600 Americans; Donop was mortally wounded and lost more than 400 men. Fort Mifflin was just across the river.

§

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania is ensconced in a large building at South Thirteenth and Locust Streets, and here you may make a summing-up of all the history into which you care to delve. Its collections are large and varied and its cases contain far more than our heads can. . . . William Penn made good use of his Bible and his razor—if you doubt it, you can see them both, well worn. *Poor Richard's Almanac* is preserved. . . . Suppose I leave you here, roaming among these aisles?

XVI

TRENTON, PRINCETON, AND THE CROSSING

§

On Christmas day in seventy-six,
Our gallant troops, with bayonets fixed,
To Trenton marched away.

So sang the patriotic minstrel. There came a time for singing. But it was not then. The blackest hour of the Revolution arrived when, after that gloomy November retreat into Jersey, through a gray rain that symbolized the outlook for our country, Washington faced a seemingly hopeless situation. "At this awful moment," says Fiske, "the whole future of America, and of all that America signifies to the world, rested upon that single Titanic will." And then "the old fox," as the British dubbed him, fell to work to prepare a novel Christmas greeting for the nonchalant British who were agreeably killing time on the east bank of the Delaware.

They had arrived at Trenton, paused there, and considered marching on to Philadelphia. Their soldiers, with the Hessians, had been growing constantly more lawless, and now they were roaming through the country, robbing, killing, burning houses and violating women. The people were in panic. The

American army was greatly reduced; Washington drew in new troops, but others were leaving as their short enlistments expired. The moment had come for a desperate stroke. The British being on the east bank of the Delaware, the Americans on the west, the General decided to do the most direct thing that could be conceived—so direct, in fact, that it would not have occurred to anybody else—namely, cross.

"The fox" was living up to his name. He knew the Hessian custom; Christmas would find every man and officer carousing, he predicted, and their power of resistance would be at its lowest. He would act suddenly, with full force, and, if he succeeded, would drive the enemy to retreat upon New York.

He planned to lead the left wing himself, nine miles above Trenton, while Cadwallader with the right wing was to cross to Burlington, and Ewing with the center would go straight to the town.

Twenty-four hours before Christmas night a cold wave had begun and now a bitter storm of sleet had set in. The river was full of floating ice. The soldiers huddled and beat their hands and stamped their feet; particles of flying ice bit their faces. Ewing considered the situation, decided that of course the chief would give up his attempt, and settled down to wait for fresh orders. Cadwallader made an attempt to get his men and artillery across, but found it impossible, and he too waited. Washington, reaching the place where he was to cross just as evening

fell, had two messages handed him. One reported that Cadwallader had given up the attempt; the other, that Ewing had not even made one. The chief had with him 2,500 men. It was growing dark. The storm was frenzied. Huge blocks of ice crashed and roared as they came hurtling down the river. Washington stood silent; his eyes swung to Glover and his little group of Marblehead fishermen whose skill as boatmen had already saved the day after the Battle of Long Island; could they force their path through this dark torrent?

. . . We all know what happened. Not a man or a gun was lost in that passage of ten terrible hours, in which the little boats fought their way with load after load. Blinded by the storm, the men set off at once upon their nine miles' march. In two columns, under Greene and Sullivan, they entered Trenton by different roads, a sickly sun having risen as they arrived.

It was quite true that the Hessians had celebrated Christmas to the utmost. Colonel Rahl, their leader, had been at a supper party, playing cards and enjoying the flowing bowl. The story runs that at dawn a message of warning to Rahl was delivered to a negro warden at the door; "The genman can't be distubbed," the negro replied, but, upon being pressed, he carried it to the Colonel who thrust it into his pocket. It was a short time later that the sound of American drums roused him from his cards and wine.

Down the road came the Americans leaving their footprints in blood on the snow. They were worn, in pain, desperate; they were under orders to use the bayonet; and they meant to bring failure to an end. Against such a mind the enemy was helpless. The terrified drink-sodden Hessians poured forth from their barracks; Rahl, half dressed, tried to rally them and was shot down; right and left they fell, thirty in all being killed, and, except for some two hundred who escaped, they were captured. It was tonic to the American soul to learn that, after long discouragement, we had at last won a victory.

§

It is greatly to the credit of Trenton that a vigorous effort has of late years been put forth to preserve what landmarks were left. Abraham Hunt's house, where Rahl was carousing, has long since vanished, but here, as at other points of interest, a conspicuous marker helps us trace the march of history.

Entering on the Lincoln Highway from Philadelphia, you will turn in at Warren, once King Street. The Masonic Temple is on the right, containing relics; a stone building of early period. At the left stands the barracks, a long stone building with a wing at each end, restored to the colonial period and containing much fine old furniture. The barracks was erected in 1758 by the Provincial Council of the Province of New Jersey, at the petition of the

settlers who sought protection from murderous Indian assaults. The British took possession of it and quartered the Hessians there; in comfort they settled down to enjoy their Christmas, cosily sheltered from the storm.

Raw Studio.

The old Barracks at Trenton. Erected for use during French and Indian Wars. Occupied by British and Continental troops in the Revolution.

Just across the little bridge stands the Douglass house, moved from its original site, but in good condition. Within its walls Washington planned his retreat to Princeton.

Trenton has its historic churches. The First

Presbyterian is surrounded by an early burying ground, and here Colonel Rahl was laid. St. Michael's and the Friends' Meeting House are preserved; the latter was the headquarters of the British Light Dragoons.

§

But the historic interest of Trenton centers some miles along the river, at the point where the crossing was made. At last the dream of years has been realized, and a state park marks the spot. On the other side Pennsylvania has likewise laid out a park, and the two, joined by a modern bridge where once the Marblehead fishermen rowed against the sleet, commemorate one of the greatest feats achieved by Washington and his men.

The situation is unique, and well worth the drive of some eight miles from what is now the center of Trenton. On the Jersey side you will find the McKonkey Ferry house, where it is said that Washington and his staff stopped for refreshment on the morning of their arrival. More than a mile back of this, on the route which Sullivan's division followed, stood the Bear Tavern even then. It was along the old McKonkey Lane that the army marched. A monument has been erected on each side of the Delaware.

Cross the bridge, and on the Pennsylvania side you will find, besides the monument, the Thompson homestead, once a lovely dwelling in a grove of thick

The Trenton Times.

Monument at Washington's Crossing, on the Pennsylvania side.

trees. Pidcock's Creek runs close to its door. Here conferences of officers were held, it is said; Captain James Moore was stopping here in December, expecting to cross with the Americans, when he was stricken suddenly with camp fever and on Christmas, when his comrades were making their march through the snow, he lay dying in this house. Not far off, across the canal, near a wheat field, he lies buried with some of his companions in arms near by. The worn little marker reads: "Here lies the son of Benjamin and Cornelia Moore, who died at the age of 24 years and 8 months on December 25, 1776."

The large open space where the army gathered and waited to cross is marked. And here you will stand, probably on a balmy summer day, pausing in the course of a delightful motor journey; and will try to picture that night: flying sleet, black gloom, physical suffering, desperation. They paid high for our prosperity!

§

The victory at Trenton had put new heart into the Americans, but this was only a beginning. Unless it could be followed up, the British would hold the whip hand again. On the second of January, 1777, Cornwallis set out to meet Washington, who was near Trenton. He led forth from Princeton the best troops he could command; the American forces were small and worn. Little parties of the latter were sent out to lie in wait and harass the enemy in

its advance, but the chief realized that his chance would be slim if it came to an open conflict.

These petty harassments were no more than flies for the British to brush away, and they marched on securely. Washington withdrew. Cornwallis drew up to camp for the night, observed "At last we have run down the old fox and we will bag him in the morning," and soon, along with his officers and men, fell to snoring. "The old fox" proceeded to carry out his plan.

A small group of American soldiers were sent to make campfires along the shore of the Assunpink, at the same time keeping up the pretense of building entrenchments. They were laboriously noisy about it; their axes pounded and crashed, their shouts were loud, and the British woke to reflect comfortably that the rebels were planting themselves where, by the mere stretching out of a hand, they could be captured when morning came. Meantime, the main part of our troops were being quietly led on to Princeton.

At sunrise the Americans arrived at the southeastern outskirts of the town. Washington formed his troops near the Quaker Meeting House. The main body wheeled by a back road to the colleges. Mercer was detached and went toward the west with about three hundred and fifty men. There were already two British regiments on the march to join Cornwallis, leaving far behind the very spot where they were needed, while Cornwallis peacefully

awaited them to help overwhelm the Americans who, as he assumed, were with those delusive campfires. But Mawhood, with a number about equal to Mercer's, saw the approach of the Americans and returned.

The site of the first conflict is marked by a pile of cannon balls, the pyramid surmounted by an alert eagle. At your left is a field above the slope up which the two forces rushed. Mawhood led a body of men who were trained, fresh, and armed with bayonets; Mercer, a body poorly trained, ill-equipped, and almost exhausted by a night march of eighteen miles through intense cold; they were riflemen, with scarcely any bayonets among them.

The encounter was swift and fierce. At the end of it, the American soldiers gave way, abandoning their cannon, while their officers remained on the field, calling the men back. Several of them fell, and Mercer dropped to the ground wounded.

When Washington planned this move he had called his officers together and laid his plan before them, as was his custom. Agreement had been unanimous; Mercer was one of the most enthusiastic —Mercer, who was to carry out the enterprise, and pay the price with his life. It is said that when he fell he was desperately fighting afoot, his well-known gray horse having been disabled; there is also a tradition that the British mistook him for Washington, and that one of them struck him with his musket while others fell upon him in a frenzy of

Cannon balls mark the site of the battle of Princeton.

revenge. This, however, is believed a false accusation. He was dragged, bleeding, from the field and down the road to the house of Thomas Clark.

It is a frame building only a short distance along the road. In it was assembled a collection of

The house where General Mercer died.

weapons and other relics picked up on the battlefield. In front of the building is a monument to Mercer. He was nursed at this house by Miss Sarah Clark (a Quaker), and a colored servant. He lingered until January 12th, when he died in the arms of Major George Lewis, a nephew of Washington.

§

Hearing the conflict, as Mercer fell, Washington hurried to the scene and rallied the scattered troops, riding straight to the front himself, until he faced the enemy at thirty yards, commanding every American to follow. He was swathed in smoke at once; simultaneous volleys arose from both sides. When the smoke cleared away he stood unharmed, and the British were overwhelmed. The entire action, from the moment of Mercer's first shot, had consumed just twenty minutes; Mawhood with his men was pursued by the patriots for three or four miles, and he lost many on the way as prisoners to the conquering Americans.

On the slope which you are facing from the Clark house this victory under Washington took place. Go back now to the heart of the town and visit old Nassau Hall, where a few final touches were neatly put. Here, as well as in the Presbyterian church, the British had their barracks; Washington drew up some cannon near these buildings and opened fire. An attempt at resistance was made; Trevelyan says that there was "little bloodshed but some profanation; young Alexander Hamilton, with the irreverence of a student fresh from a rival place of education, planted his guns on the sacred grass of the academical campus and fired a six-pound shot which is said to have passed through the head of King George the Second's portrait in the chapel."

The American force was too great and the garrison soon surrendered.

It was about this time that Cornwallis woke. "A thunderstorm," he observed casually, as he heard the sound of distant firing.

"No. Washington has outgeneraled us!" was Erskine's reply. Cornwallis hastened to Princeton to find his troops thoroughly chastised and Washington with his men safely on the road to the Morristown Heights.

If you will follow Nassau Street you will be traveling the old turnpike to Kingston bridge. At the Millstone River you will find it; it displays in its masonry a stone upon which is cut this inscription:

KINGSTON BRIDGE
45 Miles to Phila.
50 Miles to N. Y.
1798.

This is the bridge built to replace that one which Washington broke up as he crossed. He planted his artillery in the cemetery above to guard the point. Just beyond it, at the turn of the road, you will find a marker stating that " by this route Washington with his army retired to Morristown (Heights) after his victory at Princeton, January, 1777." Across the road stood the Beehive Tavern, now sunk to ruin, at which it is supposed the chief stopped to dine. Turning toward the highlands, he halted for the night and his men sank exhausted

upon the frozen ground of the woods. Had Cornwallis pursued, he would have found them easy prey. His failure to do so was one of the serious mistakes of the British.

The delightful old Rose and Crown farmhouse

The Beehive Tavern, where Washington is said to have stopped for dinner.

may be seen by traveling about a mile beyond the above marker. It was formerly the home of A. W. Callisen, an authority on local history, who rummaged and brought forth many an interesting tradition connected with the house. Cornwallis probably used it as headquarters more than once, and some

of Washington's officers at other times. It is said that one of its closets served to conceal Lieutenant Hayward and permitted him to escape through a trapdoor which he made. The carpenters who did the fine panelling work in 1799 (the original part of

The Rose and Crown Farmhouse.

the house dates back to 1732) received two shillings British a day, uncommonly high wages for that period.

Another byway leads to Rocky Hill where one of the best preserved of the various Washington headquarters is a goal well worth the journey. The house

is broad and white, an inviting retreat, as it must have been in the days when Mrs. John Berrian offered it to the chief for a resting spot which he enjoyed from August 18th to November 9, 1783. Upstairs you may see his living-room and bedroom,

The Washington Headquarters at Rocky Hill.

and all through are quaint furnishings and relics—a cellarette of Lord Baltimore's, a harpsichord of Lord Stirling's, figured wallpapers, bits of old china. A glowing old-time flowerbed, gay with larkspur, sweet-williams and stocks, welcomes you at the door, while close beside it rests a once-roaring lion long since tamed—a cannon of the Revolution.

XVII

BRANDYWINE AND "CARMEN BELLICOSUM"

§

IT is a happy fact that, trying to tell you how to follow the trail of history along the Brandywine, I can't tell you at all. You must blaze your own way through a wilderness, and ferret out landmarks where little has been done to assist. And, if the soul of a Columbus burns within your breast, you will enjoy the day a hundred times better than if prim markers regulated your steps at every turn. You may choose to start at the village of Chadd's Ford. For my part, I set off from West Chester, where I cruelly put young chauffeurs through a third degree of historical examination; were they sure they knew the road to the Washington Headquarters? to the Birmingham Meeting House? to Jeffrey's Ford? They quailed. Later on I learned that a certain boy born and reared in the vicinity knew the story of Lexington and Concord by heart and had never been told that Cornwallis crossed this creek where he catches fish or that Washington's soldiers were drawn up on these fields where he and his dog chase rabbits. When at last I found some-

one who could drive me to the points named, I took the youngster along and together he and I traced the story of the battle at first hand, together we throbbed to the tread of British feet at the old ford, to the terrible defiance of the patriots in the shadow of the old church. Perhaps that is why the day stands out in my memory as one of life's high adventures. It is not given to every woman to be a boy again, and with another boy as eager as that one, on a glorious autumn day beside the Brandywine.

No trip to Revolutionary scenes holds forth more sense of adventure. No doubt the area will, before long, be made a park; roads will be laid out, shaggy fields groomed to trim lawns, postcard views be sold. We entirely endorse such commendable paying of respects to our ancestors. But oh, the joy of the wilderness! The delight of searching with difficulty, of coming upon a little old house that nobody around pays much attention to, where it stands in a scramble of unkempt trees and bushes, and of finding that Lafayette stopped there! Of realizing that you are hiking over a countryside as roughly forbidding in many stretches as it was when the weary Americans marched its miles!

This winding creek, here screened by close growing trees, there flowing openly through pasture land, is as primitive as in 1777. You can follow it for miles, coming upon only an occasional house; you can see it as it looked in September of that year when Howe was setting out for Philadelphia. It lay across

his path and ran wide enough to hinder his march; but there were several fords that crossed it, and the main one, Chadd's, was on his way. So when Washington, tired of being called "Fabius" too long, determined to undertake the heading off of the

Along the Brandywine. The end of autumn.

British, he chose a spot just behind Chadd's Ford and across the road as the most effective point at which to place the center of his army. Below this ford the little stream suddenly entered walls of sheer rock, and became a stormy torrent; rock and torrent made an excellent defense for the American

left wing under Armstrong, while the right, under Sullivan, was drawn up for two miles along the creek and in the woods.

If you are an enterprising hiker or motorist you can travel over the country about the present Chadd's Ford and build a much more realistic picture of the past than in most historic localities, for the changes in this quiet corner of Pennsylvania have been few. You can see the cliffs that walled off any possible British attack upon the left; you will find uneven land, sometimes bare, sometimes wooded, rolling away unbroken as the armies found it. You will see what the British saw: that the rebels were strongly placed; to storm straight ahead into their center would be a risky business, while the furious little Brandywine and its cliffs completely guarded their left. The one possibility was to make a long march around through the woods and so take the American right by a flanking movement which must be kept secret if it was to succeed.

It was the eleventh of September when activities began. The British plan was complete, and Knyphausen, commanding their right wing, set up a lively skirmishing at Chadd's Ford, which was to hold the attention of our commander while Cornwallis could lead the left up the Lancaster road and surprise the Americans by attacking their right at the rear.

Washington knew only too well that this would be the probable move of the British, and he kept his weather eye open for news of it. The message

came; Cornwallis was marching up the Lancaster road; at once the American chief made ready for drastic action. He would cross suddenly, using both Chadd's Ford and Brinton's, a short way above, and descend full force upon Knyphausen, crushing his division.

But his decision halted. He knew the Americans' inferiority both in numbers and training. Knyphausen's division, even alone, could have returned his offensive, leaving Cornwallis' troops as a pretty surplus on the British side of the account. Moreover, conflicting reports came in. A mistaken message reached him to the effect that Cornwallis was not approaching after all. The chief sent out for further information but it was long in coming; the upshot was that Cornwallis had led his men over eighteen miles, had crossed the two tines of the Brandywine's fork, first at Trimble's Ford, then at Jeffrey's, and had almost reached Birmingham Church near Dilworth before Washington could learn precisely what and where the British movement was.

It was too late to accomplish what he had hoped, and probably he could not have done it in any case. But the British soon learned that they had both a bold and a shrewd commander to reckon with, and an army which, for all its uncouthness, meant business quite as much as did its chief. Washington quickly sent Sullivan to march straight to Birmingham Church and head off the British movement.

Sullivan and Cornwallis met in front of that little old Quaker meeting house which you are to visit to-day; and the fight that ensued is called by Fiske "murderous." It was bitterly stubborn and nothing but sheer overpowering force on the British side could have driven Sullivan's men back. They fell wounded and dead but to the last they kept fighting. It was a long slow process to push them back; decimated, they retreated toward Dilworth; and now Greene, at the center, was obliged to retreat to Chester by way of Dilworth to keep the American army from being broken in two. The British way was at last clear. Knyphausen could cross Chadd's Ford, Cornwallis could come directly forward upon Wayne at the American center, and Wayne and Armstrong must both retreat and join the other Americans where they had continued to Chester. The battle was over; the Americans were a thousand less in numbers; while the British, although their loss was greater, could far better afford it; they were the victors of Brandywine. Philadelphia was theirs for the taking. That "rebel capitol" came near to panic, some of its inhabitants fleeing to the mountains while Congress fled to Lancaster. But the British found it no child's play to reach their goal. Fiske says, "There was no need of such unseemly haste (on the part of Philadelphians), for Washington detained the victorious enemy a fortnight on the march of only twenty-six miles; a

feat which not even Napoleon could have performed with an army that had just been 'routed'."

§

Suppose you set out from West Chester. You must cover many miles with but few markers, you must lose your way now and again and have to re-trudge or re-drive along those twisting roads beside which graybeard tufts of frost lie on the fields this end-of-autumn morning, while shocks lean with bent backs, heavily weary at the thought of oncoming winter. There are bare trees on vividly green slopes; little bridges suddenly spring across creeks that sparkle hard and blue and cold. . . . And now a marker, as you leave West Chester behind: "Route of the left wing of Cornwallis' army, September 11, 1777."

The old Lancaster road, up which the British marched! The tramp of British feet is in your ears, the rattle of British arms. Here they came, onward, secretly, preparing for the flanking movement which was a trump card in that period of the world's war game. It had been a success in 1776 at the Battle of Long Island. Frederick the Great had used the method with brilliant results. Howe liked it. As the British set out along this road they foresaw an easy victory.

Sheep are grazing near you as you hike or drive along the Unionville-Wawaset Road to Jeffrey's

Ford. The fields are primitively unbroken in many stretches, and here and there are wooded patches. And at last an old-time covered bridge comes in sight; the kind of bridge through which we used to drive when we were small, and within the long

Jeffrey s Ford, where Cornwallis crossed.

tunnel of which it was darkly mysterious and fascinating to hear the rumble and roar of wheels and their echo. The approach is a neat wall of native stone, unpretentious in view of the part which this spot played in our national history. The simple legend reads: "Here Cornwallis crossed between one and two o'clock P.M., September 11, 1777."

The River Drive, or the Brandywine Road, are names of the way that you will follow, more or less brokenly, as you press on to Chadd's Ford. There are miles where you will pass almost entirely through the woods, with the creek traveling beside you, peeping and hiding as it runs. Again you will come upon long sunny slopes, and once in a while an old stone farmhouse will appear, perhaps with an outdoor fireplace still to be seen, one of the fireplaces in which early Pennsylvanians cooked their sauerkraut. And at length Chadd's Ford.

There are two important buildings to be found near by, the houses where Washington and Lafayette each made headquarters. The former is kept as a museum and is in good preservation. It is a modest, comfortable little dwelling of 1721. Some claim, as the outstanding event in its career, the first flying of the American flag from a headquarters; but there is much uncertainty concerning the history of the Stars and Stripes. In June of 1777, Congress had resolved that "the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Strange and various banners had fluttered above our army before this; it was felt to be high time that we should be known by an established design. Its origin is accredited by some to John Adams, while others believe it to have been taken from the Washington coat of arms. The usual statement is that the

first official flag was made by Betsey Ross; the first displayed in any engagement was at Fort Schuyler; the first carried on sea was flown by John Paul Jones on the *Ranger;* the first carried in a pitched battle was that which swept above Brandywine. The

The Washington Headquarters at Chadd's Ford.

War Department has recently made a study of conflicting records and has established Fort Schuyler's claim.

The old-fashioned stoop of the Headquarters is inviting, with vine-hung trellises on either side and great trees shading its doorway. Within you will

find simple colonial furniture—chairs, tables, a cradle, and other pieces. The kitchen with its wide fireplace is equipped according to its period; old utensils, even to a colonial sausage stuffer, stand about as if ready for some ghostly cook of the eight-

The Lafayette Headquarters at Chadd's Ford.

eenth century to set to work with them. There are documents, too, of historic interest. Here was Washington's temporary home on September 10th and 11th, while he was preparing to meet the British and while the battle was going on.

A short distance along the road stands the house where Lafayette made headquarters. It is marked,

but in no preservation. Under the large tree, runs the story, he was laid while his wounds were dressed. The main part is of stone, the wing of wood; the latter is said to have been the original building. It wears a pathetic look of sagging muscles—one might even attribute to it fallen arches; and yet its very dilapidation has charm. Ruins, even semi-ruins, are a rare luxury in America.

§

From this vicinity you can make a loop back to West Chester by Dilworth, and on the way visit the Lafayette monument. It stands at your right as you follow the road, beside a white house. The monument, like the headquarters, is a bit down at heel; the cannon near it had fallen over on its side when I was there, and the whole picture was forlorn. It utters gallant words, however: "The honor of having mingled my blood with that of many other American soldiers on the heights of Brandywine has been to me a source of pride and delight," is quoted from the urbane Frenchman's speech. On the rising ground a short distance south of this spot Lafayette was wounded at the battle, and the monument was erected by citizens and school children.

You are now making your way toward the Birmingham Meeting House. First you must keep your eye out for the corner of a lonely road that curls away to the left; the spot is covered with woods; on a little height above the road, obscure among

The Lafayette Monument.

trees and undergrowth, a flag calls your attention to a cannon mounted on stones. There is something pathetic about the patient rectitude of this cannon; it seems to have posted itself there on perpetual guard, as if to watch through the centuries for hos-

The old school beside the Birmingham Meeting House.

tile approach. And it is so very, very lonely, and no hostile approach ever comes! "The right wing of Washington's army had its main position on the high ground east of this point. Here the Americans fought heroically but were at last forced to retire toward Dilworth."

And now you are in the thick of the fighting. In

these parts centered the fury of one of the most desperate battles of all the war. A little further on you will find yourself at the Birmingham Meeting House. The Friends' school was established at this place about 1753, and for years the school and the meeting house led a peaceful life under the quiet piety of Quaker régime. It was an appalling event in the life of such a house of worship when it suddenly found itself plunged into the bloodiest phase of warfare.

A tablet in the stone wall will guide you: "To mark the site of the line of defense of the American army." The church is heavily shaded by old trees a bit back from the road; it is rudely and stalwartly built of native stone, and as simple as the house of ten lines that a child draws; its shutters and doors and little hoods above the doors are trimly white. The horse-block, of piled stones, wears the aged look of everything that surrounds the weather-worn building; not a tree, not a window-pane, not a line of roof or wall but seems venerable.

While the murderous fighting was going on close by, the church was turned into a hospital and wounded soldiers were dragged in at its door, some to recover, many to die. Bloodstains are still traced on the wood. It has slipped back into its old peace, an apathetic peace, perhaps. . . . A curious many-sided structure beyond is the old school.

Osborne Hill, which you will see as you continue along this road, was Howe's field headquarters.

Along this way you will follow from time to time the trail of Cornwallis and his men; the eminence where the British established themselves lies to your right and is marked, "Position of General Howe and Staff." On this vantage point Howe placed

The Birmingham Meeting House, used for wounded soldiers and stained with their blood.

himself that September 11th, and from it he directed the movements of his force. Sconneltown was the resting place of the British army.

"The Old Jones House," is the name by which you may inquire the way to a great frame structure, square and surmounted by a cupola of Victorian

gesture, but hardly to be blamed for its pomposity when one considers the valley sweep which it discloses. It was a pre-Revolutionary house, although so much rebuilt as to be unrecognizable, and in its dining-room, wainscoted in white woodwork, the family tradition has it that Lafayette was entertained on his visit to America. I dropped in upon the household eating dinner within these wainscoted walls; they nodded pleasantly: "Yes, right here he had his dinner," they observed with an almost startling familiarity, as though the great French officer had been of the party yesterday. Should I, if I rubbed my eyes, see that long Gallic nose, that gracious but keen glance? Would towering collar, epaulettes upon an ornate and dashing uniform, and powdered wig flash before my physical eyes? . . . "Here, in the kitchen," someone was saying, leading on. Another old room, unchanged; a mysterious tiny door above the sink being opened; and behind it, a bit of the original outer wall of the house revealed, its brick broken where a cannon ball struck during the fray.

§

Delaware and Chester Counties, both associated with the battle, offer many more interesting trips in this region. A Revolutionary fort was at Lenape, at Edgemont is the house where Sandy Flash, that famous bandit of the seventeen-hundreds, was captured; and his cave, as well. In Chester, whither the

American army retreated, you may visit an old hotel where Washington paused to write his account of the battle. On your way you will travel the same road that our army marched then.

There are literary associations, too: with Bayard Taylor, and *The Story of Kennett;* with the woods of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* And all the while, as you travel, McMaster's *Carmen Bellicosum* rings in your ears:

Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death.

XVIII

GERMANTOWN AND THE CLIVEDEN LIONS

§

ONE walks along Germantown's busily peaceful street, one passes between its substantial dignified old stone houses, one sees its housewives trudging to market, basket on arm; and, if automobiles could be banished, one might step into the year of 1777. Rich October sunshine trickles through the leaves of trees whose branches quivered as bullets sang through them in that other October. A cat blinks sagely, then falls to washing her face with a curled paw; one has an impulse to address her, to inquire, "Madame Tabitha, hast seen the redcoats pass this way to-day?"

Now, as then, the town seems to consist chiefly of a single street. To be sure, its map indicates others; but to the visitor interest centers so closely along some two miles of that main avenue whose chief houses have scarcely been altered, that he comes away with the impression of having gazed upon a compactly set stage on which the play has just been enacted. Once the houses were surrounded by gardens and orchards; now many of these spaces

are filled by newer buildings. But even to-day some of the gardens are left, lovely bits of lawn and flower-beds rich with color and memory. Best of all, toward the upper end of the street and far back from it, imposing, solitary, self-contained, still stands untouched that great house where one of the most significant battles of the Revolution centered on the foggy morning of one October 4th. It was and is the home of the Chew family.

The town was founded in 1683. German Pietists and Mennonites came to the new country; Quakers, too; Germantown came to be known as a place of freedom for religion. Various sects established themselves here, and even now the Dunkards and Mennonites both sustain active churches. You will feel the presence of these early sects mingling with Revolutionary history as you saunter along Germantown Avenue.

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It was some three weeks after the Americans had been defeated at Brandywine. Cornwallis had entered Philadelphia accompanied by flags and music, and was arranging to pay that city a long and festive visit. Howe, meanwhile, had established himself at Germantown. The British army was encamped just behind the Old School Lane which you will pass on your stroll up the main street; Knyphausen was in command of the left wing, west of this street; Grant, over the right wing, was on

the east. Colonel Musgrave's regiment occupied a field across the road from Judge Chew's house, and a battalion of light infantry had been stationed on Mount Airy, a mile beyond.

Historians count Washington's move at this time as one of amazing brilliancy and daring. It was a move that deserved a victorious outcome and would no doubt have met with it but for the curious twist of circumstances. Some say that a canteen caused the American defeat; but in any case our side displayed such courage, such zeal after the tragedy of Brandywine, such a growth in discipline and skill, that the result of the battle was profoundly to impress the military critics of Europe. The French decided to become our allies and to come to our aid; it is supposed that the Battle of Germantown served to bring this about almost as much as did the surrender of Burgoyne.

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If you stroll from the south end of town you will see, at Fisher's Lane, old Hood's Cemetery, the "Lower Burying Ground." It was one of the first cemeteries used publicly, and none but negroes were forbidden its repose. You will find distinguished names upon its stones, among them that of the British General Agnew and Lieutenant Colonel Bird who fell in the battle and were buried together.

Another visit which you must pay while in the south part of the town is to Stenton. It is four or

five blocks from Wayne Junction, a fine old mansion of 1727. James Logan, who was secretary to William Penn, built it, and it has seen many distinguished visitors and important happenings. Howe made his headquarters here during the battle; Wash-

The Morris House, where Washington lived. "If automobiles could be banished, one might step into 1777."

ington paused here to dine. It is said that a passage runs underground from the cellar to the stables and on to the family burying ground. It is well cared for and displayed to the visitor.

As you go on north along the main street the old-time residences grow more frequent, standing serene

amid the bustle of the busy present. One of the first is the Morris house, on your left. It presents an austere aspect; but behind its formidable enclosure spreads an old-time lawn and garden, quietly lovely and withdrawn. It is of typical colonial pattern, a building practically untouched since 1772.

After the battle, Howe moved to this residence from Stenton. Later, when the war was over, it was leased to Washington by Isaac Franks, then the owner; this was in November, 1793, when an outbreak of yellow fever drove the officers of government to Germantown. Again, the following summer, Washington lived here, and he and his wife greatly endeared themselves to the people, with whom they would stop to chat. Franks' accounts show that for November, 1793, he received in all $131.56, which sum included rent, his own traveling expenses to and from Bethlehem, the renting of furniture and bedding for himself and family, the loss of one flatiron, of one large fork, four plates, three ducks, four fowls, one bushel of potatoes, and one hundred of hay.

Still going north, you will find yourself at West Walnut Lane; here stands Wyck. One part of this building claims the distinction of being the oldest house in town. It was originally two houses, built about 1690, and has been altered; but in general it presents a picture of colonial days. It is freshly white, facing a broad lawn and wearing an air of cheerful hospitality.

On that October day in 1777 the wounded were brought here. It is said that certain dark stains on the floor upstairs were made by soldiers' blood. About a half century later a reception was given within these rooms to General Lafayette, in those

Wyck, where the wounded left blood stains.

happy days when, our cause being won, prosperity and peace were abroad in the land.

Across the street a sturdy building announces that "the public school of Germantown, the Germantown Academy, was organized at a meeting of citizens held the sixth day of December, 1759, in this build-

ing, the home of Daniel Mackinett and sometime known as the Green Tree Inn." Its experience as a popular hostelry seems to have stamped it; many know it even now as "The Old Green Tree Inn," or "Tavern," although it is leading a demure life,

"Sometime known as the Green Tree Inn."

being the office and parish house of a Methodist church.

North of Walnut Lane the old buildings are to be seen on both sides. At your right, on the east side of the street, stands the Shippen house of 1775; it was the center of a skirmish. Still farther along you will come to an old churchyard enclosed by

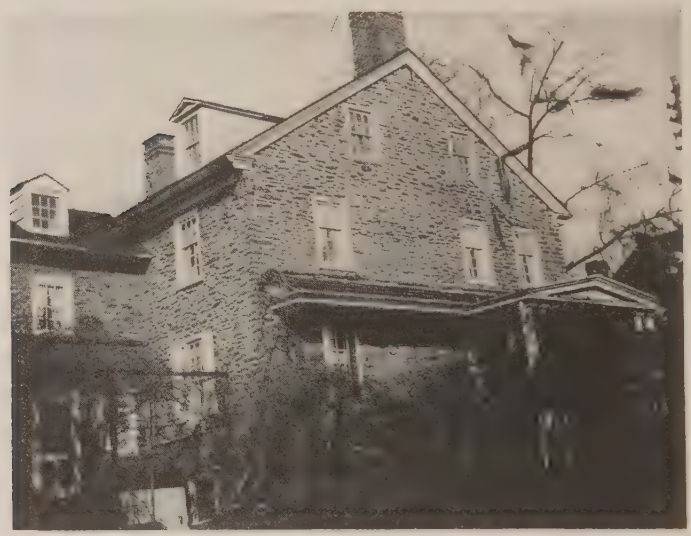
an iron fence and filled with close-crowded stones; at one side of the enclosure stands a small unpretentious stone building, the place of worship of the Mennonites. Tiny panes still peep between old-time shutters, the little building, although carefully

The Mennonite Church, where centered the settlement that founded Germantown in 1683.

tended, shows the wear of time. "Here centered the settlement that founded Germantown, 1683. First burial, November, 1683. Log meeting house, 1686." So runs its brief autobiography. One catches old Mennonite names among the stones—Jacob and Ann Funk, Isaac Kulp, Ann Unruh, Shriver, Rittenhouse. . . .

The Concord Schoolhouse, Germantown.

And still farther along on this same side of the street you will see another little old stone building, the Concord Schoolhouse, erected by private subscription in 1775, "named by its builders after the Battle of Concord as an expression of patriotism."



The Johnson house, where British bullets went through doors.

Thus we find a happy link forged between that New England path which we have so lately trodden and these of Pennsylvania history. The schoolhouse has trim green shutters, an engaging doorway, and such a steeple as children make with two forefingers when they say, "Open the doors and see the people!" Indeed the whole picture is that of a charming toy.

. . . Adjoining the school is the old "Upper Burial Ground" dating back to 1693. Here lie many of the early settlers, and also Major Irwin, Captain Turner, Adjutant Lucas and six other American soldiers killed in the battle.

The Johnson house on the west side of the street is an excellent example of Dutch colonial architecture. Its builder was Dirck Jansen, one of the first settlers from Holland; he began the building in 1765 and finished the peak of the roof three years later, setting its date there for posterity to witness. It is of native stone, cut by hand, and it displays the double door and brass knocker of its period. At present the Woman's Club occupies the house and has assembled many old treasures within its walls; the garden is gay with just such bleeding-heart, Marie Louise roses, Johnny-jump-ups and daffodils as blossomed there all those years ago; and beside it is cherished the very fig tree of early days. You can see the old well; best of all, you can see the track that British bullets made through three doors, while fighting was going on along the road in front of the house.

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Suppose you keep on northward and pass the Chew residence for the time, so that the background of that October day may first be painted vividly into your picture. Cliveden, as it is called, stands amid large grounds on your right, while, facing it,

is Upsala, built shortly after the Revolution and considered one of the best examples of colonial architecture in this part of the country. Now, as you continue north, you are passing in imagination first Maxwell's men, then Conway's, Sullivan's, Wayne's

The Billmeyer House, in front of which Washington directed the battle.

and Nash's, all under Sullivan. This was the American right wing, which was prepared to march down the main street and overwhelm the advanced parties of the British, while the left wing was to be led by Greene down the Limekiln Road. Armstrong with the militia was to come in from the Monatawny

Road, and Smallwood and Forman should approach from the Old York.

The Americans were fewer in numbers than the enemy and the plan was almost incredibly audacious. Picture them as they waited for orders, drawn up

The Dunkard Church, where the British seized the Saur Bibles for gun wadding.

over this stretch of the town; picture the chief joining them, for he had decided to accompany Sullivan's column in the attack. Notice the old stone building, once the home of Michael Billmeyer, the printer (whose imprints, by the way, are well known to collectors of the present); "in front of it," the

marker tells you, "during the battle, Washington conferred with his officers, ordered the attack upon the Chew house, and directed the battle. This house bears the marks of the bullets and of attempts to fire it made by the British." And here you must see him, telescope in hand, straining to peer through the cloud of fog and smoke, while he stood on the horseblock.

Just to the north is the stone church of the Dunkards, the front of the building dating from 1770. It took its part in the battle; a pile of Saur Bibles was stored in the church, and the British seized them for gun wadding.

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And now back to Cliveden. Its grounds spread wide and deep, giving the splendid old mansion a retirement within which it may brood upon its memories. Fine stateliness lies in every line; in the restraint of roof and windows; in the doorway surmounting those stone steps up which the battle pushed and beside which sit those same guardian lions that came forth from the fight battered, maimed for life, but not to be downed. From that day when it belonged to Benjamin Chew, formerly chief justice of Pennsylvania, the house has never passed from the family, and its scars of battle are sacredly preserved. On the floor of the broad hall are dints said to have been made by muskets; in several spots are bullet holes, filled but visible. Some

of the original furniture remains, and there is an old picture of the battle hanging on the wall, in which the lions are much in evidence. The coach of that early owner stands in the stable as naturally as though the Chief Justice himself were about to

Cliveden, where raged one of the hottest fights of the Revolution.

descend those scarred steps and enter it for a drive along this placidly basking old avenue.

The actual march upon Germantown began at seven, the evening before October 4th. Washington proceeded with Sullivan's column, the others came forward from their several posts. All started

A pair of battered lions at the entrance of the Chew House bear witness to the Battle of Germantown.

well, the daring plan looked propitious to a degree; but at sunrise came a fog which grew rapidly dense.

The first moves were successful. The British light infantry was routed on Mount Airy, Musgrave was overwhelmed and, with a small force, he fled to Judge Chew's house which he took as a fort and began a lively fire from its windows. The Americans planted their cannon on what is now the lawn of Upsala across the street; they began to attack Cliveden with their artillery, but its walls of solid stone resisted all such firing. It was decided then that it must be besieged in a more hand-to-hand manner and Maxwell's brigade was left to attend to this while the rest of Sullivan's column rushed on along Germantown Avenue.

And there at the quiet old colonial doorway, where there is no stir except for the flicker of leaf shadows, raged one of the hottest fights of the Revolution. A heavy iron bar was run across the door to meet the attack of the Americans who struggled to batter it down. An officer was sent with a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the house; the demand was refused without hesitation. The Americans pressed desperately forward, crowding upon the steps, falling before the British bullets as they whistled from the windows and the doorway. . . . Storming forward, stumbling, groaning, up again and pressing on, falling, bleeding, dying. . . .

Historians say that the move was wasteful of

both time and men; even so, Washington's daring plan might have succeeded but for the strange mishap that cost the Americans their battle. The fighting was going on desperately farther down the street, the British ranks were falling into confusion, when a fatal error turned the tide. The fog had been steadily growing thicker and it was now causing difficulty on both sides. As Wayne came forward, Stephen was approaching; he mistook Wayne's men for the British, and fell upon them in devastating attack. Panic, chaos and retreat ensued, and our day was lost; although our army was quickly pulled together so that the retreat became orderly and panic was banished.

It was reported that the fog which really caused our defeat was not atmospheric but alcoholic; that a pull too much at his canteen had addled Stephen's wits. He was court-martialed and dismissed from the service. But whatever may have been the full explanation of the blunder, the Americans had shown that they had learned how to fight, that they were capable of both daring and skill in the expert craft of war; and the result was a new confidence in Washington and his men on both sides of the Atlantic.

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For one who has abundant time to spend among the pent roofs and hooded doorways of old Germantown, there is much more of early period to be seen.

In a vanished studio behind the Gilbert Stuart house, it is said, the famous painter made that portrait of Washingon which we all know, and the story goes that the chief used to disturb the flow of paint of the artist by wandering out into the orchard when an especially fine red apple met his eye while he was sitting. . . . The house of Thomas Livezy of Revolutionary times is a familiar landmark; during the war its owner hid some casks of wine by sinking them in his dam, and up to a few years ago, at least, some of that wine was preserved. . . . The birthplace of David Rittenhouse, one of America's great astronomers, stands near the foot of Rittenhouse Street, along Lincoln Drive. His father operated the first paper mill in our country.

XIX

VALLEY FORGE AND THE TERRIBLE WINTER

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BRANDYWINE had failed. That was September. Germantown had failed. That was October. The British occupied Philadelphia, having entered with flags flying and bands playing, and the troops gay in fresh scarlet; and now Howe saw his way to capture the forts on the Delaware. They were gallantly defended, and the British loss was unexpectedly heavy; but forces were sent by Clinton from New York, and the patriots lost. There was a month of despondent petty struggle; then Washington saw that he must take his army into winter quarters, and Valley Forge was chosen.

Valley Forge. The name calls to every American mind one picture: that of cold, hunger, suffering, waiting, despair and death. "The terrible winter" is a phrase that we couple automatically with the name of that sweep of hill and valley which swings along beside the Schuylkill River. The year 1777 wore itself out, the year 1778 entered, the weeks dragged past, clothing grew scarcer, food more

meager, sickness more frequent. Death stalked, grisly and alert. Mutiny brewed. The peril that was Britain, for all those overpowering numbers and that perfected mechanism of military training, was nothing compared with the peril that lay now within the American situation itself. Hungry, half-clad and frozen soldiers wintering in miserable huts and inactive, were in no condition to play the hero. The marvel of the Revolution is perhaps less that America conquered Britain on the battlefield than that she survived the far more dreadful waiting of Valley Forge.

There is a sort of poetic justice in the fact that of all the spots connected with that war not one to-day is more garlanded with beauty than is this Pennsylvania ground which was its most dismaying picture at the time. Nature made it extraordinarily lovely; and now it has been brought to such a state of perfection that it would be one of the beauty spots of the eastern states even if it had no meaning behind its physical aspect. Blessedly, those who have had charge of this public park, which is held and administered by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, have been gifted with the rare power of letting well enough alone. Nature has not been disturbed, merely cherished. To a pioneer spirit, the Brandywine and the lands of Burgoyne's campaign offer more adventure in exploring Revolutionary landscapes; for one seeking finished beauty, perhaps no other rivals Valley Forge.

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Close to the railroad station, you will see Washington's headquarters, an unpretentious building of stone. This was the home of Isaac Potts, a Quaker

Washington's Headquarters, the house of Isaac Potts, a Quaker preacher.

preacher and a miller, who owned a grist mill which stood on the Valley Creek where it flows into the Schuylkill, not far from the house; near by, too, was the Valley Forge where some smithies with a tilt hammer worked at their fires; it gave its name to the settlement.

It was the nineteenth of December, 1777, when about 11,000 soldiers arrived here to make their winter camp. For the first few days and nights the chief remained with them, farther up the hill, and lived in a marquee; on Christmas eve he left this tent and moved into the Potts house which the family gave over to him. Here he made his home during the entire winter; here his wife joined him in February, having traveled all the way from Virginia; here he held his military conferences, met his generals, laid plans, wrote letters to Congress, kept records. It is a modest cottage to have held doings of such vast international importance; with its low white fence, its tiny paths and box borders, its small trimness, it suggests anything but a superiority complex. One is led to consider, however, that perhaps the chief found it extremely homelike, and perhaps he indulged a secret comfort in its simplicity, especially after the arrival of Mrs. Washington.

Downstairs, the front room has an air of being ready for business, its desk equipped with quill pens and other paraphernalia of an office. The grandfather's clock keeps an oversight. The dining-room is simply furnished, the kitchen is hospitable, with kettle and crane ready for a guest. Above in the little bedrooms are four-posters, rag rugs, and blue pitchers and bowls, while a candle stands beside each bed. And there is an attic—such an attic! Of the sort in which we used to rummage gleefully when we went to our grandmother's for a visit.

Leaving the house and setting off up the hill, you will approach the camping ground. Never was road more restfully lovely than this, climbing slowly toward the elevation which Washington carefully chose, against much advice. Below runs the Schuylkill; beyond its shores ripple valleys and hills, warm in the Indian summer sunshine. Harvested fields lie tawny between green blocks; yellow spots here and there, like scattered gold coins, stand piles of ripe corn and pumpkins ready for market. A haze lies near the horizon; above it glitters a sky as blue as the river. The woods are carpeted with brown leaves among which flash the spilled coral beads of dogwood berries; some tardy trees and vines, however, are still green; like an old tapestry the colors weave, subdued but warm.

History is beginning to display itself. At the right, a plain monument inscribed, by the State of Delaware, "to her gallant sons who endured the hardships and privations of the memorable winter of 1777-78 on the hills of Valley Forge." A few steps more, and, at the left, a monument to remind you that "Major General John Armstrong, in command of the Pennsylvania militia, guarded the roads from Philadelphia and the approaches to Sullivan's Bridge and the camp." Already you are plunged into the visualization of that winter; memories take on form, walk beside you; another curve of the road, and you have reached the entrenchments.

Your first sight of these is in a grove, at the edge of which they rise in horseshoe form, fronting a superb view of the valley below and hills beyond. They remain, a low wall of earth under a pall of dead oak leaves; the wall built by those weary,

A glimpse of the entrenchments, buried under dead leaves.

determined soldiers a century and a half ago, and which, symbol of the cause for which they suffered, gives promise of enduring forever.

You will not fully appreciate the entrenchments unless you are shown them by their guardian, Mr. Brower, who hovers over them year in and year out and permits not a stone to be removed, not a foot

to touch them. If you will look for Santa Claus in a navy blue uniform you will have no trouble in recognizing him; and no one else can so bring the actuality of Valley Forge before your eyes. His pride centers in the fact that he is one of the few still living who has talked with a person remembering the Revolution. His greatgrandfather was alive when he was a boy, and told him, in his days of apple cheeks and round marveling eyes, of how he had seen the soldiers on this hillside that December of '77.

"Blood stained their shirts, he remembered, and they were without shoes. Our family lived then where we do now, right across the river—see over there, that house? And my greatgrandfather's father furnished flour to the Continental army. One of my ancestors was a major under Washington."

He has known every foot of the entrenchments since childhood. "I've always been measuring 'em," he says, "and they haven't changed a fraction of an inch in my lifetime. Whatever settling they had to do was done before that. So there's good reason to believe they'll stay as they are."

No wonder the winter of 1777-78 is more real to him than the twentieth century! In that winter he lives, like a ghost of the past. A heartily cheery ghost, however, rather too rosy and rotund for the established idea of a spirit. And nothing is more to his liking than to find a sojourner who enjoys slipping, with him, into the eighteenth century.

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Monuments and markers are strewn over this part of the district. You will read that "McIntosh's brigade occupied this ground"; a little farther on, a granite shaft recalls the "Continental Army, Sullivan's Division," with the names of many officers. You will find more as you travel what is called "the great mile," and beyond, as well. And next, if you follow the main way on beyond Baptist Road, you will see a three-story white house down the slope to the right, the dwelling which Varnum occupied.

It is a matter of regret to the history lover that most of the other officers' headquarters are outside the limits of the park. Several of them remain, in good preservation, but they are private homes and not on exhibition. Varnum's, however, may be visited by the tourist. It is a tall lean wintry-looking house, and seems to fall into the picture of that melancholy camp. Two cannons guard its old stone wall which is covered with ivy; opposite, you will see a sign showing the ground occupied by Varnum's brigade.

The Star Redoubt, which commanded the Schuylkill River and Sullivan's Bridge, lies a bit farther on, at your left. On this green eminence flies the flag, which, except for a greater number of stars, is the same which had been so recently made our own when the army went into these quarters.

The Defenders' Gate is the entrance to the Wash-

Varnum's headquarters. "A tall lean wintry-looking house."

ington Memorial Cemetery, and is not far from the monument in memory of General Varnum's brigade. And at last you have reached the far end of that mile which stretches from the Washington headquarters down by the one-time mill and arrives at the

An arch of the Washington Memorial.

Washington Memorial. This district, on the hill, aims to be the center of interest, and although the great Memorial plan is as yet in the early stage of execution, one can believe that it will carry out its purpose of achieving "rare beauty and unequaled significance."

When completed, it will consist of a group of

structures: the Patriots' Hall, the Chapel and Library, the Cloister of the Colonies, the Porch of the Allies, the Thanksgiving Tower, and the Woodland Cathedral, with nine Halls of History. Its site is in full view of the entire encampment, and facing that National Arch erected by the United States. As yet only the Chapel is completed; it contains many memorials such as the prayer desk, the choir stalls, the font and pulpit. Light filters through an unusual group of stained glass windows, in which red and blue strongly predominate; with the white of the walls they suggest the color scheme of our flag.

The Museum close by contains such relics as the telescope used by Washington at Mt. Vernon, and the sash worn by him at Cambridge. You will see the medicine chest which he carried for first aid emergencies—and his razor! Most precious of all is the marquee under which he slept those first six nights at Valley Forge. It was once the property of Mary Custis Lee. The tent measures 25 by 12 feet, and is of homespun linen.

Around the Memorial cluster the woods, and happy-go-lucky birds sing there the season through. The spot is a veritable bird sanctuary, and through the stillness one hears their continuous unalarmed song, broken at each hour by the ringing of the Thirteen Colonies chimes. These bells, named each for its own state, swing and gleam under the trees;

Chimes of the Colonies, which sound the hour over miles.

you will be listening to a chaos of bird chatter, when of a sudden out clashes the hour, and then a ringing tune: some old hymn, perhaps, or *My Maryland,* or *John Brown's Body.*

Cyrus Townsend Brady has said: "No spot on earth—not the plains of Marathon, nor the passes of Sembach, nor the place of the Bastile, nor the dykes of Holland, nor the moors of England—is so sacred in the history of the struggle for human liberty as Valley Forge." And strolling there alone, and letting thoughts ramble, I wondered whether any picture of all those which Valley Forge presents is as sacred as that of the soldier's hut which stands beside the road. For it is a replica of the huts used during that long-ago winter; the dwellings in which our men waited and endured, suffering such hardships as the present can scarcely conceive, that there might come a time in which we should enjoy the liberty they won for us. The glory that belongs to command was never theirs; they were the obscure or altogether unknown, who struggled through or perished as the case might be.

The building, shaped like a tent and no larger, is of roughly laid logs chinked with mud, the roof steep-pitched, a stone chimney at one end and a low door at the other. The tablet above the door reads: "On this spot stood one of the huts occupied by the soldiers of Washington's camp during the winter of 1777-78. . . . The site was preserved by I. Heston Todd."

This one small dwelling gives us a picture of camp life. The soldiers marching to their winter quarters that year could have been traced by the blood their frozen bare feet left upon the snow. On December 23rd, as they settled down in these homes that they

A soldier's hut. The reproduction is historically perfect.

had built, Washington reported to Congress that there were in camp 2,898 men "unfit for duty, because they were barefoot, and otherwise naked." Many of them sat up all night because it was better to do this, keeping up a fire, than to go to bed without a blanket. They were frozen, they were hungry; sickness grew; preposterous "hospitals" were

built, mere log huts like those from which they were carried, or even wigwams of interlaced boughs and twigs. They often lay on the ground in these "hospitals" with not so much as straw for a bed, and died from cold when the disease did not kill. Horses and oxen were lacking; the well yoked themselves to wagons and went for supplies, such as could be had, and dragged them back to camp for the sick. It was said that, had there been an attack, not two thousand of the approximately eleven thousand who had marched there could have been got under arms.

By dint of working hard, the men were able to lay out streets and throw up these huts during the first fortnight. In the beginning they had a fare of flour and water cakes which they baked for themselves; there was almost no meat. As the winter strained on and the cold deepened, there were sometimes days at a time without food: sheer famine.

There are many stories of the threats of mutiny and desertion. No doubt they were very near taking place; but they never did. The army went through the siege and came out triumphant. Through those terrible days Washington had not only maintained discipline, but he had been giving his men both drill and organization. Steuben had arrived, with his skill in Prussian military methods, and had gone to work to pull the Americans together into such form as they had not known before. By March the weather was growing milder; in May came news

of the French alliance, and a lusty celebration ensued in the camp at Valley Forge. Our army took a new lease of life, the worst was over, and conquest lay ahead.

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All this great story seems epitomized in that log hut on a Pennsylvania hill. And now, turning from it, you can reach the monument quickly, down the opposite slope a short way; that tall shaft dedicated to "the soldiers of Washington's army who sleep in Valley Forge." Various inscriptions are found upon it; one of especial significance is: "Near this spot lies Lieutenant John Waterman, died April 23, 1778, whose grave alone of all his comrades was marked."

In all directions run roads for walking or motoring; for as long as you can spin out your time, you will find new vistas waiting for you. Suppose you return by way of a long roundabout, so as to include Mount Joy. Turn left to Gulph Road where Washington Lane meets it, and here, *en route,* you can visit Ye Olde Schoolhouse.

On the way various markers will make your history live again. One points out the Grand Parade, where Baron Steuben drilled our army and where the news of the French Alliance was celebrated on that day of May sixth, when "the winter of our discontent" was "made glorious summer." . . . And at length a mite of a stone building rises before you

in a broad green field; the little school which William Penn's second daughter, Letitia Aubrey, erected in 1705, and which was taken over for a hospital by our army during the encampment. However flimsy the other hospitals of boughs and twigs may

"Ye Olde Camp School." Used by the Continental Army as a hospital.

have been, at least here were sturdy walls to keep out the winter.

It has been restored to a one-room schoolhouse of early period, with long benches facing desks ranged against the walls, and the teacher's high desk upon the platform. A tall three-legged stool

awaits the dunce; upon a blackboard are caricatures and scribblings, no doubt quite perfect reproductions of the mischief perpetrated by some Revolutionary small boy, judging from the inherited traits of the small boy of to-day. "This is are Teacher," is the statement accompanying a grotesque portrait. One might almost believe that the board had never been erased since 1705. . . . As I stepped away from the little building to take its portrait, a giant whirring sounded just above, an airplane soared swiftly, very near; and although my camera failed to snatch it, my mind will always retain the picture of the old school standing placid in that autumn field with the twentieth century whizzing by above its head.

If you wander toward the left, you will come to the Memorial Arch, by way of Artillery Park, and will find other sites and markers in that direction. The equestrian statue of General Anthony Wayne by Henry Bush-Brown rides gallantly against the sky. The road toward the right will lead you up to the splendid height of Mount Joy, and this is worth the climb if you are a good pedestrian. The road winds and ascends; at last you will leave it and break off into a trail through the woods for a short steep climb, and reach the observatory. This tower is seventy-five feet high; a skeleton containing a zigzag staircase, with a rewarding view for the sturdy who brave the climb. The claim is made that on a clear day one can see from the center of Reading to the corner of Broad and Market Streets in Philadel-

phia; no wonder Washington, even without the tower, found the spot to his liking for observation.

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As I walked down the curving road from here one late afternoon in autumn, I was looking for the unknown soldier's grave. Twilight was setting in, and it was growing difficult to make out the markers. I peered into each shadowy path, searching the woods. All of a sudden a rustle at my left attracted my attention; there sat a squirrel eying me sharply and apparently waiting for me to notice him. As I paused, he turned and ran up an almost imperceptible path into the woods, with a glance back to see if I were following; another moment, and I saw the marker where he went. The squirrel ran on ahead of me, paused an instant at the hidden grave of the unknown dead with its plain small stones at head and foot; then vanished into the trees. Never shall I forget the fancy that he had heard my mental question, and had come to act as guide.

When I left Valley Forge, the sun had departed but had left a burnished copper band behind black trees in the west; in the east a goldy-white moon was rising behind other black trees. A chilly mist crept in over the Schuylkill. The little Headquarters, where thousands of tourists tramp up and down stairs, exclaim and ask questions, was settling down for its evening of rest and memories in peace and alone. . . .

XX

WASHINGTON, A FARM, AND PEACE

§

ALTHOUGH its name may be called the most Revolutionary among those of all our cities, Washington is more strongly associated with our later history. The capital traveled for some time before it made headquarters here. Boston, New York and Philadelphia were important centers before this southern city took its place among the governments of the world. We feel the pressure of Civil War memories thronging, of the later succession of presidencies; not as much in the city as in the old Virginia that lies beyond it, does the eighteenth century surround us.

The Washington monument, however, dominates the city while it pays perpetual tribute to the great Revolutionary name. This "most colossal marble shaft ever erected," according to the boast of the guides, may at first sight strike you as too colossal, too overt an expression of America's material supremacy. But I think that feeling will give way to another. There is, after all, a certain fitness in its tremendous size, its simplicity, its rugged direct-

"The Washington monument dominates the city."

ness, its sheer compelling youth. It is American; for Rome the richly ancient, for Paris the exquisitely ornate. This sky-piercing shaft is straight as a blow; it is ours.

It stands on the great parkway known as the Mall, above which it rises more than five hundred and fifty feet. No flowers, no pretty adornments are allowed to approach it; the huge obelisk rears itself with the austerity of that figure whose name it bears. The curious may mount its stairway or ascend in its elevator to gaze over the surrounding miles. Its site was chosen by L'Enfant when he laid out his original plan of the city, but it was not until about a century later, in 1885, that the monument was dedicated.

The National Museum (old building) contains some cases of Washington relics which are well worth the visit. Here you will find many table furnishings from Mount Vernon, china, glass and silver used by our first President. There is an English keyed zither which he presented to Eleanor Parke Custis, with her monogram carved in ivory; a gift of much charm, indicating both his pleasure in the little luxuries of this world, and his interest in music. Do you remember that he himself played a flute, and right merrily? You will see the very instrument at Mount Vernon.

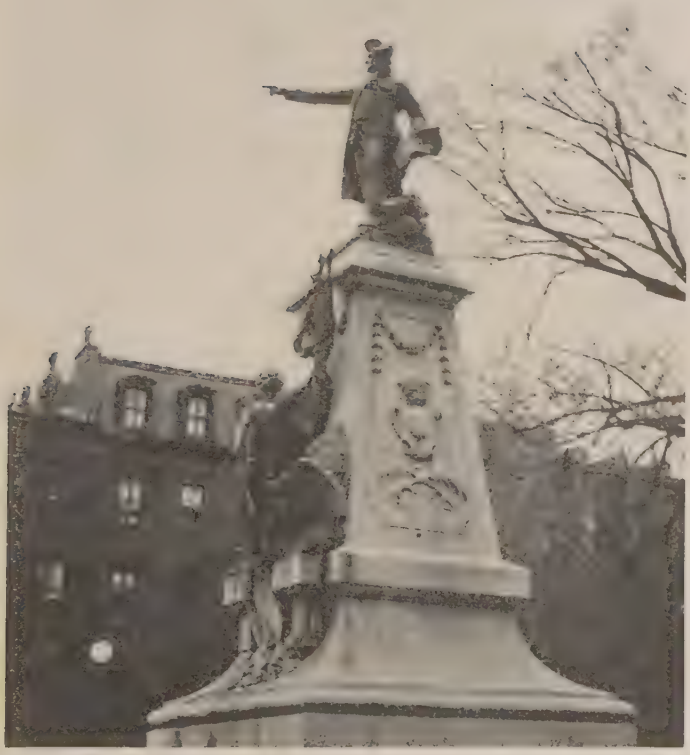
The uniform that he wore when he resigned his commission is here in the Museum; the writing-case that he carried through the war, and his mess chest

with its outfitting of platters, knives, pepper and salt bottles, tinder-boxes and so on.

As you travel over this superbly beautiful city of ours—a city which has at last won its right to be taken seriously among even world capitals—you will come on many statues and memorials scattered broadcast; some of these commemorate our early history. Bad and good are among them. One of interest is that erected to John Paul Jones, near the Lincoln Memorial: the bronze figure stands out bravely against the stone monument; the inscription runs: "1747-92. First to compel a foreign man-of-war to strike colors to the Stars and Stripes."

If you wander into Lafayette Square, opposite the White House, you are in the one-time apple orchard that old David Burns gave to the city, named by Washington for his friend. Among its statues is one dedicated to Rochambeau with a quotation from Washington: "We have been contemporaries and fellow laborers in the cause of liberty and we have lived together as brothers should do in harmonious friendship."

The corner-stone of the Capitol was laid in 1793, George Washington presiding over the ceremony, which included a barbecue. A giant ox was roasted and throngs flocked to the spot. The building has extended itself hugely since that day, and its history concerns our post-Revolutionary period; but early memories are kept alive by pictures and sculpture. In the great Rotunda is a series of historical paint-



To Rochambeau—"We have been fellow laborers in the cause of liberty."

ings; some of these were made by John Trumbull who had been a Colonel in the war himself. The signing of the Declaration of Independence, the surrender of Burgoyne (of which Trumbull had made sketches on the spot), the surrender of Cornwallis, and the resignation of Washington as Commander-in-chief of the army are outstanding.

§

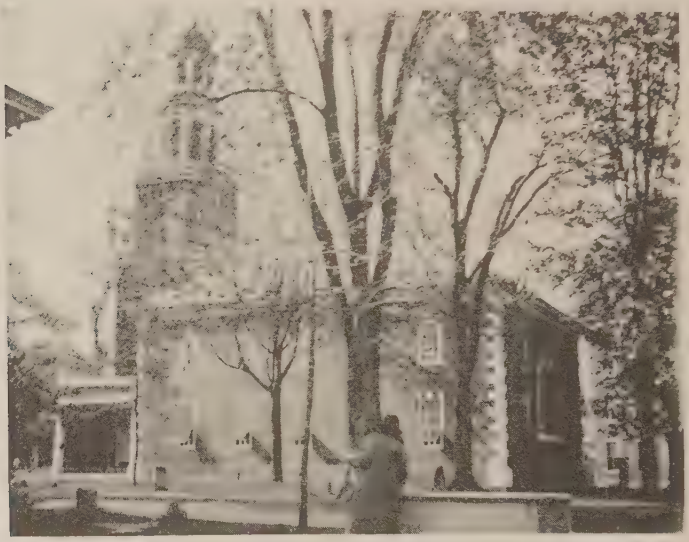
You will find much that is quaint in the outskirts, with here and there vivid touches of early history; as when, during your drive to Arlington and its vicinity, you are told that "there Washington surveyed the city." In an old tavern of Georgetown, in the thick of M Street, Washington, Jefferson and L'Enfant met to confer over the plans for the city's laying-out. And Alexandria you must not miss—Alexandria, with its old southern streets and hospitable homes, its pickaninnies rolling in the sun and its leisurely ladies strolling in the shade of its stately trees.

The old square in the center of town was used for military drill in days before the Revolution, and here Braddock led forth his troops. In the Carlyle house, which you must visit, Braddock summoned his conference, making headquarters there. It is hidden behind a modern building, but you will find it carefully preserved, and furnished true to period. In Braddock's chamber on the second floor you will

Entrance to the Carlyle House, where Braddock summoned his conference at Alexandria.

see a high four-poster with steps to aid in going to bed; candlewick spreads, early mahogany, blue and white washstand sets, old china and glass are abundant.

The house was erected on the site of an old fort,



Spring veils old Christ Church, where Washington used to attend service in Alexandria.

a shelter against Indian raids, and there are cells below where it is said Indians were imprisoned. In 1755 General Braddock, who commanded the English forces in America, conferred there with the Governors of the Five Colonies concerning the French and Indian troubles. Young Lieutenant

George Washington opposed Braddock's plan for a campaign, but was unsuccessful in his attempts to convince the General. In 1785 the house sheltered a conference between Washington and the Governors of Maryland and Virginia to settle the boundary line.

Stroll back along Cameron Street; stop at the Masonic Lodge where Washington was Master, and where one case contains many small possessions of his while another holds the chair in which he presided; and stop at Christ Church where his pew is preserved in its original form, with his name engraved upon the door. Here he attended service regularly; here he heard the summons from the same old belfry which you see, and here he walked among the ever increasing stones that cluster under the surrounding trees. For some hundred and fifty years the church has been open and has held regular services.

And so on through luring Virginia roads you will find your way to the climax of the Washington journey—Mount Vernon.

§

If wishes were automobiles, everybody would ride. And my wish for you is that if you are making your first visit to Mount Vernon you may be driving there through the Virginia countryside on a day precisely like this in April when I am myself beside the river where the winner of our freedom sat, in

In the woods of the Mt. Vernon estate. Stone steps lead down to the river.

the midst of such peace as this dynamic life of ours rarely knows.

Spring is flushing slowly up the Potomac—a bit late this year, but all the lovelier for our impatience. The familiar dogwood spreads like the delicate

Spring flushes up the Potomac. Looking down from Mt. Vernon through dogwood blossoms and fresh foliage.

flowers wrought by some Oriental artist in ivory. Another dogwood, less frequent, blazes here and there, carved in coral. The redbud is in bloom—masses of purplish rose; and the pure pink of azalea may be found in hidden places. The green is sharp

and gleaming; only the earliest trees are in full leaf, others show a mere fretwork of budding foliage.

And behind me is the house. In all the United States there is no house which compares with it in significance. There are many rich in beauty, in hospitality, in the spirit of home; Mount Vernon possesses all these and, one feels, something more. The personality of him who made it what it is seems more present to-day than that of any living man who greets you at his own door.

§

Mount Vernon may be visited all the year round. Even when a January snow hangs thick upon its shrubbery, it is open to its friends; its friends being everyone. Marvelously that sense of personal hospitality breathes through the place. The pilgrims traveling thither average hundreds a day; at times the throngs are intolerable; and yet in some strange manner each guest comes away with the sense of having been welcomed as an individual and made to feel at home.

Walk up the path beside which lilacs are tossing gently this spring morning, and see the arms of the great southern house open wide. In the center the colonial doorway; broad rooms stretching beyond; still beyond these, the arcades that lead to the groups of small buildings where, in old southern style, the machinery of running a household was carried on. There was the laundry and the spinning house and the coach house, the smoke house and the kitchen

Doorway of Mt. Vernon.

and gardener's house—and several more. At one side are the servants' quarters, a restoration, but built exactly as before they were burned. To your left lies the garden which was Washington's hobby, with greenhouses and box-bordered beds as he laid them out; at the river's edge, the little summer house, a restoration of that in which he loved to sit. To your right, down the slope, the old tomb, and not far from it the new. This, in brief, is the map of Mount Vernon.

Don't hurry. No matter how many pleasures and duties lie ahead of you, be leisurely while you are here. In no other way can you sense Mount Vernon to the full. You must breathe its peace, its earned rest; you must feel the spirit of the man who, having bestowed upon America the great gift of all her lifetime, withdrew here to watch the shadows lengthen in the fulness of reward.

There is a simple elegance about the place, that luxury which was never extravagant, never ostentatious, but which bespoke a love of the beautiful, an instinct for good taste. Washington enjoyed spacious and handsomely furnished rooms; he who had faced every peril and hardship along with his soldiers enjoyed homelike comforts in abundance when at last they were won. Above all, he loved to share them, his southern quality displayed itself in much entertaining, never for display but for the delight of being surrounded by his friends. The handsome dining-room with its delightful table, chairs, and

sideboard; the many "spare rooms" above, each with its individual charm—this one peeping forth upon the river, that one looking out toward the garden, another commanding a sweep of rich old lawn—in all of these one feels the constant presence of guests. Among his friends he traveled down the years, and in the room whose porch overlooks the river he died, December 14, 1799, being almost sixty-eight years of age.

The house is appropriately furnished throughout, although the most of the furniture has been brought here from other places. Scattered through the rooms you will come upon pieces marked "Original," to give the zest of actuality, and one of the little buildings outside has been given over to a collection of Washington relics. But the spirit of the house has been cherished; not an article in it but might easily have been there for his daily use. And when, in the dining-room, one comes upon the high-chair of Nellie Custis; and, in his own upper chamber, his trunk, his chair and that of his mother; one touches, with a sense of complete reality, the past. Aiding and abetting this sense, is the old clock on the stairs, which is going, and keeping good time! If any so-called inanimate thing lives, it is a clock; one looks at the wise old face of this, and feels as if the Father of His Country might have wound it last evening, just before saying good-night to the family and traveling on up the stairs, candle in hand.

The music room, looking toward the river, with

its harpsichord, its French chairs and its draperies gives us a parting picture of social elegance, of courtly days and ways, before we pass out to the immense southern veranda that faces the great slope of lawn and the river.

§

Stroll down to the summer house at the top of the river bank, and observe the bell hung above it. Although the small structure itself has been rebuilt, the bell is the same one which used to summon the hands of this Virginia estate. They were many; the Washington family owned its slaves aplenty, and they lived here in happy loyalty. However violently we protest against slavery as a matter of principle, we are forced to realize that sudden freedom was a terrific problem for the childlike negro to face; and, among slaves treated as were these, the problem amounted almost to tragedy. If you chat with old George Ford, once owned by the Washington family, you discover a certain wistful regret for the days when he "b'longed to 'em," as he will tell you; and his pride is not in his independence of the present, but his bondage of the past.

George Ford paces up and down before the tomb and talks with every visitor, the while he tenderly rubs his sciatica.

"Yas'm. I ain't much past seventy, but I won't see many moh yeahs, now this Mount Vuhnun rheumatism's got me. Yas, I was bohn right heah on the

The summer house by the river, whose bell once called the plantation hands.

premises—in the room up ovah the Family Kitchen —that little house wheah you see all them kitchen things 'xhibited. An' I had six chillun bohn out theah in the Spinnin' House. . . . Once I run away to New Yohk, but they brought me back. Yas'm, it sahtainly is home to me. I been heah on steady duty now twenty-eight yeahs. I been conversin' with the public all that time—I sahtainly do know a lot about the public. They comes heah the yeah round, an' I stand in front o' this tomb an' show it to 'em when the snow's on the ground." (Caressing the sciatic member again.) "It may be interestin' to converse with the public, but it *is* hahd on the rheumatism."

The new tomb, where the old darkey stands guard, wears a gloomy impressiveness, with the white sarcophagi of George and Martha Washington coldly gleaming in its depths. Like the tombs of England, it is dominated by the sense of death and burial. Far lovelier is the old tomb, that mass of ivy above the river, a warmer, more homelike spot overlooking the sunlit Potomac and the green slope where dogwood and redbud bloom. Here the remains of Washington were laid until 1831, when they were removed to the more pretentious resting-place. Shackleton relates the story of an old lady who visited Mount Vernon and, intent upon showing proper emotion, burst into tears over the ice-house under the impression that she was fittingly weeping over the tomb.

Wandering over the grounds and among the little buildings, one comes upon the coach house where

The tomb at Mt. Vernon.

an ancient vehicle reposes, once elegant in white enamel, with four steps leading up to its door. It is "of the make and period of General Washington's coach, and he may have ridden in it." The family kitchen displays an excellent collection of early utensils; the spinning house is equipped with a large handloom and spinning wheels. In the carpenter's shop, now the museum, one may glimpse the two phases of Washington's life. Here are his telescope, and other articles used by him personally in war; near by, his champagne glasses, silver toilet articles, other outfittings of peace and simple luxury. A silver heel of Martha Washington's slipper calls up a picture of those be-ruffled and brocaded banquets and receptions—the tinkle of the harpsichord—the clink of glasses. On the other hand, we know that her diligence matched her social graciousness, for here is a quilt made by her hands, from bits of her own gowns; and a large basket is filled with worsted flowers which she wrought in colors almost as vivid to-day as when she clipped the last thread.

Linger, before you leave, in the greenhouses which are restorations of Washington's own, and the box-bordered garden paths, the very ones that he laid out. Visiting masons of high order can read the symbols in the intricate designs. Red and yellow tulips bloom to-day between the paths, and lilacs lean over the hedge. The sago palm belonged to him, and the large pink magnolia, in full blossom as I stand here, was planted by his friend Lafayette.

Strange, how these earth-bound forms of life so long outlive the human kind, which has torn itself free in the course of evolution! And as for the entirely inanimate—the quaint copper sprinkling-cans are as new now as they were when the immortal George

Rose-colored magnolia planted by Lafayette beside Washington's greenhouses. In full bloom, April.

picked up one by its long handle, with one of his impulsive gestures, and squirted it at his pet flower-pot.

Let your last picture be of the broad veranda and the river sweep. Stand there; fill your eyes and your spirit with it, before you turn away. Feel the

man who made this home what it is. If a personality be the greatest thing that one man, in his lifetime, can build, then the personality with which Mount Vernon is imbued is more than a bridge, a temple, or a skyscraper. Happily, modern histor-

The great veranda of Mt. Vernon, from which Washington watched the Potomac.

ians are seeking to do away with pompous traditions, to humanize Washington. His foibles bring him all the nearer to us. If we did not know that he could lose his temper, and that he had a weakness for fine fabrics which he liked to purchase at the lowest possible figure, he would be too remote to be interest-

ing. Let us look upon him as he was; let us remember that to himself he was not the Father of His Country, in dreadful capitals, but George Washington, a man and an extremely human one. And then let us be glad that after he had attended to his job, which was a long one and a stiff, he had this veranda from which to watch in peace the river and the years ride past.

A BAG OF BOOKS

The following books and pamphlets will serve as guides and for ready reference to the traveler who has not time for research. For names in full, turn to the Bibliography. An asterisk indicates that the book or pamphlet is to be found in local libraries, historic headquarters, or shops, although perhaps not procurable generally.

For a general and concise survey of the Revolution, and for all actions of importance, read Fiske's *The American Revolution.* Further aids to the 20 journeys may be grouped as follows:

I. Boston.

Bacon's *Guide Book* is excellent, not only in the city of Boston, but in the towns near by. Athearn's *Boston in Seven Days* takes you as far as Plymouth, Salem and Concord. Shackleton's *The Book of Boston* is entertaining.

II. Lexington and Concord.

Bacon and Athearn will start you on your way. * Piper's *Lexington: a Handbook* and * Tolman's *Concord* are explicit guides.

III. Plymouth.

Start with Bacon, and find fuller details in the * *Guide to Historic Plymouth.* You can learn more of the Pilgrims from Mary Caroline Crawford's book.

IV. Salem.

The * *Guide to Salem* issued by the Essex Institute will lead you through the town. Athearn, Bacon and Helen W. Henderson in *A Loiterer in New England* will contribute to your knowledge of the quaint place. Caroline Upham's book on witchcraft is condensed.

V. Towns near Boston.

Use Bacon as guide. Agnes E. Rothery's *The Romantic Shore* and *The Old Coast Road* will interest you. Sargent's *Handbook* is excellent.

VI. The South Shore of New England.

Seeing the Eastern States by Faris and *The Old Boston Post Road* by Jenkins, Sargent's *Handbook* and Lillian Miner's *Our State* treat of this region.

VII. New York.

Rider's *Guide Book* will lead you safely. Rufus R. Wilson's book, and Jenkins' *The Greatest Street in the World* deal with the landmarks of the city.

VIII. Long Island.

Rufus R. Wilson's *Historic Long Island* is a good companion. Johnston's *Nathan Hale* will give you the biography. Sarah Comstock's *Old Roads from the Heart of New York* reaches the near-by points.

IX. The West Shore of the Hudson.

Sarah Comstock's book goes thirty miles north. Lyman P. Powell's *Historic Towns of the Middle States* describes Newburgh. Spark's *Anthony Wayne* will make the hero live.

X. The Old Albany Post Road.

Jenkins' *The Greatest Street in the World* carries you over it. More briefly, Hine's book serves as a guide.

XI. Saratoga.

Fiske will give you the account of Burgoyne's campaign. * *Restoring Revolutionary Battlefields* is a handy pamphlet. A * map of the battle can be had at the Neilson farmhouse.

XII. Fort Ticonderoga.

* Helen Gilchrist's brochure and * pamphlets at the Fort will point out the landmarks.

XIII. New Jersey.

Kelley's * *Historic Elizabeth* and Mills' *Historic Homes* describe many buildings. Sarah Comstock's book covers the most of these towns.

XIV. Monmouth County.

Fiske will help you to follow the battle clearly. Tomlinson gives a brisk account of Molly Pitcher. The * history written by the Rev. Frank R. Symmes, formerly Pastor of the historic church, has a local interest.

XV. Philadelphia.

The guide book by Brandt and Gummere is recommended. Nitsche's *Guide* is very convenient, being small. Lippincott and Faris will expand your knowledge.

XVI. Trenton and Princeton.

* *Visit Historic Trenton* is a handy pamphlet, to be had at the Barracks. Fiske and Lodge give vivid accounts of the battles. Powell's *Historic Towns of the Middle States* treats of Princeton.

XVII. Brandywine.

* Sanderson's little folder will help you find your way. Read Fiske.

XVIII. Germantown.

* Jenkins' *Guide Book* is complete.

XIX. Valley Forge.

* Map and descriptive * pamphlets to be had there. Read Fiske.

XX. Washington and Mount Vernon.

Rider's *Guide Book* covers the ground. For details of the Mount Vernon life, see Wilstach.

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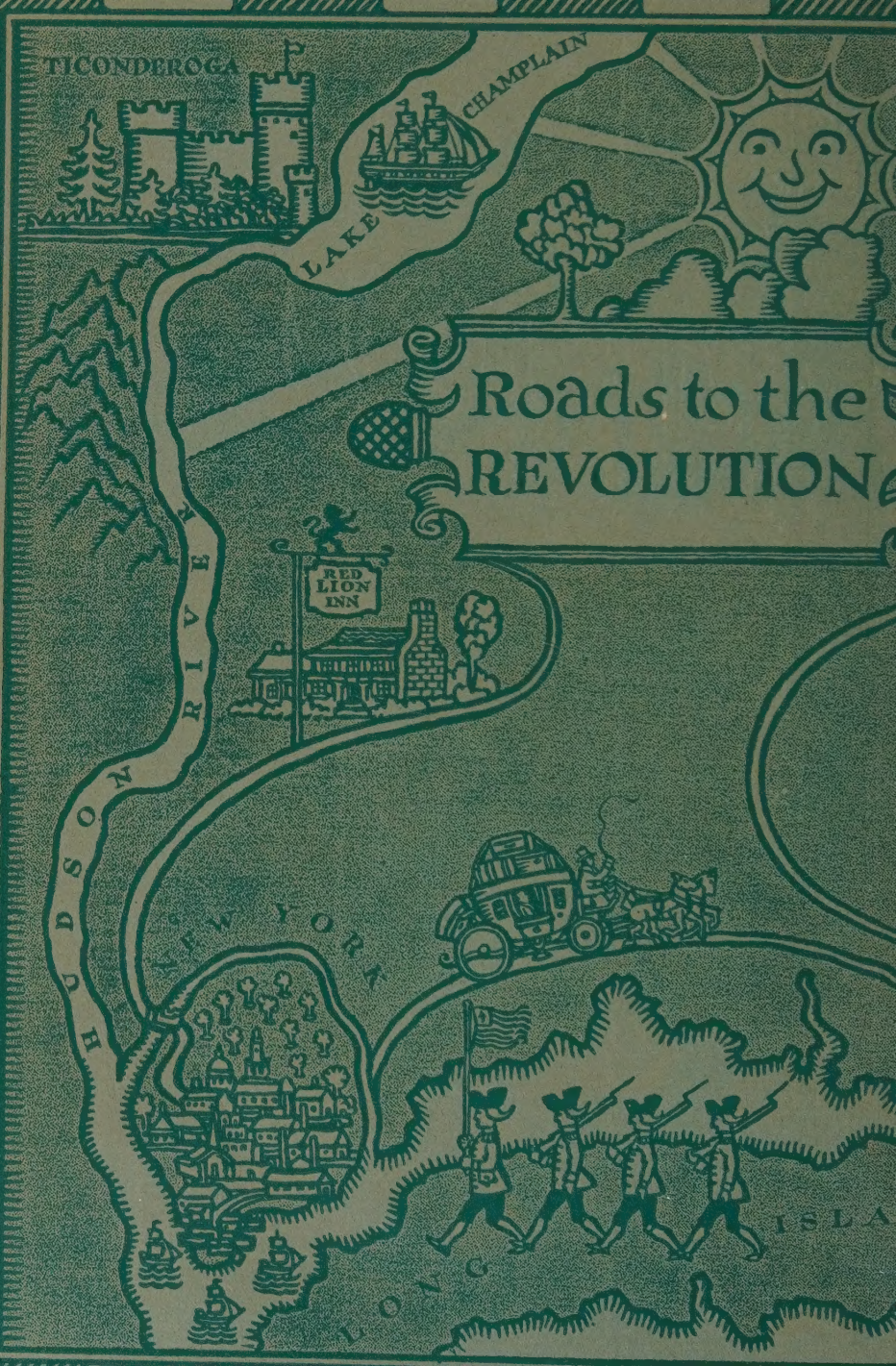
TICONDEROGA
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Roads to the
REVOLUTION
RED LION INN
HUDSON RIVER
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BOSTON
PROVIDENCE
NEW LONDON
Herbert Delgard Williams